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ART. I. — *Petrarch.*

Francisci Petrarchæ Florentini, Philosophi, Oratoris et Poetæ clarissimi, reflorescentis literaturæ, Latinæque Linguæ, aliquot Seculis horrenda Barbarie inquinatæ ac pene sepultæ, Assertoris et Instauratoris, Opera quæ extant omnia, &c, &c. Basileæ, per Sebastianum Henrichetri.

THE political state of Italy during the early part of the middle ages, although highly favorable to the development of mind, offered no advantages for secluded study. The war of the Investitures had been closely followed by the invasion of Frederic Barbarossa, and the war of the league of Lombardy. It was during this last, that the minds of the Italians, actively engaged in the defence of their rights, received an impulse and development, whose influence continued long after the freedom in which they originated had been madly sacrificed. But these exertions were accompanied by scenes of horror and woe, which chill the blood even at the distance of seven centuries; and the domestic life of the leading men of those times presents a picture of which we, surrounded by all the delicacies and comforts and securities of life, can form no adequate conception.*

* Among the protectors of literature during the fourteenth century, we find men not less remarkable for their vices than for their ambition. So that

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Still the literary spirit of the age continued its train of constant, though slow advancement. The love of study spread by degrees from the convent to the court, and at length penetrated the retirement of domestic life. Amid the exciting cares of conquest, and even in the gloom of a prison, princes sought relief or relaxation in the cultivation of science; and private individuals, borne away by the same enthusiasm, neglected their more lucrative professions, for the enjoyment of intellectual pursuits.*

The human mind seems at first to have assumed a new form of conception, and the poetry which could not find full and permanent expression in the rude phrases of an unformed dialect, embodied its conceptions in the beautiful and sublime of a noble architecture. Then arose the daring dome, the frowning battlement, the dark pile of the cathedral, in which wild imagination and bold design mark out so clearly the epoch of their formation.†

The poetry of language soon followed and lingered for a time in the song of the Troubadours, and the minstrels of Sicily. Then suddenly passing into the nobler tongue of Tuscany, it became once more the language of nature, the expression of the overflowing feelings of the heart, the embodying of the bright and glowing forms that float before the eye of fancy. Foremost in the train we meet the daring genius of Dante, and the tones of his lyre have hardly died upon the ear, when we catch the soft strain of the lute of Petrarch.

The defeat of the Bianchi party of Florence in 1302 was followed by the banishment of its leading members.‡ Among these were Dante and the father of Petrarch. For a long time they indulged the hope of a recall, and they seem to have

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the zeal which they displayed, seems to have proceeded more directly from their love of magnificence, than from their love of letters; a proof of the general esteem in which literature was held.

* A remarkable instance of this is related in one of Petrarch's letters. V. Mem. pour la Vie de Petrarque, Tom ii. p. 486. ap. Tirab.

† V. Histoire Littéraire de la France, Vol. XVI. Discours sur l'état des Beaux Arts au treizième siecle.

‡ V. Tirab. Vol. V. p. 443. et seq.
Petrarch de orig. et vit. passim.
Squarzafichi, vit. Fr. Petrar. Petr. oper. edit. Basl.
Mem. de l'Académie des Inscriptions, Vol. XV. p. 746. et seq. XVII. 390. et seq.
Besides these professed biographies, there are many highly interesting facts scattered through the letters of Petrarch and some in his Dial. de Cont. Mund. and in other parts of his works.

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first sought a refuge in the vicinity of Florence, either with a view to assist the efforts of their friends, or to avail themselves of them, if successful. It was probably this circumstance which first led them to Arezzo, and it was here that Petrarch was born in the second year of his father's exile. On the very night of his birth, the banished party attempted to force an entrance into Florence. The effort failed, and so far from increasing the chances of return, it completely alienated the affections of their few remaining friends. Still the father of Petrarch lingered around Florence with all an exile's fondness, and it was not until the bitter experience of seven years had forced upon his conviction the vanity of his hopes, that he was able to tear himself from his native land. He then retired to Avignon, where the residence of the Papal Court had drawn immense crowds of the ambitious or discontented of Italy. He here engaged in the profession which he had originally pursued in Florence; and, unable to keep his son in the crowded city of Avignon, he placed him at the school of Carpentras, a small town in its neighborhood. Petrarch here not only followed the usual course of elementary studies, but soon completing his grammar and rhetoric, advanced to the higher classes of Latin. His fondness for study and readiness in learning led his friends to form great expectations of his success, and, accordingly, as soon as his age would permit, his attention was directed to the study of law, as the surest path to wealth and honor. But fortunately for posterity, Petrarch had already acquired too strong and decided a taste for polite letters, to permit his mind to engage with any degree of pleasure in the subtle distinctions of the codes.* It was not surprising, therefore, that although placed first at the school of Montpelier, then at that of Bologna, and allured by some interesting points in the study itself, he should pursue it with aversion, and seize the first opportunity of quitting it forever. The death of his father, which is placed by some writers about the year 1326, is supposed to have been the immediate cause of his return to Avignon; and there, having no guide but his own inclination, he abandoned every study for his favorite pursuits. But unhappily for the freedom of his choice, his small inheritance had been shamefully wasted by his father's execu-

* One of his biographers attributes this passion to an emulation excited by the writings of Dante, which were then beginning to attract the notice of the learned. — Squarzafichi, vit. Petr. p. 2.

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tors, and he soon found it necessary to direct his thoughts to some additional source of revenue. With this view he entered the church, and assumed the clerical robe. But the path of ecclesiastical duty offered no more allurements than he had previously found in the study of law, and although he enjoyed the protection of the Colonnas, he never advanced far in the honors of the church.

This portion of the life of Petrarch has been enlarged upon by all who have undertaken his history; and some of his biographers seem to have believed that the passion for Laura was almost the only important event of his life. In one point of view it is undoubtedly interesting; for it exerted a powerful influence over a great part of his life, and gave rise to the Italian poems by which he is chiefly known. It is difficult to conceive the warmth and constancy of this passion, and were there no other evidence of its reality, than the testimony of his verses, we could almost pardon those who view it as a poetic fiction. But the same tone of feeling which characterizes the Canzoniere, extends to his letters and dialogues, and a large portion of his other works. We have not at present any means of ascertaining with what feelings he first met its approach. But he was not long in perceiving that it was destined to prove destructive of his peace; and the unsettled state of his mind, the alternate mixture of hope and fear by which he was constantly tormented, are evident as much from the manner of his life, as from the tone of his verses.* It was not, however, by a weak abandonment of his duties that the power of his passion was manifested, for he pursued his studies and continued the cultivation of his mind with unrelaxing industry. But the constant change of residence, the frequent attempts to tear himself from Avignon, where, however, he constantly returned, the tender strain of thought which ran through all his writings, were clear indications of a 'heart ill at ease.'

* Readers who are desirous of re-examining this oft-examined question, will find one of the prevalent opinions strongly supported in the Mem. de l'Acad. cited above. In another, (we believe the 16th vol. of the same work) the opinion of the Abbé de Sade is supported in a very ingenious essay upon Laura. The Abbe's opinion (v. Mem. pour la Vie de Petrarque) has been adopted by Tiraboschi and other celebrated critics. But early in the present century it was violently attacked by Lord Woodhouselee. We have not been able to procure his essay, but from a few extracts that we have seen, we should suppose that his lordship knew more of the spirit of Petrarch, than of that of Petrarch's age.

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The first of his tours was made in company with his friend and patron James Colonna, to the Bishopric of Lombes.* After passing a summer in that place, where the solitude of the situation was enlivened by the society of his friends Lelius and Socrates, he again returned to Avignon. There he remained tranquil for near three years, eagerly embracing every occasion to extend his information, not only by means of books, but of the society that was constantly gathered around his patron. He thus became acquainted with Richard of Bury, tutor and ambassador of Edward III., and with many other distinguished men, whose correspondence long continued to form one of the chief pleasures of his life. The conversation of these friends may perhaps have concurred with the unsettled state of his mind in forming the taste for travelling, which nothing but the infirmities of old age could ever overcome.

About three years after his return from Lombes, he made a tour through the north of France, the Netherlands, and along the Rhine, and while absent communicated to his friends the course and events of this journey, in letters which now form one of the most interesting portions of his correspondence. † He next directed his steps towards Italy, and the true feeling of Italian pride breaks out in the delight with which he says, that wherever he wandered and whatever he saw, he found nothing to make him ashamed of his native land. For a time his passion for travelling was satisfied, and, purchasing a small cottage at Vaucluse, in the neighborhood of Avignon, he arranged his library there, and established himself in that solitude.

He now engaged in his studies with the ardor of youth. He was at a distance from the world, and received no interruptions from the cares of society, while the monotony of solitude was cheered by the occasional visits of his friends. Every hour was a succession of delightful occupations. He turned from the grave composition of his moral treatises, to study his eclogues or epistles. The retirement of the closet was relieved by the fresh air of the valley, and the thousand thoughts and images, that rose from his peculiar situation, and from the

* It has been asserted that it was during this tour that Petrarch first became acquainted with the Provençal poetry; but his long residence in a part of France not far distant from the seat of Provençal literature, could hardly have left him in ignorance of a poetry that had already spread throughout Italy itself.

† V. Famil. Lib. I. ep. 3, 4.

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sweet aspect that nature wore around him, were recorded upon his tablets, and at length formed into the tender verses of the Canzoniere. Here he composed the greatest part of his early sonnets and odes. Many of his letters were written from here, and beside the Latin dialogues and moral treatises, he here commenced his great epic, the poem of Africa.*

Thus far the reputation of Petrarch, although not confined to the immediate circle of his friends, had been an indefinite expectation of future excellence, rather than the fruit of some superior production. For it should not be forgotten that the sonnets and odes by which he is chiefly known in modern times, were but little esteemed by the grave and learned of the age for which he wrote. Not so with the younger portion of society, and especially with those who felt, or wished to feel, the passion which he has so truly depicted. They were also spreading rapidly through the lower classes, changing, it is true, and losing a part of their original polish and beauty, as they passed from mouth to mouth among a rude peasantry, but silently forming for their author that far-spread and flattering reputation, which seems to be the peculiar lot of Italian and Grecian poets.

But the poem of Africa, in which he was engaged, raised the expectation of his contemporaries to the highest pitch, and upon this he also for a long time placed his hopes of permanent reputation. The first verses were hardly known, when the attention of the learned, and of the patrons of learning, became wholly directed to the valley of Vaucluse. † And long be-

* The letter from which we obtain these facts was written in reply to a friend, who had attempted to dissuade him from returning to Vaucluse. After several observations, he adds the following: — Quod idcirco dixerim, ne quis dubitet, me illius rus non spernere, quod mihi, meisque rebus aptissimum semper inveni, ubi sæpe curas urbanas, rustica requie permutavi, quod non tantum electione ipsa, sed agrestibus muris et (ut spero) solidiore cemento, verbis atque carminibus illustrare pro viribus studui. Illic, juvat enim meminisse, Africam meam cœpi, tanto impetu, tantoque nisu animi, ut nunc limam per eadem referens vestigia, ipse meam audaciam et magna operis fundamenta, quodammodo, perhorrescam. Illic et epistolarum utriusque styli, partem non exiguam et pene totum Bucolicum carmen absolvi, quam brevi dierum spatio si noris, stupeas. Fam. Lib. VIII. ep. 3.

Another writer goes still further; — Illic denique quicquid fere omni aetate composuit aut præfecit aut incepit, aut scribere cogitavit, eo fuit in loco. Vergerius apud Squarzaf. p. 3.

† The wonder and admiration, which the mere intention of writing a poem excited among the scholars of that age, will seem strange to an age like ours, so well accustomed to the appearance of heroics, that number volumes instead of books. But according to Tiraboschi, this was not the case with our

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fore the work was completed, the Senate of Rome sent him an invitation to receive the laurel crown upon the Capitol. While he was yet agitated by the joy of this unexpected honor, a letter from a friend in Paris urged him to accept the same high reward from the university of that city. He hesitated for some time between these two invitations, but the advice of his friend Colonna concurring with his own veneration for the Roman name, at length decided him in favor of the former.*

It was a glorious moment, not for him alone, but for the literature, the genius of all ages, when the Roman Senate, renewing for a moment its long associations with all that is noble in genius or daring in enterprise, placed the wreath of laurel upon the brow of Petrarch. The dark clouds which hung so thickly over the moral and political horizon, seemed for an instant to break away, and the shout of the thousands who crowded around the Capitol, and filled the avenues of the Forum, might have seemed the voice of reviving Rome: reviving, not to roll the dripping wheels of the triumphal car along the steep of the Capitol; not to suspend a new shield or lance at the shrine of Capitolinus; but to place upon the bloodless brow of genius the reward of victories, gained in the pure field of intellectual exertion, over the ignorance and wildness of a barbarous age.

From this time Petrarch resided more constantly in Italy. His reputation procured him the friendship of princes and republics, as well as of men of letters.† There was hardly a court that did not seek to allure him by the most favorable offers. The republic of Florence endeavored to engage him in her new university by the proffer of any chair that he might deign to fill: the Emperor Charles IV. favored him with his correspondence, and sought to establish him at his court. He was invited by Innocent XVI. to become apostolic secretary, a post to which he had been previously called by Clement VI. This pontiff had also held out for him the additional

unfortunate forefathers. — Un poema, says he, a quell' età era una cosa si rara che doveva destare ammirazione verso l'autore in chiunque udivane il nome. Quindi appena ne corse la fama mentre Petrarca non aveane fatta che piccola parte, e appena vedute le altre Latine poesie da lui composte, egli divenne l'ogetto dell' universale maraviglia e per poco non fu creduto un uomo divino.

* Op. Tom. III. p. 3. Tirab. V. p. 455.

† V. Tiraboschi, Vol. V. Lib. I. cap. 2, passim.

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allurements of ecclesiastical advancement. But, too fond of his freedom to submit to the confinement of public employment, he passed from city to city, and from court to court, — now simply seeking to gratify his private attachment, and now charged with the embassy of some Italian prince.* Twice he attempted to act as mediator between the rival republics of Genoa and Venice; he averted the impending wrath of Charles IV. from his friend and protector the Visconti. By his eloquent expostulations, he partly prevailed upon one pontiff to remove the papal chair to Rome, and contributed powerfully to prepare the mind of another for the same change. Were we to follow his history through all the details of this period, we should be led from court to court, we should be obliged to enumerate all the literary enterprises of the age, the search and restoration of ancient manuscripts, the spread and cultivation of Greek letters, the introduction of pure taste into the study of antiquity, the application of reason and criticism to the examination of ancient monuments, and descending to minuter details, the history of many inferior undertakings, of which he was the origin and the soul. We must, however, confine ourselves for the present to a single anecdote, which illustrates in a very forcible manner, the estimation in which Petrarch was held by his contemporaries.†

While he was receiving his public examination at the court of King Robert of Naples, a school-master of Pontremoli, blind and enfeebled by age, hastened to Naples in order to see him. Petrarch had already started for Rome, but the report of so extraordinary an occurrence spread rapidly through the city, and soon reached the ears of the king. It was natural that so great a lover of letters should be struck with this burst of enthusiasm, and after having received a confirmation of the story from the lips of the old man himself, he supplied him with some conveniences for his journey, and urged him to hasten towards Rome, where he might, perhaps, be in time to satisfy his curiosity. But here also, the poor old man was too

* It is worthy of remark, that many of the principal Italian scholars were employed in the most important embassies. Without counting Machiavelli, who was a professed politician, Dante alone is said to have been fourteen times ambassador.

† There is a curious statement in a letter of Petrarch, written in reply to the invitation to become Secretary to Innocent XVI., by which we learn that while he received almost divine honors from some, he was thought little better than a magician by others. Vid. Rer. Sen. L. I. Ep. 3.

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late, for Petrarch had already started for France. He returned to Pontremoli almost broken-hearted with his disappointment, but had hardly reached home, when he was told that Petrarch, instead of returning to Avignon, had stopped at Parma. Not discouraged by his former disappointment he again set out to seek him, and crossing the Apennines through snow and cold, with no support but the arm of his son, and of one of his scholars, he at length reached the house in which Petrarch was lodged. It would be impossible to describe the rapture with which he embraced him, listening with ecstasy to every word that he uttered, and alternately kissing the hand that had written, and the head that had composed such noble verses.* After having passed three days in the enjoyment of his society, the old man returned home joyful and contented.†

The mind of Petrarch had always been open to religious impressions, and even in the earlier periods of his attachment to Laura, he seems to have sought relief from his sorrows in the offices of devotion. This feeling continued to gain strength as he advanced in age, and many letters, composed during the last years of his life, bear witness to the resigned and tranquil mind with which he viewed the approach of death. His studies at this period were divided between the classics of Greece and Rome, and the works of the fathers; for his strong mind, while deeply impressed with the truths of religion, was raised far above the narrow bigotry which can see no traces of its Maker in the productions of a Pagan. His application to study was never relaxed while he had strength to bear the exertion. To borrow his own words, he hastened his steps as he drew nearer to the goal, and believing that much still remained to be done, while his increasing infirmities reminded him, from hour to hour, how small a space remained for labor, he allowed to sleep and relaxation only that time which the weakness of nature imperiously demanded. He arose at midnight, to pray and study, and divided the day between religion and literature. But his

* Et quotiens putas, sed quid loquor, praesens rebus intereras, quotiens filii et discipuli alterius, quo pro filio et quibus ambobus pro vehiculo utebatur, manibus sublatis, meum caput osculatus est, quo illa cogitassem, quotiens hanc dexteram qua illa scripsissem, quibus se diceret vehementissime delectatum. Rer. Sen. ut sup.

† This anecdote is related by Petrarch himself in a letter to one of his friends, in which he attempts to prove that the love of letters does not pass unrewarded in their age. Vid. Rer. Sen. Lib. XV. ep. 7.

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debility and disease daily increased. Frequent fevers slowly undermined his strength, and his body seemed to sink under him from hour to hour; but still his mind grew brighter and brighter, and his imagination purer and purer, as sense faded within him. At length, on the morning of the eighteenth of July, 1374, he was found dead in his study, seated in his chair, with his head reposing as in meditation upon the pages of a book.*

The Italian poems of Petrarch can never be correctly estimated, until some poet shall arise, who, possessing the same depth and purity of feeling, can transfuse into the most harmonious form of his native language, the grace and sweetness of the original verses. Until then, the enjoyment of the Canzoniere must be confined to the native Italian, and to the few who enter enough into the spirit of the language, to catch the feeling of the original as well as its sense. The perfect simplicity and pure nature of its imagery, the variety and richness of its diction, and the arrangement and structure of the verse, corresponding so fully to the general character of each piece, — now moving with pensive gravity, now chiming to the brisk flow of gayer thoughts, like music, that harmonizes by its measure to the feelings that its tones have awakened, — these are beauties which must escape the observation of the early scholar. But every step in the language brings him nearer to their spirit. Beauties insensibly arise where he had thought all was vain expression, truth of feeling breaks forth from passages that at first seemed stiff and artificial, until, losing sight of the book and the writer in the thrilling responses of his own heart, he is borne irresistibly onward by the flow of the thoughts and of the verse that embodies them.

We have already observed, that the value which Petrarch and his contemporaries attached to the Canzoniere, was far from that enthusiastic admiration with which it has been commented on and studied by posterity. And this arose, not so much from their insensibility to its beauties, as from their exclusive admiration of the manner of the old classics. His odes and sonnets were regarded as the light, although elegant relaxations, in which a scholar might unbend his mind without derogating too far from the dignity of his profession, while his claims to the admiration of posterity were supposed to rest almost exclusive-

* A very good account of Arqua, where the house of Petrarch, the chair in which he died and several other relics are preserved, may be found in the notes to the fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

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ly upon his Latin works.* But this very circumstance may have contributed to the real excellence of the former. For although the one was labored with greater care and formed after the pure models of antiquity, the others have caught more truly the real movements of his own heart, and breathe an unlabored and almost involuntary sweetness; as the harp, when touched by the passing breeze, will utter tones of unearthly minstrelsy, which the most perfect science can never draw forth.

The amatory portion of the Canzoniere possesses two distinct characters. During the life-time of Laura, the poet's mind has a gayer or rather brighter range of imagery. The charms of her person float constantly before him. Her 'loved idea' is mixed with every object, from the soft hue of the evening sky, to the deep brown of the rustling forest, from the gale that fans his feverish brow, to the stream that lulls by its gentle murmurings. All the varying emotions of his soul are fully recorded.† We now find him flushed with joy at some simple mark of favor, now deeply dejected by some act of unusual harshness. At times he laments the fatal destiny that has condemned him to days of hopeless complaint, to nights of watchful agony. At others he seems to rejoice in his chains, and although fully sensible of the hopelessness of his passion, to cherish with anxious solicitude the flame that feeds it. And throughout the course of these feelings, the flow of the verse chimes sweetly to the thoughts they record; moving like music at night amid the stillness of some lonely lake, now floating softly over the unrippled water, now lost amid the

*But Petrarch himself seems, at a later date, to have perceived and acknowledged the superiority of his Italian poems over all his other works. — Paulus Vergerius scribit habuisse a Calutio Salviato, qui dicebat ab ipso Petrarcha audivisse, melius se omnia quæ scripserat facturum præter ejus in lingua vernacula scripta, ubi ingenue fatebatur seipsum in illis vicisse. Verger. apud Squarzaf.

And in one of his own sonnets Petrarch says, that had he believed his poems would prove so acceptable, he would have increased their number and given more polish to the style. Sonn. 253, 2d part.

† Itaque per os meum flamma cordis erumpens, miserabili sed (ut quidam dixerunt) dulci murmure valles, cœlumque complebat. Hinc illa vulgaria juvenilium laborum meorum cantica, quorum hodie pudet ac poenitet, sed eodem morbo affectis (ut videmus) acceptissima. Fam. Lib. VIII. ep. 3.

E certo ogni mio studio in quel temp'era
Pur di sfogare il doloroso core
In qualche modo.

Sonnet, 253.

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rush of the rising breeze, now broken by the voice of the awakened echoes.

Laura dies; and here the tone of his sorrow is changed. She is no longer an earthly beauty, whom he can hope to bend by his tears, but a spirit of heaven, who has wiped away the dross of earthly passion, but still cherishes that pure affection by which man is sometimes drawn back to the image of his Maker. She then visits him in dreams, and amid the still watches of the night, rebukes his vain and sinful sorrow. She bids him weep for himself and not for her; she shows him by bright glimpses of heaven, the inexpressible bliss of the state to which she has passed, and bids him look with anxious anticipation for the day in which he may be permitted to follow. There is something exceedingly touching in this communion with the dead whom we have loved, in this affection which even from heaven can look back upon the sad footsteps of the dear ones left behind, and cheer by friendly words and soothing visions the grief which none but itself can feel to be vain.

The style also of the second part seems to have changed in accordance with the feelings of the mourner. The movement of the verse is solemn and slow; a softer and purer strain of lament swells up from the heart; we are led to the solitary grave; we seek in vain for the form that was once so lovely, but which is now mingled and lost amid the common dust at our feet; at times a voice from heaven breaks in upon the stillness of night; a heavenward aspiration arises from the lone and stricken soul; while the imagery, shaded with the same deep coloring, softens and deepens and harmonizes the whole.

But these expressions of feeling, although beautiful from their illustrations and truth to nature, never approach the penetrating analysis of the mind, which may be found in the writings of some English poets. They are brought before us in a few rapid sketches, not drawn in the fullness of their fearful reality; entwined around some lovely object in nature, not chilling the heart by their lonely despair; we see the heaving, the agitation of the waves on the surface, but cannot discover the mighty arm that stirs them up from the foundation. Hence we rise from the Canzoniere, with a soft tinge of tender melancholy, but never oppressed by the weight of sorrow; with a tear glistening in the eye, or stealing in silence down the cheek, but never with the heart wrought up to that fearful excitement, which follows the reading of the Robbers, the Corsair, or Wer-

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ter. In the most touching complaints of Petrarch we find, if not a gleam of hope, at least, the melancholy smile of resignation; the utterance of his feelings seems in a measure to relieve him from their pressure, and even when he calls upon death as his only friend, we feel, that although grief may hasten his approach, the sufferer will never anticipate the blow.

It will be evident, even from this imperfect sketch, that the chief merit of the Canzoniere must lie in the choice of imagery and expression, and in the adaptation of its verse to a natural flow of tender thought. Elegance of expression, which is so important a part of all poetry, is peculiarly essential to lyric verse. The short compass of an ode or sonnet will not admit of the compression of many ideas, much less of their full development. It is only by seizing some pleasing thought, and adapting to it the embellishment of appropriate imagery, that the poet can fix our attention. However beautiful the leading idea, it is far from being the principal object in the piece. It is in its connexion with some beautiful object in natural scenery, with some lovely form of the poet's fancy, in its power to touch some hidden chord of our own sympathies, that the force and interest of the sonnet consist. Hence it must be the expression of our passing feelings, flowing almost spontaneously from their own deep sources, taking its tone from the impulses within, seldom exciting deep emotions, but sometimes mastering the heart, by a few bold images and vigorous expressions.*

The illustration of these remarks may be found upon every page of the Canzoniere. As far as propriety of expression depends upon the choice and arrangement of words, Petrarch is a remarkable instance of pure taste. Receiving the language almost immediately from the rough but vigorous pen of Dante, he contributed greatly toward giving it that sweetness and harmony, which have so long been considered its leading characteristics. And there is no fact more remarkable in the whole compass of literary history, than that scarcely two obsolete words can be found in his Italian poems; so truly did he judge the genius of his native tongue, and so exquisite was

* It should be remembered that the merit of Petrarch does not consist simply in the proper use of a vocabulary, already formed and fixed by polished usage, but in the selection of appropriate expressions, from the variety of an unsettled language. One proof of his superior taste in this respect is his rejecting the custom of mingling foreign words with those which are purely Italian, a custom universal among his contemporaries and predecessors in the literary world. V. Crescembeni della Volg. Poes. Vol. I. p. 363.

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the taste with which he selected, arranged and polished its copious vocabulary.

In judging of epithets and expressions, however, we should always bear in mind that this, of all the beauties of speech, is the most exposed to the influence of time. A phrase may be vigorous or beautiful in one age or one country, from the peculiar circumstances in which it arose, while at a short interval either of time or space its beauty is unintelligible, or its power has been lost. True excellence will always bear the acuteness of critical examination, but many of the beauties of expression are strictly conventional, and thus are soon worn by familiar usage. Hence we pass over many delicate images which the quick imagination of the poet has connected with particular words, and read with comparative coldness many elegant phrases which usage has made familiar to our minds, although they first shone with the freshness of youthful beauty in the verse before us.

The Italian scholar will find a beautiful specimen of propriety of language combined with strength and richness of diction, in the ode supposed to have been addressed to Cola di Rienzi.

Spirto gentil che quelle membra reggi.

The same qualities will be found, although in a less degree, in the following sonnet. The movement of the verse is remarkably full and grave, corresponding with the loneliness of the heart it so beautifully describes.

Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti;
E gli occhi porto per fuggire intenti
Dove vestigio uman l'arena stampi.
Altro schermo non trovo che mi scampi
Dal manifesto accorger delle genti,
Perchè negli atti d'allegrezza spenti,
Di fuor si legge com' io dentro avvampi.
Si ch'io mi credo omai, che monti e piagge
E fiumi e selve sappian di che tempre
Sia la mia vita ch' è celata altrui.
Ma pur si aspre vie, ne si selvagge,
Cercar non so, ch'amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco ed io con lui.

'Alone and pensive, the deserted strand
I wander o'er with slow and measured pace,
And shun with eager eye the lightest trace
Of human foot, imprinted on the sand.

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I find, alas! no other resting-place
From the keen eye of man; for in the show
Of joys gone by, it reads upon my face
The traces of the flame that burns below.
And thus, at length, each leafy mount and plain,
Each wandering stream and shady forest know,
What others know not, all my life of pain.
And e'en as through the wildest tracts I go,
Love whispers in my ear his tender strain,
Which I with trembling lip repeat to him again.'

The same idea is finely enlarged upon in one of the sweetest odes of the Canzoniere. And it may here be observed, that the longest of Petrarch's pieces are generally the best. His feelings seem to gather strength as he warms with his subject, and ideas which at first rise coldly and singly in his mind, flow onward, warming at every step, gathering new strength from every object, drawing in imagery from every source, until the mind and heart of the writer himself seem to roll on with the full current of collected thought.

The following verses, with which the ode commences, will show with what richness of expression and imagery he gives the charms of variety to ideas that his own verses have rendered familiar.

Di pensier in pensier, di monte in monte,
Mi guida amor, ch'ogni segnato calle
Provo contrario alla tranquilla vita.
Se'n solitaria piaggia rivo o fonte,
Se'n fra duo poggi siede ombrosa valle;
Ivi s'acqueta l'alma sbigottita:
E come amor l'invita,
Or ride, or piange, or teme, or s'assecura:
E'l volto, che lei segue ov'ella il mena,
Si turba e rasserena,
E in un esser picciol tempo dura:

'From thought to thought, from mount to mount,
Love leads me on; each beaten way
From life's calm tenor leads astray.
But if I find a lonely stream or fount,
Or 'twixt two gentle slopes a shady vale,
My troubled spirit finds relief,
And there, obedient to its chief,
Now weeps, now smiles, or hopes or trembles now

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While o'er my face, which still her will obeys,
Or joy, or sorrow plays,
Fast changing with the thoughts that move below.'

The following verses exhibit a beautiful contrast between the bright aspect of nature and the solitude of the heart; hues that glow, charms that pass brightly before the physical eye, but which cannot penetrate the frozen sources of feeling within.

Zefiro torna e'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori, e l'erbe sua dolce famiglia;
E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomena;
E primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove si rallegra di mirar sua figlia;
L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra è d'amor piena:
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia.
Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
Sospiri, che dal cor profondo tragge
Quella ch'al ciel sene portò le chiavi.
E cantar augellette, e fiorir piagge,
E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi
Sono un deserto e fere aspre selvagge.

'The soft west wind returning, brings again
Its lovely family of herbs and flowers;
Progne's gay notes and Philomela's strain
Vary the dance of springtide's rosy hours.
And joyously o'er every field and plain
Glows the bright smile that greets them from above,
And the warm spirit of reviving love
Breathes in the air and murmurs from the main.
But tears and sorrowing sighs, which gushingly
Pour from the secret chambers of my heart,
Are all that spring returning brings to me;
And in the modest smile, or glance of art,
The song of birds, the bloom of heath and tree,
A desert's rugged tract and savage forms I see.'

There is no species of poetical embellishment that requires so pure a taste, such accurate judgment, as the introduction of the stream and the forest and the bird that warbles in its shade to a share of our own feelings. When the heart is cold and the fancy unexcited, such images seem lifeless and extravagant. We catch not the tone of feeling which gives life to whatever meets the eye. It is like the soft strain of a pensive air in an hour of revelry, or the thrilling notes of the clarion when ex-

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hausted nature is fainting for repose. Yet every one, who has associated a strong passion with some favorite scene, will feel that this is the natural language of the heart. The thought of a dear object will be dearer amid the scenes that she has loved, and the wind that has 'breathed through her lattice' will come softer and sweeter to the brow. How naturally does imagination, when warmed by the view of some venerable ruin, spread over its barren walls the rich drapery of other days, and summon up the forms and awaken the voices with which it was once enlivened. It is but a step further to call upon the mossy stone for the tale of its youth, or to believe that the air around you is still warmed by the breath of those whose memory makes it dear.

But even this is extravagant, if we view it only through the cold medium of judgment. The air cannot breathe, the stone cannot speak, and the ivy drapery of the walls cannot be exchanged for their original embellishments. But for such an eye there is no form of beauty in the evening sky, no soothing voice in the whispered hymns of the forest. It is useless to scan the poetry of passion with the cold eye of unimpassioned reason. Our moments of truest poetic feeling are those of deepest excitement; not always of an excitement that arouses the energies of the mind, and acts upon its deepest sensibilities, but of one which sometimes speaks in low tones to the softer senses of our nature, and stirs with a gentle touch the deep sources of passion.

Now we are too apt to forget, that the poetry of feeling is the language of this excitement, — a language that flows naturally and freely from the depths of the soul, although a chill often spreads over it from the unmoved sympathies of the reader. What the true poet writes with feeling he has often felt in agony, and although, when he calls upon the grove and the stream to witness his emotions, it may seem to us the language of embellishment, it is for him the warm expression of real emotions.

We find repeated examples of this imagery in the verses of Petrarch, varying, however, according to the nature of his own emotions; sometimes pursuing the rapid current with envious eye, at others seeking with jealous haste, the solitude of the desert; now linked with some beautiful form of natural scenery, now responding to the soft notes of the melancholy nightingale;

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while every image that arises in the mind receives the coloring of that mind, its warmth, its purity, and its tenderness.

While passing near the sources of the Rhone on his way to Avignon, the sight of a stream, whose waters would flow from his eye to murmur around the footsteps of Laura, called forth the following sonnet, — light and easy in its movement, although not characterized by any depth either of thought or of feeling.

Rapido fiume; che d' alpestre vena
Rodendo intorno, onde'l tuo nome prendi,
Notte e dì meco desioso scendi
Ov' Amor me, te sol natura mena;
Vattene innanzi; il tuo corso non frena
Nè stanchezza, nè sonno: e pria che rendi
Suo dritto al mar, fiso ù si mostri, attendi
L'erba più verde, e l'aria più serena:
Ivi è quel nostro vivo e dolce sole,
Ch' adorna e'nfiora la tua riva manca;
Forse, (O che spero!) il mio tardar le dole,
Baciale 'l piede e la man bella e bianca.
Dille; il baciar sie'n vece di parole:
Lo spirto è pronto, ma la carne è stanca.

'Swift current, that from rocky Alpine vein,
Gathering the tribute to thy waters free,
Mov'st joyous onward night and day with me,
Where nature leads thee, me love's tyrant chain;
Roll freely on; nor toil, nor rest restrain
Thine arrowy course; but ere thou yieldest in
The tribute of thy waters to the main,
Seek out heaven's purest sky, earth's deepest green;
There wilt thou find the bright and living beam,
That o'er thy left bank sheds its heavenly rays;
If unto her too slow my footsteps seem,
(While by her feet thy lingering current strays,
Forming to words the murmurs of its stream)
Say that the weary flesh the willing soul delays.'

The following verses have a far sweeter flow, with a deep tone of tender melancholy. They were written after the death of Laura.

Quel rosigniuol, che sì soave piagne
Forse suoi figli, o sua cara consorte,
Di dolcezza empie il cielo e le campagne
Di tante note sì pietose e scorte;

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E tutta notte par, che m'accompagne,
E mi rammente la mia dura sorte.

'Yon nightingale, whose melancholy strain
Laments his tender young, or partner dear,
Pours sweetly through the mellow air and plain,
His thousand notes, so mournful and so clear:
And through night's lonely watches flowing near,
They wake the buried memory of my pain.'

The following piece is purely devotional.

I vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale
Senza levarmi a volo, avend'io l'ale,
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.
Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni ed empi,
Re del cielo invisibile, immortale;
Soccorri all' alma disviata e frale,
E'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi.
Sicchè s'io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,
Mora in pace ed in porto; e se la stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.
A quel poco di viver, che m' avanza,
Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta;
Tu sai ben, che'n altrui non ho speranza.

'In tears I trace the memory of the days,
When every thought was bent on human love,
Nor dared direct its eager flight above,
And seek (as heaven designed) a nobler praise.
O, whilst thine eye my wretched state surveys,
Invisible, immortal king of heaven!
Unto my weak and erring soul be given
To gather strength in thy reviving rays.
So that a life, mid war and tempest past,
A peaceful port may find; and close at last,
On Jesus's breast, its years of vanity.
And when at length thy summons sets me free,
O may thy powerful arms, around me cast,
Support the fainting soul, that knows no trust but thee.'

Mingled with the amatory verses of the Canzoniere, there are a few noble odes, which breathe a purer feeling, and flow in a more elevated strain than individual love can ever inspire. These are the tributes to the sad state of his beloved Italy; verses, in which the love of country speaks boldly and fearlessly, while the pride of ancient power weeps bitterly over the

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bleeding remains of the Empire. There is a boldness in the tone with which he addresses the rulers of his country, a confidence in the purity and elevation of his views, which give to every word the weight of an oracle. We listen to him, as to the sighs of a favorite child beside the tomb, that is closing over the lifeless remains of his parent. Whatever affectation of feeling he may have been guilty of in other pieces, there is surely none here. Every word comes warm from the soul. Every thought seems to rise up from the swelling heart. The imagery itself seems to be the resource of an excess of feeling, which plain language is too feeble to express. And the truth of observation, the sincerity of conviction with which he describes the wrong, and points out the remedy, correspond to the general warmth of his expostulations. The noble ode, which he composed upon the approach of the emperor, should be engraven upon the mind of every Italian. It opens with an address to Italy, and an invocation to the Saviour.

'Mine own Italia, although words be vain,
The deadly wounds to heal,
Which scattered o'er thy lovely form I see,
Yet some relief my bleeding heart may feel,
In forming such a strain
As all thy trembling sons expect from me.
Great judge of heaven, I turn to thee:
O may the love, that led thee once to earth,
Turn to thine own beloved land, thine eyes;
See where she lowly lies,
See from what trivial cause, what cruel wars have birth.'

Then directing his voice to the divided rulers of Italy, he describes in a few energetic words, which we know not how to translate, the miserable condition to which their own divisions and the intervention of foreign power had reduced them. He points to the Alps, the barriers which nature had raised for their protection, but which their own short-sighted ambition had broken down, and with a deep burst of indignation turns back to their former trophies of victory won from their present rulers. There is nothing more beautiful in the whole range of lyric poetry, than the melancholy flow of the verse, in which, speaking of the 'collected flood of deserts strange,' he asks, what hope can smile for those who are thus sinking under the blows of their brethren. Suddenly turning from the contemplation of these miserable divisions, and of the

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clouds that cast their dark shadows over the future, he breaks forth in a most touching appeal to the home of his birth, the last shroud of his parents, by which, at least, although every other inducement should fail, the spirit of ancient Rome should again be aroused to cast off the fatal load that bows it to the earth. The last stanza, flowing in a less animated, but nobly dignified strain, is an exhortation to the Emperor to hush the busy spirit of hatred and envy, and devote to the nobler end of securing the peace and union of Italy, that time which is too often passed in the selfish gratification of individual passion.

In so large a collection of poems, chiefly devoted to the expression of one absorbing feeling, it would be unnatural to suppose that all parts should be uniformly perfect. Our feelings are not all equally fitted for expression, and the language that should clothe them not always at our command. The poet must sometimes feel deeply where he can find no adequate expression for his feelings, and the mind glow with thoughts that grow cold in the utterance. Accordingly, we find many cold verses and frigid conceits mingled with true bursts of feeling, and even some entire pieces remarkable only for skill of versification. Happily, however, they bear a very small proportion to the true expressions of nature. No clearer proof of this can be required, than what is furnished by the influence, which the Canzoniere has always exerted upon Italian poetry. Few literary histories record a greater variety of striking revolutions, than the literary history of Italy. Commencing at the birth of the language, with the wild and vigorous poem of Dante, the roughness of versification and occasional irregularity of diction were polished and corrected by the purer taste of Petrarch. Here, as the natural consequence of causes, whose origin we shall soon have occasion to observe, the taste of men of letters again turned back to the Latin classics. During the long interval of nearly a century, that elapsed between the death of Petrarch and the manhood of Lorenzo de' Medici, the progress of Italian poetry had ceased, and the cultivation of native literature given place to the schools of philosophy, and an unsuccessful imitation of Latin verse. With Lorenzo the taste for Italian poetry again revived, and together with it, were revived the honors of Petrarch. The Canzoniere began once more to pass from mouth to mouth, and to dispute the palm with Horace and Catullus. After a long and glowing period of noble productions, ushered in by the classic taste of Polizi-

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ano, enlivened by the irregularly beautiful descriptions of Ariosto, and stamped at last by the solemn impress of the Jerusalem, the pure spirit of poetry yielded before another foe, the fanciful conceits and studied antithesis of the Seicentisti. And here Petrarch again disappears from the stage, but at the first dawn of reviving taste, the poets of Italy return once more to the father of lyric verse, to seek in his pages purity of style, chaste elegance of imagery, with all the simpler graces of natural thought. And never have they returned to this model, without a correspondent change in the character of their productions. Nature and feeling again resume their place at the side of the Canzoniere; the heart is again thrilled with the language of true patriotism, and the eye again wet with the tear of true feeling.*

The Trionfi of Petrarch are not generally so much admired, as the sonnets and odes. They are a sort of poetical vision, in which the praises of Laura are blended with the triumphs of Love, of Chastity, of Death, of Fame, of Time, and of the Divinity; a species of composition, which is supposed to have originated among the Provençal poets. They are written in terza rima, often less polished than the verses of the Canzoniere, but sometimes approaching the vigorous diction of Dante.† The long catalogue of names collected from ancient history and mythology is highly characteristic of the period in which the work was written, but is wholly unsuited to the taste of our own. Yet some of these are accompanied by bold sketches of character,—verses in which a prominent trait is made to represent the whole person, while a few vigorous expressions form a perfect painting to the mental eye. The passages in which he describes the characteristics of love, the nature and play of his own feelings, or where his imagination is warmed by some scenic description, which, as he writes, grows clearer and brighter to the eye of fancy, are among the best, if not decidedly the best, of his poems. Nothing, indeed, can be more beautiful than the last half of the third Capitolo of the Triumph of Love, and the whole of the Triumph of Death. But the

* V. Crescembeni De' Comment. int. alla Stor. della Volg. Poes. Vol. I. pp. 118, 119, 120.
Denina Vic. della Lett. Parte III. pass.

† The occasional roughness of the Canzoniere is not to be attributed to the taste of Petrarch; but to his death, that left them incomplete. Squarzaf. Vit. Pet. 7.

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chief qualities of these poems, (except that they possess greater vigor of conception and force of expression) are the same as those of the Canzoniere; the same tenderness of feeling, the same quick perception of the delicate sympathies between the external world and the world within, the same richness of expression and brilliant fancy.

We have thus far followed the course of Petrarch, through the productions which he seems to have composed in obedience to the promptings of his own genius; we must now (although with a hurried pen) trace his footsteps along the path, to which his judgment and his reason directed him.

It should not be forgotten that the spirit of his age was directed to the study of philosophy and the Latin classics, rather than to the cultivation of a native literature. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that the first who gave this impulse to modern taste, were among those whom we now venerate as the fathers of modern literature; not indeed for a successful imitation of the classics whom they admired so highly, but for productions formed in the style of their own age, and breathing its wild, irregular spirit.

A passion for Latin literature was closely connected with Petrarch's first attachment to letters. While his companions at Carpentras were following the beaten track of minor Latin writers, he had already overcome the chief difficulties of the language, and was learning to enjoy the beauties of Cicero and of Livy. The study of law, far from supplanting this taste, did not even retard its development. While his instructers supposed him engaged in the codes, he was secretly bending over the more congenial pages of Cicero; and even the allusions to old manners and monuments, which he met in his legal studies, served as new excitements to the cultivation of his natural taste.

A taste so strong and decided, combined with the most aspiring ambition, found unusual incitements to exertion in the peculiar state of Latin literature. Although a certain degree of veneration was attached to some of the classic writers, a strange mass of misconception was mingled with the opinion of even the literary men of the age. Petrarch carried on a correspondence in the name of the Bishop of Lombes, with a celebrated professor of law, who, not content with his legal reputation, aspired also to the name of scholar. In this he ridicules the anachronisms and gross errors of every description,

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into which his correspondent was constantly falling. Even the wise King Robert was not wholly free from the erroneous views of the age, and he was long suspicious of the character, and neglectful of the works of Virgil. When scholars and their patrons are led into such errors as these, it is clear that the means of correcting them are very rare. And in fact, the works of most classic writers, contained in scarce manuscripts, and often scattered through different countries, were in themselves an object of eager research. A tract of Cicero might be found entire in a library of Italy, a few orations in some city of Flanders, a portion of Quinctilian or Livy in some convent of France or Spain: but to unite and compare and correct these scattered fragments, and give to them the form and convenience of a regular collection, was a task that required not money and leisure alone, but indefatigable industry, and an indomitable zeal for the pursuit of letters.

Petrarch engaged in this research with all the energies of his soul. He spared no expense in securing the assistance of others, for money was of no value to him when it could be exchanged for books. He employed professed copyists; he sent into different countries for particular works, not always, indeed, with the hope of finding them, but generally with the expectation of preserving some important manuscript. No friend was ever permitted to leave him for a tour, or for business, or even to return to his own country, without a charge to remember the wants of his collection, and particularly to search for the writings of Cicero. By his influence, many were induced to engage in the same pursuit, and whether coöperating with his views, or consulting more directly their private interest, they all contributed to the preservation and multiplying of classic authors. Nor was it by words and exhortations alone, that Petrarch animated his friends to this pursuit. His own activity in collecting and copying, was a bright example to his most zealous followers. During his various journeys, he kept constantly in view the discovery of his favorite manuscripts. During a journey to Rome, he discovered a part of the works of Quinctilian, and in a letter from Flanders he complains that he could hardly find in the rich city of Liege, a little yellow ink to copy a few orations of Cicero. A manuscript of Virgil of his copying, is still preserved in the Ambrosian library of Milan; and in the Laurentian of Florence may be seen two beautiful copies of Cicero's Epistles, one

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of the Familiar Correspondence, the other of the Letters to Atticus, — both written by the same indefatigable hand.

But the task of copying formed a very small part of his labors. The ignorance and presumption of former copyists had introduced gross corruptions into the texts of many authors, and disfigured them so much, that, according to Petrarch, the writers themselves would have been at a loss to distinguish them. The labors of the editor have been so long familiar to modern readers, that they no longer come before us surrounded with bewildering perplexities; but for Petrarch, the path was new and encumbered with every species of obstruction. There were no fixed principles, no established canons; in short, no standard that he could follow, but the dictates of his own taste and judgment. The dignity of the laborer increasing in proportion to the difficulty and importance of his task, most writers have looked upon this as one of the proudest monuments of Petrarch's glory. The fourth letter of the second book *De Senectute* contains a fine specimen of his critical skill, — not, indeed, such acuteness and strength of argument as would command the attention of a modern scholar, but a degree of thought and observation, almost wholly unknown to his credulous contemporaries.

A passion for history was the natural companion of such researches. And the fondness with which Petrarch pursued this study, would be evident from his letters alone, had we not the clearer testimony of his own compositions. In this study, also, he was distinguished by the judgment with which he weighed the conflicting testimony of ancient writers, forming his opinion according to the authority of the historian, and the probability of his narrative. Nor was he content with the testimony of books alone; the ancient monuments, which have proved so useful to modern historians, were at an early period studied by him as sources of historical evidence, and the first collection of medals, of which we find mention in literary history, was that which he presented to the Emperor Charles II.*

We dwell with pleasure upon this portion of Petrarch's history, for it is the clearest record of his bold and energetic mind, qualities willingly conceded to him, it is true, by all who have studied the literary history of his age, but which

* Tirab. V. 104.

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hundreds who can repeat the story of Laura, would never think of attributing to the mind of her lover.

We possess a curious proof of the poetical enthusiasm which Petrarch carried into the driest part of his researches, in the letters which he addressed to Cicero, and Homer, and others of the old classics. The feeling itself, the desire to hold some direct communication, some interchange of thought, with those from whom we learn to think and to express our thoughts, has undoubtedly been shared by every enthusiastic scholar. But, there are few, we believe, who have thus overleaped in imagination the bounds of time, and attempted to form, in the silence of their own studies, a communion with the dead. The number of these letters is small; the edition before us contains only five, two to Cicero, one to Seneca, one to Livy, and one to Varro; but there are others in manuscript in the European libraries, and some have been already published by the Abbé de Sade.

We are not aware that any proof of Petrarch's progress in Greek literature, is to be found in the influence of this study upon his own writings. But we find the clearest evidence of the ardor with which he engaged in it, in various parts of his works,* and especially in some letters in which he laments the loss of his instructer Barlaamo, by which he was left upon the very threshold of the study.†

It would, however, be unjust to confine within these narrow bounds of research, the course and the fruits of Petrarch's classical studies. The pure and harmonious diction of his Italian poems, of which the language of his age contained no model, must be in part attributed to his constant study of the most correct andharmonious of the Latin poets. While an extensive correspondence bears witness to the social qualities of his heart, a long series of laborious Latin compositions amply testifies to his unwearied diligence. But authors are generally judged by those productions which possess a permanent interest, without regard to the views or opinions of their contemporaries. And thus many works of Petrarch, which display in the clearest light his profound research, his union of the study of man with the study of books, and the rich moral qualities which adorned his heart, are wholly lost to the greater part of modern readers. But our limits will not permit us to examine, at present, the character and merits of these various productions.

* Opere, p. 346. † Var. Epist. 20.

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ART. II.—*Poisoning.*

1. *Die Lehre von den Giften, in Medizinischer, gerichtlicher, und polizeylicher Hinsicht.* Von Dr. K. F. H. MARX, Professor der Heilkunde an der Universität Göttingen.

The Doctrine of Poisons, in its Connection with Medicine, Law, and Police. By Doctor MARX, Medical Professor in the University of Göttingen. Two volumes octavo. Göttingen. 1827—1829.

2. *A History of Inventions and Discoveries,* by JOHN BECKMANN, Public Professor of Economy in the University of Göttingen, translated from the German, by WILLIAM JOHNSTON. In four volumes. London. 1814. Article, *Secret Poison.*

THE first of these works is one of truly German erudition. Its character is sufficiently unfolded in the title-page. It is a perfect encyclopædia on the doctrine of poisons, into which, from the whole circle of ancient and modern literature, Dr. Marx has compressed every thing, which bears upon the subject, in the various aspects of the medical art, the history of manners, and the administration of justice. But it is not a work of mere erudition. It is filled with the indications of original thought. Many of the reflections on philosophical and moral questions, with which the author diversifies his Essay, are profound and ingenious. We much regret, that we have not had the advantage of an earlier acquaintance with it. It would have rendered us the most essential aid, in preparing the following article; and would have enabled us to make it more worthy of the attention of our readers. It is a work of great rarity in this country, and came into our hands, after the following pages were ready for the press. In preparing them, we are under great obligations to the Essay of Dr. Beckmann, named at the head of our article; as will be readily perceived by those acquainted with his History of inventions. That Essay first attracted our attention to the subject; but must necessarily be considered as a superficial performance, when contrasted with the elaborate work of Dr. Marx. If by our own desultory sketches, we shall prompt the curious reader, to

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engage more carefully in the study of an important chapter in the history of morals and society, our present purpose will be fully attained.

Perhaps there is nothing, in which the progress of civilization is more distinctly marked, than in the increased tenderness, which is felt for human life. This may, at first, seem a paradoxical remark in the generation immediately succeeding, what may be called the *age of the guillotine* in France. But after that dreadful and convulsive crisis was passed, the amelioration over the preceding century was visible. Napoleon himself had not the power to re-enact the tragedy of Patkul; and the execution of the Duke d'Enghien was as fatal to him, in public opinion, as the invasion of Spain was in political influence. His reign, all things considered, was by no means bloody. The recent changes in France, nearly as they have verged toward the character of a bloody revolution, have yet escaped it. In the works of English illustrative history, the portraits of half the eminent noblemen and statesmen, two centuries ago, contain the fatal axe, among the ornamental work of the engraving; expressive symbol of the fate of the original. But the great of the present day die in their beds, with no worse enemy to fear, than gout and old age.

Nor is the frequency of assassination less diminished, than that of judicial destruction of life. The tales one reads of Neapolitan bravos, whose poignard can, at any time, be hired for a ducat, if ever true, are, we suspect, true no longer. Men are neither for themselves, nor for hire, so easily moved 'to break into the bloody house of life.' Life is more precious than it was. Every man has a higher consciousness of his own value, in proportion to the advance of civilization; and he measures the value of another's life by his own standard. Society better protects its members. The laws reign. As the State does not set the example of being profuse of human blood, private hatred feels the restraint of public opinion. The great feudal powers are broken down, under which a sort of private war, fatal to security of life and property, was carried on, and both were sacrificed, without the absolute odium of robbery and murder. The abolition of religious asylums has driven out the desperado, from his shelter in the church. The great facilities of communication have lent wings to that instinct, with which retributive justice rushes out upon the traces

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of the murderer, and dogs him to the deepest retreats in the remotest countries. But these all, as it seems to us, resolve themselves into the greater tenderness, with which life is regarded, and the higher value attached to its preservation.

There have been periods of the world, when every great man, king, prince, minister, or favorite was deemed in danger of poison; when not a morsel of food was swallowed by the unhappy potentate, till it was tasted. Poisoning is now an insulated crime. No one fears it, more than he fears assassination in any other way, or highway robbery. As it requires neither strength nor nerve for its perpetration,—nothing but deadly malice,—it must, of course, retain its place among the crimes, which fix their stain on humanity. There have been six or eight instances of some notoriety, in the United States, within a year or two. Chapman's case was a signal one, destroyed, it will be recollected, by the plausible and remorseless Mina. A lad is now in the State's Prison at Charlestown, for strewing arsenic on all the food of his master's family; and a similar case is pending in Rhode-Island. That extraordinary monster Margaret Zwanziger, who paid the forfeit of her crimes at Bremen, four or five years ago, destroyed several of her victims by poison. But these are solitary cases, while in almost every age of the world, down to the middle of the last century, the poisoner's calling was in some countries, to a certain degree, a profession, not to say a department of the government.

We do not here allude to the open use of the hemlock, as a means of inflicting capital punishment, but to the employment of poison, as a secret method of destroying persons obnoxious to public or private hate. It is a beautiful anecdote, which is told of Alexander the Great, that, being seized with a fever, after crossing the Cydnus, he was warned by Parmenio, in a letter, not to taste the medicine, which his physician offered him, for fear of poison. Alexander gave the letter to Philip, (that was the physician's name) to read, and the calm and tranquil air of Philip satisfied the ailing conqueror, that he might safely drink the potion. But it was an uncertain test, and proved self-possession rather than innocence. Mina would have looked Chapman in the face, just as calmly, when he was pouring more arsenic into his excoriated stomach. Philip, a king of Macedonia, not the father of Alexander, understood

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the convenience of a secret poison. He is said by Plutarch, when he had become weary of his connection with Aratus of Sicyon, to have given him, 'not a sharp and violent poison, but one of those, which induce first a slow fever and a dull cough, and so by degrees bring on a consumption.' Aratus knew with whom he was dealing, and having, a short time before his death, raised blood, said, 'such are the rewards of royal friendship.' The Persians greatly excelled in the art of poisoning. Plutarch and Ctesias relate, that Queen Parysatis, the mother of Cyrus the younger, put to death her daughter-in-law Statira, by means of a knife poisoned on one side of the blade. A bird was set before the two queens, at supper; it was divided by the poisoned knife; Parysatis ate her half with impunity, Statira died. Eminent men, in the convulsive struggles of the ancient republics, frequently carried a little poison about them, that they might, if necessary, by suicide, escape a painful and ignominious death. Demosthenes carried his in the hollow of his stylus,* and Hannibal's was concealed in a ring.

It is not easy to ascertain what the preparation was, which was employed by the ancients, and produced sudden death, by the exhibition of small quantities; for although there is probably much exaggeration on subjects of this kind, yet it is impossible to doubt, that some such noxious preparations were known to the ancient world. Theophrastus says, that the poison of most subtle operation was extracted from Wolfsbane (Aconitum); that it could be so prepared, as to operate in two or three months, or at the end of a year or two years. No antidote had been discovered to this poison, and it was a capital crime to have the plant, from which it was extracted, in one's possession. If we are to understand by this, that a dose could be administered, which would take effect, at a calculated and distant period, it is probably fabulous. If it be meant only, that by feeding a man with weak wolfsbane tea for months and years, his health might be gradually destroyed, it is credible. In that sense, Dr. Johnson even admitted the genuine leaf of China itself to be 'a slow poison.'

Livy tells us, that poisoning never became a matter of judicial inquiry in Rome, till near two hundred years before the Christian æra. About this time, several persons of distinction

* Other authorities say a *ring*.

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went off with the same disorder, at about the same time. The fear of pestilence disturbed the city. Q. Fabius Maximus was then the Curule Ædile, and a female slave came to him and promised, on condition of her own pardon, to disclose the names of those who were guilty. Quintus Fabius Maximus never proceeded rashly; and though even he might have been forgiven a little hurry, in despatching matters with a confessed poisoner, yet he laid the case in due form before the consuls, and they before the Senate. The stipulated pardon was granted, and guided by the maid the officers of justice discovered the poisoners,—ladies of the noblest families of Rome, busy around the cauldron, '*coquentes quasdam medicamenta, alia recondita inveniunt.*' Twenty were seized; two of them, (one was a Cornelia, the other a patrician,) undertook to speak for the rest, and declared that the drugs were medicinal. *Drink them then, yourselves,* was the short reply. They desired permission to consult their sisterhood on that point, and all (hags, if you please, but Roman hags) agreed to the test. They all drank and died. A hundred and seventy more of the noblest ladies of Rome were seized, on similar information, and condemned. Before that day, exclaims the perturbed Livy, 'there never was an inquest of poisoning. The thing was now deemed a prodigy, the act not so much of depraved as of crazed minds.' Following the memorable example of what was done in former great calamities, it was resolved by the Senate, to have a nail driven into the temple of Jupiter. A dictator is appointed for that mystic duty,—a master of the horse named, a nail driven into the temple of Jupiter, and a stop put to poisoning for two or three centuries. Did the Roman ladies, the Cornelias and the Sergias, poison their husbands by the hundred;—did the Salem Witches torment the afflicted? Human nature is the same in all ages. Happy the people that, when a calamitous delusion arises, can hit the nail, that will stop it, on the head!

After the overthrow of the commonwealth, the old republican talismans lost their charms. The driving of nails lost its efficacy. Poisoning grew common, proverbial, poetical. Canidia was a poisoner, and nothing before or since Shakspeare is comparable to the pharmacy of the weird sisters in Macbeth, but that of Canidia, Sagana, and Veia, in the fifth Epode of Horace.

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Canidia, brevibus implicata viperis
Crines et incomptum caput,
Jubet sepulchris caprificas erutas,
Jubet cupressos funebres,
Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine
Plumamque nocturnæ strigis,
Herbasque, quas Iolcos atque Iberia
Mittit, venenosum ferax,
Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis
Flammis aduri Colchicis.

'Her head with knotted vipers hung,
'Twas thus the haggard Sorceress sung:—
"First the wild fig thou must bring,
Which through rifted grave did spring;
Eggs and plume of midnight owl
In filthy frog-blood smeared and foul;
Herbs of Jolcos and of Spain,
Teeming soil for deadly bane,
Wrested bone from famished hound
In Colchian witch-fires burnt and ground."

But the times were coming, when Canidia was to whiten into a Sister of Charity. Poor Canidia's crimes were the offspring of love and jealousy; but Agrippina's — what shall we say of her's? What can we say more fitly, than that they were worthy of the mother of Nero, who after murdering her husband, and him her uncle, to place her son on the throne, was by that son herself murdered, exclaiming, as she died, to her unnatural offspring, 'Pierce that bosom, which could give life to such a monster?' Having determined to destroy Claudius, she took counsel of Locusta, a creature but lately convicted of poisoning, and 'long kept among the engines of government!' By this skilful agent a poison was prepared, which should do its work gently, to avoid the dangerous *éclat* of a sudden catastrophe; a wasting and torpid poison, lest Claudius, returning to his senses in the agonies of a sudden death, should forgive his son; an exquisite poison, which would shake the reason, without bringing on a speedy dissolution. Claudius finding unexpected relief from some medical applications, Agrippina was terrified; but the court physician, Xenophon by name, — *Græculus esuriens*, — assisted the agonizing monarch to a bolus of sharper efficacy, and soon sent him on that *anabasis*, from which there is no return. Locusta deserved well

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of Nero, and was entitled to the continued patronage of the imperial family. Nero was unwilling that the engines of the government should rust by disuse. As Claudius had been removed, for fear he should raise Brittanicus, his son, to the throne, it occurred to Nero, that the work would be more effectually performed, if Brittanicus himself were put out of the way. Locusta was again consulted, and prepared a grace-cup for the doomed prince. Locusta was tender of her character; like Lord Bacon, she was a friend of moderate counsels, and she gave the son of Claudius, as she had given his father, a slow and wasting draught. Nero called the considerate sorceress into his imperial presence, taunted her with having the fear of the *Lex Julia* before her eyes, and enjoined a more vigorous practice; and by way of impressing his advice, beat her with his own august fists, and ordered her to prepare a more active poison in his sight. It was given to a kid; — the animal languished five hours. New threats and blows. The poison is boiled down to twice its former thickness, and being tried upon a pig produced instant death. That, indeed, was drink for none but kings; it was served to Brittanicus by order of Nero, in his own presence, and with instant effect. Locusta was pardoned the crimes of which she stood convicted, richly endowed with lands and gold, and entrusted with disciples, whom she might train up, to become engines of the government, as useful as herself. Dr. Guillotin, who invented the machine, which so agreeably perpetuates his name, is said to have made personal trial of its efficacy. Phalaris, when the brazen bull was brought him, complimented its contriver with a roast in it, as the person best entitled to make the first experiment of its admirable construction. Locusta appeared to think, that as Nero had directed her kind offices to others, he was entitled to them himself; but she failed in the attempt; an attempt, it need not be said, which no one fails in twice. But she will live immortal in Tacitus and Juvenal, as long as flesh knows how to creep, or blood to curdle.

Aulus Gellius has preserved a tradition, touching the fortitude and magnanimity of Regulus, as he found it in an ancient author now lost. The standard writers do not confirm it; but it ought to be true, for it is incontestably the most striking illustration of Punic faith, which history has preserved. The common version of the history runs, that the Carthaginians, placing full reliance on the honor of Regulus, whom they had

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made captive, sent him to Rome, to propose an exchange of prisoners, on the condition, that, if the Romans did not consent, he would return to his captivity, in Carthage. Cicero thought he gave Regulus credit for sufficient magnanimity, in making him counsel the senate not to consent to exchange him, aged and worn out as he was, for the young African chieftains, who were capable of living to make battle for years. The senate takes the advice of the poor old consul, and sends him back to Carthage to be tortured. But Tuditanus, the lost author cited by Aulus Gellius, ascribes to the Carthaginians, a villany of most exquisite texture. They administered to the Roman veteran a secret poison, calculated to take effect in a few months; so that if the Romans agreed to the exchange, they would get nothing but a poisoned old consul, in return for a half a score of fervid young Africans. This was pretty well; but unluckily for the fraud, Regulus detected it; he was determined to nip the treason in the bud, and dropping a hint of it to the senate, put them on their guard against being taken in.

The curious reader may again ask, of what these poisons were compounded. Unfortunately for the inquiry, the school of Locusta perished with her, and we have none but vague surmises and downright fables. Juvenal intimates that a red-breasted toad, — a fourlegged ruddock, —yielded a very suitable essence, to be administered by a noble Roman dame to her thirsty lord:

'molle Callenum
Porrectura, viro miscet sitiente rubetam.'

But the venom of the toad is as fabulous as his jewel. — Ugly he is, but an innocent, timid, useful reptile, who has earned a bad name, from an unsightly figure.

The sea-hare, *lepus marinus*, was a favorite dish with the ancient poisoner. It is the *aplysia depilans* of Linnæus. Philostratus pronounces its venom more deleterious than that of any other animal in the sea or on land. Nero frequently served it up to his guests, and Domitian treated Titus to the same dainty fare. With the more virulent mineral poisons of the modern pharmacopeia, the ancients were not acquainted; and the best praise we can give the Roman or the Grecian venefica is, that she did her best with the means, which the state of the arts afforded her.

But at length everything like regular practice broke down.

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The empire became degenerate; repeated invasions of barbarians, bringing their own uncouth Scythian venoms with them, destroyed everything like classical poisoning. It was no longer taught in regular institutions, like that of the discreet Locusta; nor were its professors set apart, among the engines of government, as under the venerable Claudius and the amiable Nero. In the ages of barbarism, the dark, dreary, and illiterate ages of the empire of the East, and the empire of the West, there was an unrecorded, promiscuous, vulgar practice of all the arts of assassination; an unlicensed and empiric use of the bowl and the dagger, which really affords nothing on which a scientific curiosity can repose with pleasure.

But Leo's golden days arrive. With the other sister arts, that of poisoning started into life, and not only, like eloquence, 'shook the poppies from her brow,' but began to concoct them into a quieting draught for her neighbor's lip. Pope Alexander VI. and his son Cæsar Borgia, invited nine newly created cardinals to dinner, with a view of despatching them by poisoned wine. By the error, or possibly the design, of the attendants, the wine was served to the pope and his son. The latter by superior strength of constitution escaped; Alexander died. Pope Sistus V. is supposed to have been poisoned. He was a contemporary with Philip II. of Spain, who was wont to call the poison, of which he commonly made use, his *requiescat in pace.* Sistus used to say to Philip's ambassador at Rome, 'know Mr. Ambassador, that we fear nothing from your master, but one of his *requiescats in pace.*' He had reason to fear them, for he died their victim.

But the mistress of this art, did not make her appearance at once. It was in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the commencement of the eighteenth, that Toffana flourished. This lady lived first at Palermo; but a professor so skilful of an art so useful, could not long be confined to a provincial sphere. About the close of the seventeenth century she removed to Naples. She contrived a delicate preparation of arsenic, dissolved in a decoction of *Antirrhinum Cymbalaria*, of which from four to six drops were supposed to be enough to destroy a man. It entered freely into commerce, and was known by the name of *aqua della Toffana*, more exquisitely *acquetta de Napoli*, and even *acquetta.* In common cases, of course, Toffana was paid for her panacæa; but she had a heart open as day, to melting charity, and ladies, who wished to cultivate the mortifying

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graces of widowhood, were supplied gratis. But though an admiring and grateful public bestowed on her invention, the name mentioned, thus securing to her the credit, to which she was so justly entitled, she herself was more modest, and waived that honor. The sarcophagus of St. Nicholas at Bari distils a certain oil, endowed with marvellous virtues to heal diseases, and sold all over Italy under the name of Manna of *St. Nicholas of Bari.* Toffana, considering that if her little arsenical syrup did not actually cure diseases, it put the patient out of misery, which might be regarded as the next best thing, prepared it in small phials, stamped with the image of good St. Nicholas of Bari, and labelled, as his manna. Father Labat, in his travels in Italy, mentioning this fact, observes, that it was attended with the great advantage, that as the Manna of St. Nicholas was a well known, and withal a sacred article, Toffana's counterfeit, under that name, passed the custom-house with little scrutiny: a pleasing illustration of the demand for this delicate chemical preparation, in the kingdom of Naples. One of these bottles, according to Dr. Marx, is said to be still in existence at Cologne.

But poisoning, though in great repute, was not positively lawful in the kingdom of Naples; and the government at last began to bestir itself. Disquieted by this circumstance, Toffana took refuge in an ecclesiastical asylum, where, under the privileges of the place, she bade defiance, for some time, to the officers of justice, and continued to vend her catholicon, from the very bosom of the church. But the scandal became at length too great to be borne. She was dragged from her refuge and thrown into prison. A great outcry was raised by the clergy at this violation of their privileges, and the people, unwilling to be defrauded of their right to be poisoned, joined in the clamor of the priests. It was only by circulating a report, that she had poisoned the wells in the city, that the current of public sentiment could be turned against her. Being put to the rack, she confessed her enormities; named those who had afforded her protection, who were immediately dragged from churches and monasteries; and stated that the day before her last flight from justice, she had sent two boxes of her manna to Rome. It was found in the custom-house in that city, but it did not appear that it was sent to order. It was a little speculation of Toffana's, on her own account. The archbishop still murmured at her being torn from a privileged asylum; and, accordingly, to cut the matter short, she was strangled and thrown

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into the court-yard of the convent, from which she had been taken. But her art did not perish with her; and, according to Keysler, who travelled in the former part of the eighteenth century, and saw Toffana in confinement, her *acquetta* continued to be prepared, in great quantities, after her execution.

We have somewhat anticipated the order of events in relating the history of Toffana. A hundred and fifty years before that lady flourished, the art was introduced into England. But Lord Bacon, who performed the duties of attorney-general, in the case of Sir Thomas Overbury, maintains, that poisoning is not a crime to which the English people are predisposed, '*non est nostri generis nec sanguinis.*' He justly sets forth the enormity of an offence, whereby a man is taken off, in full peace, and thinking no harm, and while he is comforting and refreshing nature with his food. It is a crime the more to be dreaded, because it is so easily committed, and so hard to be prevented and discovered. — Other murders are committed *cum sonitu;* with acts, that may discover or trace the offenders; but this comes upon a man when he is careless and without suspicion, and every day he is in the gates of death. Nor does it only concern the man, against whom the malice was intended, but it was often proposed for one, and taken by another, as in the example of 21 Henry VIII., where the purpose was to poison one man, and being put into the broth, sixteen of the Bishop of Rochester's servants were affected.

This extraordinary instance of the crime of poisoning produced such an effect upon the legislature of Great Britain, that the following year a law passed, making murder by poisoning high treason, and inflicting upon it the singular punishment of *boiling to death.* We have thought it worth while to copy the preamble of this act, a document throwing some light on the manners of the age, and particularly illustrating the opinions entertained by our worthy ancestors of the age of Henry VIII. on the subject of *ex post facto* laws.

22 Henry VIII. c. 9. The Kynges royall majistie callyng to hys moste blessed remembraunce that the makyng of good and holsome laws and due execution of the same agaynste the offendours thereof is the only cause that good obedyence and order hath ben preserved in this Realme, and his Highnes havyng moste tender zeale to the same emonge other thynges consyderyng that mannes lyfe above all thynges is chyefly to be favoured, and voluntary murders moste highly to be detested and abhorred, and

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specyally of all kyndes of murders, poysonynge, which in this Realme hytherto our Lord be thanked hath ben moste rare and seldome comytted or practysed; and now in the tyme of this presente parliamente, that is to saye, in the xviij daye of Februarye in the xxijd yere of his moste victorious reygn, one Richarde Roose late of Rouchester in the Countie of Kente, Coke, otherwyse called Richard Coke of his moste wyked and dampnable dysposicyon dyd caste a certeyne venym or poyson into a vessel replenysshed with yeste or barme standyng in the Kechyn of the Reverende Father in God John Bysshopp of Rochester at his place in Lamehyth Marsshe wythe which yeste or Barme and other thynges convenyent, porrage or gruell was forthwyth made for his famylye there beyng wherby not only the nombre of xvij persons of his said famylie which dyd eate of that porrage were mortally enfeebled and poysoned and one of them, that is to say, Bennett Curwen gentylman thereof ys decessed, but also certeyne pore people which resorted to the sayde Bysshops place and were there charytably fedde wyth the remayne of the sayde porrage and other vytayles, were in lyke wise infected, and one pore Woman of them that is to saye Alyce Tryppytt wydowe is also therof nowe deceassed: our sayde sovereign Lorde the Kynge of hys blessed disposicion inwardly abhorrying all such abhomynable offences, because that in manner no person can lyve in suertye out of daunger of death by that meane, yf practyse thereof shulde not be exchued, hath ordeyned and enacted by auctorytie of thys presente parlyament that the sayd poysonyng be ajuged and demed as high treason, And that the sayde Richarde for the sayde murder and poysonynge of the sayde two persones as is aforesayde by auctoritye of thys presente parlyament, shall stande and be attaynted of highe treason: and by cause that detestable offence nowe newly practysed and comytted requyreth condigne punysshmente for the same; It is ordayned and enacted by auctoritie of this presente parliamente that the said Richarde Roose shal be therfore boyled to deathe withoute havynge any advauntage of his clargie.

Under this statute, as we learn from Lord Coke, in his third institute, Margaret Davy, a young woman, was attainted of high treason, for poisoning her mistress, and some others were boiled to death in Smithfield, the 17th of March, the same year. But this act, continues his lordship, was too severe to live long, and was therefore repealed by 1 E. 6. cap. 12, and 1 Mar. cap. 1. It is not impossible that the proverbial expressions, to keep out of hot water, and to get into hot water, may have had their origin in the cruel punishment attached to this crime, by the law of 22 Henry 8.

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It would seem that, by the ancient law of England, poisoning was still more severely dealt with. 'Poyson,' says Lord Coke, *(venenum, a venis quia a venis permeat.)** 'is, as hath been said, the most detestable of all, because it is most horrible and fearful to the nature of man, and of all others can be least prevented, either by manhood or providence: and that made Fleta to say, Item nec per patriam se defendere debet quis de veneno dato, sed tantum per corpus suum, eo quod initium facti non fuit tam publicum quod sciri poterit a patria, &c., but that is not holden for law at this day.' As well it might not be. Suppose the person accused were innocent.

The case of John Roose illustrates the insular awkwardness of John Bull, compared with the dexterity and taste of his continental neighbors. The exquisite Toffana distils her delicate *acquetta*, and four or five drops are sufficient to do the work. John empties a pound of arsenic into his master's soup-kettle, and poisons half the parish. But the arts improve by time and practice, and under the reign of Elizabeth, that of secret poisoning was introduced from Italy, and flourished under the auspices of no less a personage, than the great Earl of Leicester, the most magnificent subject that ever adorned the British court. Among the persons attached to his household, was an Italian secretary, whom he had brought home from his travels, and who was the reputed instrument with which he removed his victims. There is no great reason to doubt, that many of the tales which circulated about the secret practices of this arrogant favorite, were the product of envy and political hostility. They were so generally believed, however, that persons dying of a sudden death, were said to have gone off by *Leicester's cold;* and Camden, who wrote his work, under the auspices of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, gives no doubtful countenance to some of the most atrocious of the insinuations against Leicester. Among his earliest victims was his wife, the gentle Amy Robsart, immortalized by Sir Walter. — He married this lady on the 4th of June, 1560; his sovereign, King Edward, was present at the nuptials; and from a passage in his journal, we obtain a knowledge of the somewhat singular bridal

* Lord Coke's Etymology is obscure and doubtful. *Venenum* (of which the first half only is radical, as in Venefica) is, we take it, from an ancient root, with which the English *bane*, the Saxon *bana*, and the Greek αἰνὸς, (dreadful, deadly), are probably connected. The latter word, with the digamma, would give the basis of *venenum*.

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festivities of that day. 'June 4, 1560, Sir Robert Dudley, third son of the Earl of Warwick, married Sir John Robsart's daughter; after which marriage there were certain gentlemen, that did strive, who should first take away a goose's head, which was hanged alive on two cross posts.' We commend this extract from the royal journal, to our brethren of the London Quarterly Review, who, a few years since, undertook to found a charge of heathenish barbarity, against the good people of the United States, in consequence of their indulgence, in some part, we forget where, of the western country, in this royal British divertisement. After living with him ten years, this poor lady disappeared, 'at a very unlucky juncture for the earl's reputation; because the world at this time conceived it might be much for his conveniency, to be without a wife, this island then holding two queens, young and without husbands.' She was prevailed upon to visit Cumnor-house, the seat of Antony Foster, one of Leicester's creatures. There the unfortunate lady became ill, — the consequence of the infernal practices upon her, — which however produced their effect too slowly to answer the desired end. She was importuned by Foster and his tool Varney, to take medicine for her disorder. 'They, seeing her sad and heavy, as one that well knew by her other handling, that her death was not far off, began to persuade her, that her present disease was melancholy, and other humors, and would needs counsel her to take some potion. This she absolutely refusing to do (as suspecting the worst), they sent a messenger for Dr. Bayly, professor of Physic, in Oxford University, and intreated him to persuade her to take some little potion, by his direction. They would fetch the same at Oxford, *meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort*, as the doctor, upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic, and therefore he peremptorily denied their request.' As well he might, for a part of this ingeniously contrived plan, was to mix a deadly poison with the medicine, which the doctor might prescribe, and thus throw upon him the responsibility of her death. — Her wariness baffled the attempts at poison, and she perished by arts still more atrocious. The superb and remorseless hypocrite who caused her death, bestowed upon her the honors of a splendid funeral; but his own chaplain, in pronouncing her eulogium, stammering under the load of the dark and universal suspicion of foul play, twice in the course

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of his address, invoked the sympathy of the audience for the fate of the poor lady 'so sadly *murdered*.'

The next experiment of Leicester was upon Lord Sheffield, who suddenly died, and, as it was charitably rumored, of a *Leicester cold*. Leicester shortly after espoused the widow, and under the pretence that the Queen would be offended at the marriage, compelled her to keep it secret. After some time, the more effectually to conceal the connexion, he required her to marry Sir Edward Stafford. This she refused, till under the gentle discipline of Leicester, her hair fell off, and her nails dropped out, and she did what was demanded of her, to save her life. These facts are certified by her own testimony on oath, and atrocious as they are, incredible as they seem, they are related by Sir Wm. Dugdale, and do not appear to be discredited by Camden.

The Earl of Essex went off in the same way, and for the same cause; but his countess happily survived this western Blue Beard. Besides his two first wives, and the husbands of his two last, there were others who were publicly said 'to have travelled the same road, by the same conveyance.' The Cardinal Chatillon, ambassador from France, was poisoned at Canterbury, on his way homeward, and as was believed, by Leicester, out of revenge for the freedom with which the cardinal had expostulated with Queen Elizabeth, on the arts with which Leicester defeated her marriage with a foreign prince. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton was seized with a mortal complaint at the Earl of Leicester's table, and died before he could be removed. Thus much appears by a letter of Leicester himself to Walsingham. That he perished, in consequence of poison given him in the salad, rests upon a tradition in the family, purporting to be founded on the dying asseveration of Sir Nicholas. The Earl of Sussex, his great rival, was one of his reputed victims. On his death-bed, he gave this warning to his friends; 'I am passing into another world, and must now leave you to your fortunes, and to the Queen's grace and goodness; but beware of the gipsy, (Leicester,) for he will be too hard for you all. You know not the beast as well as I do.' These dark imputations and many others of like import may be believed, when we reflect that Camden states positively, that Leicester proposed in council, that Mary, Queen of Scots, should be removed by poison. The biographer, who records all these facts, adds with commendable simplicity, that 'they must be exaggerated

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at least, if not false, since the earl at this juncture, (that of Lord Sheffield's death,) obtained an act of parliament to enable him to erect a hospital at Warwick, which he afterwards did, and plentifully endowed it, that it might bear his name, and preserve his memory, as a most religious person, — the character which, of all others, he most affected,—to succeeding times!' Well done, candor!

We have not space to enter into the atrocious details of Sir Thomas Overbury's tragic fate; the only case, according to Lord Bacon, except that of the young princes, of a murder in the tower; and, according to Lord Coke, the only instance, in which 'any of the nobility of this realm have been attainted for the poisoning of any.' The value of this part of the compliment may be estimated, after what we have just related of the Earl of Leicester. The indictment against Richard Weston, the keeper of Sir Thomas, set forth, that, on the ninth of May, 1613, he administered to Sir Thomas a poison called roseacre, in his broth, and on the first of June, *ut præfatum Thomam Overbury magis celeriter interficeret et murdraret*, gave him another poison called white arsenic. Further, that, on the tenth of July, the said Richard Weston gave to the said Sir Thomas, a poyson called mercury sublimat. in some tarts; and that another person, by the procurement of Richard Weston, administered the said mercury sublimat to Sir Thomas Overbury; of which several poisons he died. This was unanimously adjudged to be a good indictment, although it did not appear of which of the poisons Sir Thomas died. But the substance of the indictment was, whether he was poisoned by Weston. Weston was tried and convicted, as were also Sir Gervas Helwys, lieutenant of the tower, Richard Franklin, a physician, Anne Turner, and the Earl and Countess of Somerset, all of whom were executed, except the two last, who were shamefully pardoned by James I. It appeared on the trial, that in addition to the poisons mentioned in the indictment, Franklin prepared several others, as the powder of diamonds, the powder of spiders, lapis causticus, and cantharides.*

Among the actors in this tragedy, who were brought to light and to justice, was Mrs. Anne Turner, a female who would have done no discredit to the academy of Locusta. Her trial was accompanied with incidents of a powerful interest. It

* 3 Institute, 50.

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disclosed that, both on her part and that of her infamous patroness, the Countess of Somerset, there was a terrific mixture of superstition, sorcery, love, jealousy, and revenge. Sir Laurence Hyde, after descanting awhile on the wickedness and heinousness of poisoning, stated that 'there was one Dr. Forman, who lived at Lambeth, to whom the Countess of Essex, (afterwards of Somerset) and Mrs. Turner used to resort, calling him father. The cause of their coming to him was, that by force of magic, he should procure the now Earl of Somerset, then Viscount Rochester, to love the Countess, and Sir Arthur Manwaring to love Mrs. Turner. In the course of his professional dealings as a necromancer, with these modern Canidias, Dr. Forman acquired such a knowledge of their fiendish characters, that, before his death, he used to desire, that when he died, he might be buried very deep, 'or else,' said he, 'I shall fear you all.' He had good reason, at any rate, to fear them while he lived, for they probably had him poisoned. During the trial, some of his magical apparatus, images, pictures, and enchanted papers, were produced in court. At this moment, 'there was heard a crack from the scaffolds, which caused great fear, tumult, and confusion among the spectators, and throughout the hall, every one fearing hurt, as if the devil had been present, and grown angry to have his workmanship showed, by such as were not his scholars. When the panic had a little subsided, more of "the cunning tricks" were exposed. There was, also, a note showed in court, made by Dr. Forman, and written on parchment, signifying what ladies loved what lords in court. But the lord chief justice would not suffer it to be read in open court.' 'The good natured world,' adds the fair and accomplished writer from whom we borrow the anecdote,* 'believed, that he (Lord Coke) found the name of his own wife on the first page.'

Mrs. Turner was the widow of a physician, and the poisons administered to Overbury were procured of Franklin and mixed by her. The first poison was of a green and yellow color, what Lord Coke calls roseacre, other writers, rosalgar, possibly realgar or orpiment, (the sulphuret of arsenic;) the second was white arsenic, and so on through seven different kinds of poison. Mrs. Turner requested Franklin that they might be all slow poisons, 'that would not kill a man presently, but lie in his body a certain time, wherewith he might languish by little and

*Miss Aikin's reign of James I., Vol. II. p. 13.

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little," and she gave him four angels, with which he bought *aqua fortis*. She tried it upon a cat, which languished and cried pitifully two days and then died. For this reason she deemed *aqua fortis* too strong, and upon his saying arsenic was too violent also, she proposed powder of diamonds, and gave him money to buy some.'

Mrs. Turner was found guilty and sentenced to be hung. 'Many women of fashion,' says Miss Aikin, 'as well as men, went in their coaches to Tyburn, to witness the death of this woman, who edified the spectators, it is said, with a very penitent end.' But one would not sure be ugly though one's hung, and Mrs. Turner 'could not deny her vanity the slight gratification of making this, her last appearance, in a ruff stiffened with yellow starch, — a favorite fashion, imported by herself from France, but to which this exhibition of it proved immediately fatal.'

Mrs. Turner's personal appearance seems the reverse of what might have been expected. She was a delicate beauty. In a curious poetical essay, entitled Sir Thomas Overbury's ghost. which we have found in the third volume of the Harleian Miscellany, she is thus described : —

'It seemed, that she had been some gentle dame,
For, on each part of her fair body's frame,
Nature such delicacy did bestow,
That fairer object oft it doth not show.
Her chrystal eye, beneath an ivory brow,
Did show what she at first had been, but now
The roses on her lovely cheeks were dead.
The earth's pale color had all overspread
Her sometime lively look, and cruel death,
Coming untimely with his wintry breath,
Blasted the fruit, which, cherry-like in show,
Upon her dainty lips did whilom grow.
O, how the cruel cord did misbecome
Her comely neck! and yet by law's just doom
Had been her death; those locks, like golden thread,
That used in youth to enshrine her globe-like head,
Hung careless down, and that delightful limb,
Her snow-white nimble hand, that used to trim
Those tresses up, now spitefully did tear
And rend the same, nor did she now forbear
To beat that breast of more than lily white,
Which sometime was the lodge of sweet delight.
From those two springs, where joy did whilom dwell,
Grief's pearly drops upon her pale cheeks fell.'

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But it is more than time, that we should direct our steps toward France, in this rapid and desultory excursion. On the 30th of June 1670, Henrietta Anne of England, Duchess of Orleans, sister of King Charles II., grand-daughter of Henry IV., died at Paris. On the previous day, after drinking a glass of cold water, in her apartment at St. Cloud, she was seized with a shivering, succeeded by a burning heat, which threw her into the most excruciating torments. She cried out, that she was poisoned. The physicians were sent for. When they saw her, they were struck with horror at her livid appearance, pronounced her beyond medical aid, and advised her to receive the last sacraments of the church without delay. The princess heard them pronounce her fate with firmness; and recollecting the manner in which Bossuet had attended her mother, the queen dowager of England, she desired that not an instant should be lost in sending for him. Three couriers were successively despatched to him. and he arrived between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, at St. Cloud.

In the interval, the princess suffered the most dreadful pains, and her immediate dissolution being apprehended, she made a general confession of her sins to the Abbé Feuillet, a person generally esteemed, but of a harsh character. When her confession was finished, her attendants were called in. The whole scene was afflicting and horrible. The account which her confessor gives of his own conduct, makes us, perhaps unreasonably, blame his merciless austerity. Her lamentable shrieks, he treated as acts of rebellion against the divine will, and told her that her sins were not punished as they deserved. In the midst of her convulsions, she received his reproofs with mildness, but often inquired of Madame de la Fayette, who was at her bed-side, if Bossuet were not yet come. Before he came, she received the extreme unction from the Abbé Feuillet. Having exclaimed, in an agony of pain, 'Will these torments never end?' 'Do not forget yourself in this manner,' said the merciless Abbé, 'you ought to be better disposed for suffering; but I must tell you that your torments *will* soon end.'

At length Bossuet arrived. As soon as the princess saw him, she made him promise not to quit her, till she breathed her last. He knelt down dissolved in tears, leaning on her bed, holding a crucifix in his hand. With a tremulous voice, interrupted by his own feelings, he invited her to join him, as

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far as her sufferings allowed, in the reflections, prayers, and acts of contrition, of faith, hope and charity, which he should address to God for her, and in her name. He was exceedingly moved, and every person present sympathized in the scene. Nothing could exceed the tender and affecting sentiments of devotion and piety, which Bossuet suggested to her. He finally subdued by them, in a great measure, her sense of the cruel sufferings which she endured. The princess heard him with mild and composed constancy. If he stopped for a moment, she gently entreated him to continue, assuring him that his words were of inestimable value to her. He then read over to her the recommendation of the soul in the liturgy; explained it to her; made her gently repeat with him its soothing prayers, softly instilled into her the sentiments, which they are intended to convey; filled her soul with faith, with compunction, with calm, with resignation; and above all, with divine love for him, into whose hands she was so soon to yield her soul. She herself, at last, felt a consciousness of her serene triumph over pain. 'O, my God,' she exclaimed, 'why did I not always adhere to thee!' She recollected that the crucifix which Bossuet had in his hands, was the same which he had given to her mother, the queen dowager of England, to hold in her agony. She took it from him, and kept it in her hands till she breathed her last.

An hour before she died, she turned to Madame de la Fayette, and in the English language, which Bossuet did not understand, desired her to observe, that 'full of gratitude for the spiritual assistance, which she had received from Bossuet, she requested that, after her decease, a particular emerald ring, set in diamonds of great price, might be presented to him.' Her torments continued to the last, but her patience remained. She persisted in listening to the exhortations, repeating the prayers, and making the humble and fervent offering of herself to the divine will, which Bossuet suggested to her. Those who heard them, never forgot them. The Abbé Feuillet himself declared, that he had never heard any thing so admirable.

At three in the morning, the princess died. The particulars of her death were immediately related by Madame de la Fayette, to Louis XIV. He sent for Bossuet, heard them again from him, and then, with his own hand, put the emerald ring, mentioned by the princess, on the prelate's finger, and desired him to wear it for the rest of his life, in re-

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membrance of her. He added, that he could not better show his regard for the memory of his sister-in-law, than by desiring Bossuet to pronounce her funeral oration.

Every thing we know of Bossuet, leads us to think he had a very feeling heart. It certainly is discernible in every line of his funeral oration on the princess. He chose for his text the verse of Ecclesiastes, so suitable to the occasion. 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!' Having pronounced these words, he remained some time in silence, evidently overpowered by his feelings. 'It was to be my lot,' he then exclaimed, 'to perform this melancholy duty to the memory of this illustrious princess! She whom I had observed so attentive, while I performed the same duty to the queen, her mother, was herself so soon to become the theme of a similar discourse. And my voice was so soon to be exerted in discharging the like melancholy duty to her. O vanity! O nothingness! O mortals, ever ignorant of what awaits you! But ten months ago, would she have thought it? You, who then beheld her, drowned in tears for her mother's loss, would you have thought it? Would you have thought, that you were so soon to meet again, to bewail her own fate? O vanity of vanities!—all is vanity. These are the only words, the only reflection, which, in such an event, my sorrow leaves me.'

After this eloquent exordium, Bossuet pursues his dismal theme. He describes in strains, always eloquent, but always mournful, the short but brilliant career of the princess; so highly placed, so greatly gifted, so widely admired, and so generally loved,—the idol of the world,—the pride of her august family,—the delight of all who approached her.

'Yet what,' he exclaimed, 'is all this, which we, so much below it, so greatly admire? While we tremble in view of the great, God smites them, that they may serve as warnings to us. Yes! so little does he consider these great ones, that he makes them often serve, as mere materials for our instruction. We have always sufficient reason to be convinced of our nothingness; but if, to wean our hearts from the fascination of the world, the wonderful and the astonishing are necessary, what we now witness is grand and terrible enough. O night of woe! O night of horror! When, like a peal of thunder, the dreadful cry bursts around us, on all sides;—the princess is dying, the princess is dead! What one of us did not feel himself stricken with this blow, as if some fatal disaster had fallen upon his own family? At the

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first rumor of this calamity, there is a general rush to St. Cloud. There everything is in dismay, but the heart of the princess. There on all sides, is heard the voice of wailing; on all sides are witnessed grief and despair, and the image of death. The king, the queen, the prince, the whole court, the whole community, every one is struck down, is in despair, and it seems as if I beheld the fulfilment of the words of the prophet, "The king shall mourn, and the prince shall be clothed with desolation, and the hands of the people shall fail for sorrow and dismay."'

The writers of the time mention, that when Bossuet pronounced these words, the whole audience arose from their seats; that terror was visible in every countenance, and that for some moments Bossuet himself was unable to proceed.

We have taken the foregoing exquisite sketch from Mr. Butler.* We had no idea, when we began to copy it, that we should transcribe more than a paragraph; but it is too beautiful to be mutilated. We have changed scarce a word, but have added the closing lines of the noble burst of feeling, in which the eloquent prelate describes the death of the princess, and which Mr. Butler omits.

The princess, as we have seen, believed herself poisoned. The court and city had the same belief. The English ambassador, — all Europe was persuaded of it. One of her household named to Voltaire the person, who administered the poison; and stated that it was diamond dust, strewed on strawberries with sugar. In Paris it was generally believed at the time, that she died in consequence of drinking a glass of water, poisoned with succory. But Voltaire thinks she died a natural death, and that the malice of mankind and the love of the marvellous alone suggested the idea of poison. The powder of diamonds, he says, is no more poisonous than the powder of coral; no impalpable powder is mechanically poisonous. He might have added that diamond powder enough to have taken the place of sugar, on a plate of strawberries, was not a poison very easily to be obtained. As to the glass of water, Madame de la Fayette and another lady drank of it, without inconvenience. The princess had, for a long time, suffered by a diseased liver;—and this, in the opinion of Voltaire, was the cause of her death. Great weight is due to his opinion,

* Some account of the life and writings of Bossuet, by Charles Butler, Esq. p. 116, and seq.

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and his arguments are not without force. On the other hand, are her own convictions, and that of her family and the public at the time; her sudden death, too sudden it would seem to be occasioned by an hepatic disease; and finally the express declaration of Louis XIV., who is asserted on pretty credible authority, to have declared his knowledge of the fact.*

Bossuet, in the inimitable discourse, which we have quoted, exclaims of the voyage of this princess to England, which took place but a few weeks before her death, and was the prominent incident of a public character in her history,

'Think not that I wish, as a rash interpreter of secrets of state, to discuss the voyage to England; nor that I shall imitate those speculative politicians, who arrange according to their own ideas, the counsels of kings, and compose, without instructions, the annals of their age.—I will not speak of this glorious voyage, except to say, that it furnished the princess new titles to admiration. The kindness of this princess, who, in spite of the divisions too common in courts, gained at once all hearts to herself, was the theme of rapturous commendation. Men could not satisfy themselves, in praising her incredible dexterity in treating the most delicate affairs, in healing those secret distrusts, which often arrest the march of business, and terminating all differences, in a manner to conciliate the most opposing interests. But who can think, without shedding tears, of the marks of esteem and tenderness, bestowed on her, by her brother? This great king, (Charles II.!) more capable of being touched by merit than blood, was never weary of admiring the excellent qualities of the princess. O remediless wound! That which was, in this voyage, the subject of so just an admiration, has become for this prince, the subject of a grief as boundless. Princess, noble bond of union to the two greatest kings in the world, why art thou so soon torn from them? These two great kings know each other;—it is the work of the princess. Thus their noble inclinations will harmonize their interests, and virtue will be an eternal mediatress between them.'

O frail humanity! O gorgeous adulation! O glorious Bossuet, thou too art mortal!—Virtue! Charles II! Noble inclinations! Let Rouvigny furnish the comment on this splendid text: let the historian, well instructed, unfold the history of this voyage.

* See a note to this effect, in the Edition of Voltaire's works of 1784, Vol. XXI. p. 128.

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'The triumph of Madame de Montespan,' says Voltaire, 'was at its height, in the journey which the king made to Flanders in 1670. The ruin of the Hollanders was prepared in the midst of pleasures. It was a continual festival, amidst the loftiest parade. The king usually took the field on horseback. On this occasion, for the first time, he travelled to the theatre of war in a glass coach. Post-chaises were not yet invented. The queen, *the princess*, the Marchioness de Montespan were in this superb carriage, followed by many others; and when Madame de Montespan travelled alone, four body-guards rode by the side of her coach. The dauphin followed next with his court, and *Mademoiselle* with hers. It was before her fatal marriage. She partook of these triumphs in peace; and saw with delight her lover, at the head of her company of guards, the favorite of the king. The most valuable movables of the crown were carried along, to be used in the different cities, where the royal party sojourned. In every town where they stopped, there was a masquerade or a ball, and fireworks. The whole department of war accompanied the king, and the entire household preceded or followed him. The tables were served as at St. Germain. With this pomp, the court made the tour of the conquered cities. The principal ladies of Brussels and Ghent came to see this magnificence. The king invited them to his table, and made them presents in the most gallant manner. The officers of the garrisons all received gratifications; and fifteen hundred louisd'ors a day were several times bestowed in these acts of liberality. All the honors, all the homages were paid to Madame de Montespan, except what duty required for the queen. Nevertheless, this lady was not acquainted with the secret object of the journey. The king knew how to distinguish between state affairs and his pleasures.

The *princess*, entrusted alone with the union of the two kings, and the destruction of Holland, embarked at Dunkirk, on board the fleet of the King of England, Charles II., her brother, with a part of the court of France. She took with her Mademoiselle de Kéroual, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, whose beauty equalled that of Madame de Montespan. She became in England what Madame de Montespan was in France, but with greater credit. King Charles was governed by her, to the latest moment of his life; and though often faithless he was always ruled. Never did woman so long preserve her beauty; we saw her at the age of nearly seventy, still maintaining a noble and winning countenance, unimpaired by years. The princess went to see her brother at Canterbury, and returned with the glory of success.' *

* Siècle de Louis XIV. Tom. II. pp. 123—125.

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What was this success? The conclusion between Charles II. and Louis XIV., of the secret treaty of 1670, the most discreditable, perhaps, that was ever concluded. Its stipulations were, that Charles should aid Louis in the iniquitous war against Holland; that Louis should support Charles, in re-establishing the catholic religion in England; and as this exchange of services would leave a balance in favor of Charles, Louis was to make up the difference, by a subsidy of £200,000 per annum,—to furnish Charles the means of governing without parliament, and defraying the expenses of his profligate pleasures.*

Such was the success of the princess, immortalized in the pious eulogium of Bossuet. She died in less than six weeks after the visit to Dover. The belief that she was poisoned, arising in the manner related above, was strengthened by the known existence of violent feuds, in the court, connected with the secret negotiations, and derived additional currency, from a most extraordinary series of incidents, that occurred at this time. It was precisely at this period, that the crime of poisoning, unknown to any extent in the civil wars of France, fruitful as they were in almost every other species of atrocity, made its appearance at Paris. Voltaire justly mentions it as an extraordinary fact, that as this base and terrific crime made its appearance in Rome, in the most flourishing period of the republic, so it broke out in France, in the proudest and most prosperous days of the monarchy.

Mary Margaret d'Aubray, daughter of the magistrate Dreux d'Aubray, was, in the year 1651, married to the Marquis de Brinvilliers, son of Gobelin, president of the chamber of accounts. Brinvilliers had a fortune of thirty thousand livres a year, and his wife brought him two hundred thousand as a dowry. He was quarter-master of the regiment of Normandy, and in the course of his military services, became acquainted with Godin de Sainte Croix, a young man of distinguished family, a captain of cavalry in the regiment of Trassy. This young officer, then a needy adventurer, ingratiated himself into the good opinion of the Marquis de Brinvilliers, became a constant visiter at his house, and finally domesticated in his family. Not long after this took place the Marquis died, without suspicion of foul play, but not till his large property had

* See the account of this treaty in Hallam's Constitutional History of England, Vol. II. p. 515, et seq. See also on the subject of the princess, Burnet's History, Vol. I. pp. 301. 303, folio edition.

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almost vanished, under the extravagance and dissipation of his wife.

After his death, a discreditable intimacy between his widow and the young Sainte Croix arose ; and her father, to arrest and to punish the scandal, obtained a *lettre de cachet* for the commitment of Sainte Croix to the Bastile. It so happened, that at this time, two Italians, one of whom was named *Exili*, were confined in the Bastile as poisoners. They had commenced business in Paris, in conjunction with Glaser, a German apothecary, in search of the philosopher's stone. Failing in this, they took to vending secret poisons, by way of repairing by crime, what they had lost by folly. The confessional betrayed their guilty secret, and the two Italians were thrown into the Bastile. One of them died. The other, Exili, though not convicted, was retained in prison, and found the means, from the interior of the Bastile, of carrying on his nefarious practices.

Precisely at this period, Sainte Croix was committed to prison, and confined in the same apartment with *Exili*. Actuated by the most violent and lawless passions, the wicked arts of Exili furnished him prompt means of revenge and gratification. At the close of a year's imprisonment, they were both released, but Sainte Croix kept Exili with him, till he had made himself master of his art. As soon as he had acquired it himself, he taught it to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who assumed the character of one of the sisters of charity, distributed food to the poor and nursed the sick in the hospitals, in order that she might have an opportunity of trying the strength of her poisonous preparations, on the unhappy wretches who came under her care. This is asserted by Pitaval, in the trial of Brinvilliers in the *Causes Celebres*, and was believed by the public at the time. Voltaire denies it, but only, according to Beckmann, for the pleasure of differing from Pitaval, (*avocat sans cause*, as Voltaire calls him,) and it is admitted by Voltaire that Brinvilliers and Sainte Croix were connected with persons, who were charged with this fiendish practice.

Possessed of this frightful instrument of malice, Brinvilliers now disclosed a demoniac temper, such as perhaps no mortal ever exhibited. She bribed La Chausée the servant of Sainte Croix, to poison the magistrate d'Aubray her father, and her brother a counsellor of parliament, who lived at home. Her father took the poison ten times, and her brother five, before they sunk under it. An attempt was then made on her sister ;

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but suspicion was awakened; her sister was on her guard, and escaped. The guilty couple proceeded so cautiously, that the suspicions did not fall on them.

An accident betrayed the horrid mystery. Sainte Croix, when engaged in preparing the poison, was accustomed to wear a glass mask. It happened, on some occasion, to drop off while he was thus engaged, and he was found asphixiated in his laboratory. This account, we must own, sounds suspicious. The object of the mask must have been to prevent his inhaling the fumes of the poisonous drugs, which he compounded; but how could he live without breathing? We could almost believe, that his fair friend found it at last convenient to close their relations by this summary process. Be this as it will, on searching his effects, a small box was found, addressed in the handwriting of Sainte Croix to the marchioness, with an earnest request in writing, addressed to those, into whose hands the box might fall, after his death, that it might be conveyed to her, or if she were not living, that it might be burned. This box was opened, and was found to contain a number of preparations of poison, of different kinds, with labels indicating their quality. When the knowledge of these incidents reached the marchioness, she endeavored, by bribing the officers of justice, to get possession of this casket; and failing in the attempt, she fled the kingdom. The servant above alluded to, La Chausée, was imprudent enough to remain in Paris, and falling under suspicion, was arrested, brought to trial, and finally to the confession of several murders, not before suspected. He was broken alive on the wheel in 1673.

The marchioness sought an asylum in a convent at Liège. A very active officer, named Desgrais, was despatched to apprehend her. Unable, without her consent, to remove her from her privileged place of asylum, he put on the dress of an abbé, found means to make her acquaintance, assumed the character of a lover, enticed her in this way to accompany him on a party of pleasure, and arrested her. What a love-suit, a bailiff and a poisoner! Among her effects seized at the convent was a full confession of her crimes, written out in her own hand. She therein admitted, that she had set fire to houses; and that she had by poisoning occasioned the death of more persons, than any one suspected. She was brought to Paris, tried, convicted, and confessed her enormities. She even made a show of penitence, and went with great firmness to the place of execution, on the 16th of July, 1676. Beholding

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the great crowd assembled to see her die, she cried out, in a contemptuous manner, 'You have come to see a fine spectacle!' She had flattered herself, on account of her respectable connections, with the hope of a pardon. When undeceived in this respect, she said '*C'est donc tout de bon,*' 'They are in earnest, it seems,' and submitted to her fate. She was beheaded and afterwards burned.

And what imagination have our readers formed of the appearance of such a demon as we have described? Do they suppose she had a deep-set fiery eye, blazing from its socket, with the flames of fiendish passion that consumed her, an aquiline nose, sunken cheeks, thin lips, inflexible and merciless, and a sallow complexion? She was like Anna Turner, uncommonly fair; her features were extremely regular, her face round, full, and beautiful, and she wore a serene look, a tranquillity of air, which seemed to breathe of goodness. So much, cries the bewildered Pitaval, for *metoposcopy!*

But her execution did not put a stop to the horrible practice of secret poisoning. Mysterious deaths were of frequent occurrence, and the archbishop of Paris was informed, from different parts of his diocess, that the crime of poisoning was still confessed, both in high and low families. The number and consideration of the persons suspected was so great, that it was deemed expedient to institute, at the Bastile, a tribunal to detect and punish them. This court was established in 1679, under the name of *Chambre de Poison* or *Chambre ardente.* Two women, La Vigoreux and La Voisin, a priest named Le Sage, and some others were first arrested, for carrying on a traffic in poisons. They pretended to necromancy and raising the spirits of the departed, and furnished love potions and philtres, to those who desired them. Many persons, probably without criminal intentions, urged by curiosity or superstition, resorted to these wretched imposters. La Voisin kept a list of all her dupes, on the authority of which they were arrested and brought to private trial, before the Burning Chamber. Some of the first personages of the kingdom were thus implicated;—among them two neices of the Cardinal Mazarin, the Duchess of Bouillon, the Countess of Soissons, (mother of Prince Eugene), and the Marshal Luxembourg. Nothing was proved against the Duchess of Bouillon, but that she had resorted to Le Sage, in his capacity of sorcerer. He pretended to foretell the future, and to afford those, who consulted him, the gratification of beholding his Satanic majesty. La Reynie,

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one of the judges of the Burning Chamber, was indiscreet enough to ask the duchess, if she had ever seen the devil. She replied, that she saw him at that very moment, that he was very ugly and very hideous, and appeared before her, in the guise of a counsellor. The prudent magistrate drew off from the interrogation.

A more serious charge was brought against the Countess de Soissons and the Marshal de Luxembourg. Le Sage, La Voisin and La Vigoreux unquestionably dealt in secret poisons, and particularly in a powder, which had got the name of *succession powder* — from the real or supposed frequency, with which it was used to hasten or change the succession, in the families of the rich! The names of all who resorted to them, had been reported to the government, with the charge of purchasing poison. The king intimated to Madame de Soissons, that, if she was guilty, she had better escape by flight. She replied that she was innocent, but could not endure the scandal of a public trial. She repaired to Brussels and died in 1708, about the time that her son, the Prince Eugene, by his humiliating victories over Louis XIV., sufficiently avenged his mother for whatever injustice the king had allowed to be done her,— of which, by the way, we do not think she had many to complain of. Great ladies, who go to professed poisoners, to see them raise the devil, must expect some little trouble.

Voltaire states, with great circumstance, that Francis Henry de Montmorency-Boutteville, duke, peer, and marshal of France, who united the great name of Montmorency to that of the imperial house of Luxembourg, already renowned as a great captain in Europe, was denounced to the Burning Chamber. The foundation of the charge was the following. The marshal wished to recover some lost papers of value. Bonard, one of his people, applied to Le Sage, to know where they were to be found; just as our worthy fellow-citizens of this vicinity were in the habit, a hundred and fifty years later, of consulting Mrs. Mary Pitcher, for similar purposes. Bonard's first conjurations were unsuccessful. In despair, he applied to his master, the Marshal Luxembourg, for a sort of power of attorney, to do all things necessary to recover the papers; and in this instrument, between the body of the paper and the signature, were two lines, in a different hand-writing, by which the marshal gave himself to the devil. Thus far the charge would have worn the aspect of

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ridicule; and at the worst, would have seemed a piece of indiscreet trifling, on the part of the marshal. But the wretches, with whom Bonard dealt, on behalf of the marshal and in virtue of his power of attorney, did not, like poor Moll Pitcher, confine themselves to the settlings of a tea-cup. Le Sage swore, that the marshal had applied to him to poison a female, who had the papers in her hands, and who refused to give them up; and his accomplices testified, that they had accordingly poisoned her, cut her body in pieces, and thrown it into the river; and all this at the instigation of the marshal.

Such were the charges against him. He surrendered himself voluntarily to imprisonment. He was confined, by order of Louvois, the minister, who was his enemy, in a dungeon six feet and a half long, where he fell sick. He remained five weeks without being brought to trial. He was finally confronted with Le Sage and one of his confederates, and it appeared and was admitted, that he had once resorted to Le Sage to have his horoscope cast.

Among the crimes with which he was charged by Le Sage, was that of having entered into covenant with the devil, to procure a marriage between his son and the daughter of the Marquis de Louvois. In reply to this imputation, he simply said, 'When my ancestor, Matthew de Montmorency, married the widow of Louis le Gros, he did not consult the devil, but the States General of France, which declared, that in order to secure to the king, in his minority, the support of the Montmorencys, the marriage was expedient.'

The trial of the marshal was prolonged fourteen months, and he was finally released, without being condemned or acquitted. La Voisin, La Vigoreux, her brother, a priest of the same name, and Le Sage, were burned alive at Paris. The Marshal de Luxembourg retired for a few days into the country, and then returned to court, to resume his functions, as captain of the guards. He did not see the minister Louvois, nor did the king say a word to him on the subject. He replied to all the charges of all his enemies, by the brilliant achievements of his subsequent campaigns.

Is there no way of bringing these strange incidents within the operation of the common laws of human nature? Undoubtedly. A belief in fortune-telling and divination was universal at this period. The traffic in poisons had accidentally established itself at Paris, at this juncture, and the two trades, by no very violent association, happened to be united in the

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same hands. The *Burning Chamber* was a political machine, by means of which Louvois and Madame de Montespan brought the whole court within their grasp, under a charge of sorcery and poisoning. They had got possession of a few wretches, who were unquestionably guilty, and who, from pure malice or the hope of purchasing their own pardon, accused any body, that was odious to the minister or the mistress, and swore to anything that was desired. Let nobody that reads the account of the Burning Chamber, established at Paris in the meridian of the modern Augustan era, sneer at the witchcraft which broke out about the same time, in this poor transatlantic colony. The trial of Marshal Luxembourg preceded the trials at Salem just twelve years.

The poisoners were executed. Those against whom nothing but divination was alleged were released, the Burning Chamber was broken up, after about eighteen months' jurisdiction, and poisoning, as an organized business, passed away.

The time would fail us to go much further into particular anecdotes. The Duchess of Portsmouth never ceased to charge James II. with poisoning his brother King Charles; and Maria Louisa, daughter of Louis XIV., and Infanta of Spain, was believed to be poisoned, eating an eel pie. The celebrated Duke of Orleans, afterwards regent, was so vehemently suspected of poisoning the Duke of Burgundy and his son, who stood between him and the throne, that he was driven in his grief and desperation, to demand a judicial inquiry. The clamor was such, that no one (says Voltaire) who had not witnessed, could believe it. The Marquis de Camillac found the duke stretched on the ground, bathed in tears, and driven to despair. The warrant for his arrest was actually made out and signed by the king, but suppressed at his mother's intercession.

Is there no moral conveyed by these sketches? Unquestionably there is. We regard with horror these acts of secret or daring atrocity; we congratulate ourselves that we live in an age, when the poisoner is a rare and solitary criminal. But is not he who maliciously circulates a calumny, the poisoner of his neighbor's good name? Is not he who, for the sake of gain, employs himself in dispensing a maddening liquor to the easily tempted, a poisoner of health and morals? Locusta and Toffana poisoned the body. Is not he who pours into his brother's heart the venom of a bad example the poisoner of the undying soul?

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ART. III.—1. *The London Quarterly Review for January* 1834. Article VII. on *Free Trade to China.*

2. *The Chinese Repository for January* 1834. Printed at Canton.

IN the last number of this journal, we took occasion to correct a misrepresentation, contained in the hundredth number of the London Quarterly Review, on the subject of the execution of an Italian sailor at Canton. At the time we made the correction, we spoke only, (as we stated), from general information, on the strength of which we felt authorized to deny the accuracy of the British statement. After our article was printed off, and while our number was passing through the press, the Chinese Repository for January last fell into our hands. We there found a brief but circumstantial narrative of the fate of the Italian, Francisco Terranova, which formed the subject of the injurious statement in question. This narrative fully bore us out in the contradiction we had given to the British writer, and we accordingly introduced it into a note at the end of our number. While the last pages of the number containing this note were in the process of correction, we received, through the kind intervention of a friend in Baltimore, an authentic account of the trial of Terranova. It reached us too late for publication at that time, and was consequently reserved for a place in the present number. Affording, as it does, an ample refutation of the injurious suggestion in the British Quarterly Review, and throwing some light on the jurisprudence and manners of the Chinese, we shall lay it before our readers, as it was drawn up at the time in Canton. To make the matter more intelligible, we quote the passage in question from the Quarterly Review:—

'From the moment, that our violation of Chinese law is of such a nature, as to drive the Chinese government to the extreme measure of *seizing* the persons of the offending parties, the die is cast, and we fear that hostilities will be inevitable. The last instance of the kind that occurred was in 1784, when one of the supercargoes of a private ship was seized, to answer for a homicide; and, subsequently, after a great deal of blustering and preparations for commencing hostilities, was redeemed, by the surrender of another individual equally innocent, although of an humbler station. Much as we regret the probability of a rupture with the Chinese, we fervently hope that we may never see it averted, by

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such another disgraceful compromise, which has only for its parallel, one made by the Americans, a very few years ago, when an innocent Italian was given up to be strangled, to save the life *(it has never been denied)* of a guilty American.'

Now, if instead of the words in Italics, our worthy brother of the London Quarterly Review had said, *it has never been asserted*, that proposition would probably have been nearer the truth, although it would have made nonsense of his remark. That remark is every way exceptionable. By the expression *guilty American*, it implies that a murder had been committed by some one, which does not appear to have been the case; and the charge of substituting an innocent person, and him a foreigner, for a guilty American, if wantonly made, is of a character highly offensive and discreditable. The matter is made worse by the form of the insinuation. The charge it seems has never been *denied*. This implies that it has been admitted; or at best that having been frequently, publicly, formally made, no man has been found to gainsay it. Now we, of course, cannot say, that the charge never was made before. But we can ask when it was made; by whom it was made; and what opportunity has there ever been afforded either for admission or denial?

It is well known to our readers, that by the Chinese laws, which like those of the Medes and Persians, are unchangeable, homicide can only be expiated by the blood of its author. We suppose it will not be necessary for us to enter any *caveat* against being thought to approve the Chinese jurisprudence. Another maxim, not of Chinese law, but of that more respectable code, *the law of nations*, is, that a foreigner voluntarily entering into the jurisdiction of a country, is amenable to the laws of that country.

Sometime in the month of September, 1821, while the ship Emily of Baltimore, Captain Cowpland, was lying at Canton, a Chinese woman, named *Ko-leang-she*, was killed by a jar, thrown from the ship by one of the crew, Francisco Terranova. The circumstances of the case were never fully made out. Whether it was purely accidental, or the consequence of a quarrel which arose between Terranova and the woman in their traffic for ardent spirits, as is suggested in the Canton Repository, was at the time uncertain. Of the incidents previous to the trial, we have no detailed account. But it appears that a charge of murder was immediately brought against Terranova, by the Chinese authorities, and his surrender demanded. This

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was refused by the captain of the Emily, who however immediately put him in close confinement, on board his ship. A negotiation followed, between the Chinese magistrates and the Americans, the result of which was that both parties agreed, that Terranova should have a trial, on board the Emily, at which both American and Chinese witnesses should be heard. We again enter our protest, against being understood as attempting to palliate the conduct of the Chinese, in this affair; but we would only observe, that if a Chinese sailor, from on board a Chinese vessel in the Thames, (supposing it possible a Chinese vessel should get there), had gone on shore at night, and stolen a sheep, he would, unless the law has been lately changed, in Great Britain, have been arrested the next day, for a capital offence. Had his voluntary delivery been withheld, he would have been taken by force. Had that force been resisted by the Chinese captain and his crew, they would have been deemed partakers of the crime, and treated accordingly.* And had the said Chinese been found guilty of stealing the sheep, although capital punishment might not have been inflicted, the culprit would have had an opportunity afforded him, for the next fourteen years, not to say for the residue of his life, of musing on the maxims of Confucius, on the subject of private property, in the contemplative solitudes of Van Diemens's land or New Holland. If the sovereign of the celestial empire had thought of remonstrating against this usage of his wandering subject, the remonstrance would have been considered a proof, that his majesty was, as might be expected of a Mantchoo Tartar, no better than a barbarian; and if the Quan-tung Quarterly Reviewers, (supposing these benighted disciples of Fohi to have such a civilized thing as a Quarterly Review), had undertaken to formalize upon the matter, they would have been ridiculed for their pains, wherever the English language is spoken. But to return to the case in hand. The account of the trial, as drawn up at Canton at the time, is as follows.

On the fifth of October 1821, the committee of the American gentlemen at Canton, to whom Captain Cowpland, of the ship Emily, had applied for advice and direction, for the government of his conduct, relative to the trial of Francis Terranova, received a communication from the committee of the Hong merchants of the following purport, viz.—that the Vice-

* 4 Blackstone, 129.

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roy of this province had issued orders to the *Pon-ue*, to repair on board that ship, the next morning, and there proceed to try the said man for the crime of which he was accused; the Chinese having acceded to the propositions previously made, that he should have a fair and impartial trial, and that both American and Chinese witnesses should be examined; at the same time refusing to grant permission to the Reverend Robert Morrison, to attend as interpreter, on the ground of his being attached to the British factory, and their determination not to allow the interference of those attached or belonging to any other nation. These things having been communicated to Captain Cowpland, who was then at Whampoa with his ship, the majority of the committee, as there was not time to receive his answer, before it was necessary to be on board, proceeded directly to Whampoa, and early the next morning, Saturday Oct. 6, assembled on board the Emily, previously to the arrival of the *Pon-ue*. They found that the vessel had been prepared in the most suitable manner, for the business in hand. Arms of every kind had been removed, and the crew of the vessel, (with the exception of the prisoner, who was confined in a state-room, guarded by two American Officers), were stationed on the forecastle, which they did not leave during the day. Eight Hong merchants attended at the trial.

About eight o'clock in the morning, as the *Pon-ue's* boat, attended by a number of Chinese man-of-war's boats approached the ship, Captain Cowpland, with the linguist Couqua, joined him, and came alongside in the boat with him. Captain Cowpland immediately went on board his vessel, and was required by the Hong merchants there assembled, to take the prisoner, and go with him on board the *Pon-ue's* boat, that the *Pon-ue*, agreeably to the Chinese criminal practice, might look him in the face. Captain Cowpland hesitated to comply with this demand, regarding it as substantially a surrender of the prisoner, without the stipulated trial. Hou-qua, however, pledged himself, that, as soon as the ceremony had been performed, Terranova should be returned on board the ship, and no further opposition to this demand was made. Hou-qua then required that the prisoner should be hand-cuffed, which was promptly refused. Captain Cowpland having pledged himself for the safe-keeping of the prisoner, till after his trial, and the Chinese having agreed to leave Terranova in his custody, he refused to put him in irons, on the ground that no

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prisoner is thus confined in America, during the progress of his trial. As they had chosen to try the accused on board an American ship, they must permit him to be treated as an American prisoner, till the conditions acceded to by them had been complied with; that is, till he had had a fair and impartial trial. Should he be found guilty, they would then have a right to secure him, as they pleased. On this explanation, the demand was waved, Terranova himself having promised to demean himself peaceably. Captain Cowpland accompanied the prisoner into the *Pon-ue's* boat, still lying alongside, and after remaining there a short time, they were sent back by the *Pon-ue*, to the Emily.

In a few moments, a number of Chinese officers of the suite of the *Pon-ue*, came aboard, bearing the insignia of that magistrate. They were received by the eight Hong merchants, who had already been on board more than an hour, viz. Hou-qua, Mou-qua, Chon-qua, Pac-qua, Keng-qua, Con-se-qua, Gou-qua, and Poon-qua. The *Pon-ue* himself soon came on board, bringing with him all the witnesses on the part of the government, and a considerable retinue. As soon as he was seated, the linguist made out and handed to him a list of the names of the committee, noting those who had not yet arrived. This committee consisted of twelve or fifteen of the most respectable American merchants at Canton.

Pac-qua, the security merchant of the Emily, and Cou-qua the linguist, being called, fell on their hands and knees, to hear the demands of the *Pon-ue*, of which the Americans could get no interpretation. Captain Cowpland was next called. The question asked him, whether Pac-qua was his security merchant, and Cou-qua his linguist, being answered in the affirmative, he was required to bring forward the prisoner. This was done. Terranova approached the table, at which the *Pon-ue* sat, the fatal jar with which he is accused of having struck the woman, and is supposed to have caused her death, was placed before him, on the deck, together with the hat she wore at the time. He was questioned whether he knew the jar, whether it belonged to him, or to the ship. He replied with perfect composure and firmness, that it was the same jar which he had handed the woman, at the time that he gave her a mace, to pay for the fruit she was to put into it; showing by signs, the manner in which he had handed it into the boat. The *Pon-ue* showed much irritation

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at any attempt at explanation, and Hou-qua and the linguist, although repeatedly urged by those assisting the prisoner, evidently did not translate the half of what was urged in his defence. Whenever either of them attempted an explanation, he was silenced by the *Pon-ue*. Without hearing what the prisoner wished to state in his defence, the *Pon-ue* called the government witnesses, stating that all he now wished of Terranova was to identify him, — to have him acknowledge himself the seaman, who was trading with the woman, and that the jar was the same which he had used. The *Pon-ue* urged much the same considerations, as far as could be gathered from the limited abilities of the linguist and Hou-qua as interpreter, as he had urged on the inquest; and it was conclusive to every unprejudiced mind, that he had prejudged the case, and had only come on board to receive his victim.

Although these appearances tended greatly to discourage the hope of an impartial trial, the Americans present could not in silence submit to this breach of faith, on the part of the Mandarins, after having themselves complied with all that had been required of them, and they insisted on having their witnesses examined. The Chinese witnesses having been called, the American withdrew, (such being the usage on a Chinese trial,) but not without the assurance, and in the full expectation, that their request should be granted. The only witnesses produced on the part of the Government, were the husband of *Ko-leang-she*, the woman belonging to the Hoppo boat attached to the Emily, and two children, apparently between the ages of seven and twelve years. These witnesses approached the *Pon-ue's* table, on their hands and knees, never raising their eyes. When the woman was required to look up, and point out which was the man, although there was no other seaman near, the linguist was obliged to put his finger on Terranova, to enable her to say, *he is the man*. She gave a very long account of the affair, in which she was constantly prompted by the oldest child. This circumstance was objected to, on behalf of the prisoner, and the linguist was desired to make known the objection to the *Pon-ue*, but he refused to do so. The linguist then commenced a translation into English of the woman's evidence. It was urged, that as she was well known to speak better English, than either the linguist or Hou-qua, she ought to be allowed to repeat her own evidence in English, for the benefit of the Americans, in order, that if it differed from the Chinese version, the falsity

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might be exposed. This was refused, and on her commencing a few words in English, she was stopped. The Americans were accordingly obliged to submit to the garbled translation made by the linguist. As soon as it was heard, they called on Hou-qua, in the most solemn manner, to attend to and faithfully interpret, what they had to bring forward as testimony, in reply to this first and most material witness, which they assured him would be sufficient, in any court of justice in America, to set aside her evidence. She had just stated, that, from the Hoppo boat attached to the Emily, she had seen the jar thrown. She saw it strike the head of *Ko-leang-she*; saw her fall into the water; saw that she rose no more; and knows that this is the very man who threw the jar. It was proved, in contradiction to this evidence, that from the position of the two boats at the time, it was impossible for her to have seen what passed, the ship being between the two boats; that on the afternoon of the day on which the event happened, and again the next morning, she had stated to Captain Cowpland, in the presence of four other American Captains, (who took it down in writing and signed it, and the paper was forthcoming,) that she knew nothing of the affair; that she was inside her own boat, and that her attention was occupied in looking out, to see what was the matter with a child, which she heard crying in a Sanpan (boat), that was then floating past the stern of the Emily, and near it a woman's hat in the water. Soon after the husband of the woman, (who had been in the Sanpan) came round the bow of a country ship, which was near, and took the hat out of the water. It was then perfectly whole. He then took up the jar out of the boat, which was also perfectly whole, and beat the hat forcibly with the jar. All this Hou-qua was required, as he valued the truth, faithfully to interpret to the *Pon-ue*, and it was believed, that, as far as his ability extended, he did so. The instrument of torture was then called for by the *Pon-ue*, and thrown down before the woman, but it was not applied. She persisted in her present story; and the only satisfaction given the prisoner's friends was, that now she told the truth, whereas before, she told what was not true. One of the children gave some evidence, which was not interpreted. It was urged, on behalf of the prisoner, that neither of the children had witnessed the affair; but they were afterwards brought from the shore, by the husband of the deceased, and that he came from the side of the country ship, opposite to the Emily, and con-

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sequently could not himself have witnessed the accident. All this the Americans could prove by the government witnesses.

The *Pon-ue* had, for some time, evinced a desire to close the trial with this evidence, and not to hear any thing brought to controvert it. At this moment, with passion in his countenance and violence of language, he declared that all this was of no avail; — that he had seen for himself the hole in the hat and in the head of the woman; that he had applied the bottom of the jar and found that it fitted the fracture; — that the jar belonged to the man or the ship; —and that this was all that was necessary, and that the prisoner must be given up. With this he rose to depart. It was strenuously urged to the linguist and to Hou-qua, that the conditions of the trial had not been complied with; they had pledged themselves we should be heard; there were many ways, in which the woman might have come to her death; she might have fallen in the boat on some pointed instrument, on the iron pin upon the stern, on a nail standing up, on the side of the boat, or what was more generally believed, her husband, finding the body, might have himself inflicted the wound, for the purpose of extorting money from the ship. On such evidence, it was urged, the man cannot be given up to suffer the penalty of your laws. Our laws regard every man as innocent, till he is proved to be guilty. We have searched for the truth; —we are not satisfied. If he is guilty, prove him so and he shall be delivered, at your own city gates. We have one witness, who saw the jar handed into the boat by the prisoner. He also saw the woman fall out of the boat, at a considerable distance from the ship. Hear his testimony. If you will hear no more than what your witnesses have stated, we are not satisfied. We are under your laws; execute those laws. We do not resist you; find the man guilty by a fair and impartial trial, (which you have promised,) and he will be delivered up to you. If he is not proved so, and you persist in not hearing the evidence, you must take him out of the ship. We will leave her; no resistance ought or will be made to you. His blood be on your heads.

At length, the *Pon-ue* perceiving the earnestness of the Americans, was induced again to take his seat. He sat a few moments, and the witness alluded to was produced. The *Pon-ue* heard but a few words of the testimony, — silenced the linguist, and rising from his chair, said it was heaven's bu-

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siness; if he had judged wrong, God would punish him for it hereafter; he knew, in his own heart, the man was guilty; he *must* be delivered up. With this he left the deck of the Emily, and went on board his own boat alongside, with most of his retinue, leaving the Hong merchants and linguist to see that he was obeyed.

During this mockery of justice, there were on board the Emily more than one thousand Chinese. The ship was surrounded by man-of-war boats. The Americans on board did not exceed forty persons; and the boats of the other American vessels were purposely ordered away. Every thing, that could be construed into an offensive weapon, had been carefully removed, to show that we considered ourselves completely in their power, and as a respectful compliment to the Chinese authorities, the colors were flying.

Hou-qua, as the oldest of the Hong merchants, now acted as spokesman, and required in the *Pon-ue's* name, that we should deliver up the prisoner. The same reply was made by us as before; come and take him. You have the power and you have armed men to exercise it. He again asked, if there would be any resistance, and the most solemn assurance was given, that there should be none. Hou-qua, on this, turned to go to the *Pon-ue's* boat, as was supposed to obtain a guard of soldiers to take Terranova. It was, however, stated to him, that he must understand and must inform the *Pon-ue*, that the Americans did not consider him as complying with his engagements. He had promised a fair and an impartial trial. It had not been allowed us. We consider the case prejudged. We are bound to submit to your laws while we are in your waters, be they ever so unjust. We will not resist them. You have, following your ideas of justice, condemned the man unheard. But the flag of our country has never been disgraced. It now waves over you. It is no disgrace to submit to your power, surrounded as we are by an overwhelming force, backed by that of a great empire. You have the power to compel us. We believe the man innocent; when he is taken from the ship we leave her; and the commander strikes his colors.

Hou-qua considered these last suggestions of so much importance, that he, together with several of the other Hong merchants, went down into the *Pon-ue's* boat, to communicate their substance to him. Before he could return, the linguist

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was put in chains on the Emily's deck. The Hong merchants, having returned, required that Captain Cowpland should take the man to Canton, for a further trial, or put him in Pac-qua's hong, till another and higher mandarin should be ordered to adjudge the case. This was refused by the Americans, on the ground that the Chinese had had their option to try the man at Canton or on board the Emily. They had chosen the latter, and there we now required, that the trial should be closed. This being communicated to the *Pon-ue*, he was heard high in words with Hou-qua, who returned to the ship, with the same demand, which he had just made, and to which the same answer was returned. We gave as our *ultimatum*, that they should come on board, on their own responsibility and take out the prisoner, and that the ship's colors should be struck. To this we steadily adhered.

This conference lasted several hours. The Chinese persisted in refusing to take the man, and the Americans refusing voluntarily to surrender him. At length the *Pon-ue's* patience being exhausted, he having sat in his boat more than three hours, he sent on board the ship and took Pac-qua out in chains, commanding him, with the other Hong merchants, to follow him to the city, there to lay the whole affair before the Viceroy.

Saturday, Oct. 6th, 1821.

Here the manuscript which has been furnished us closes. Terranova remained in confinement on board the Emily; and the security merchant and linguist were kept in irons at Canton. The entire American trade was stopped, even to the supply of the Emily with provisions. In this state of things, another proposition was made by the Chinese, that Terranova should receive another trial in Canton, and that even though he should be found guilty, a respite of execution for thirty days should be allowed, to furnish opportunity for producing such evidence, as would cause the trial to be set aside. In the state of duress in which he was placed, and not warranted in insisting that the trial should be on board his ship, Captain Cowpland made no resistance, (none would have been of any avail,) and on the 25th of October, Terranova was brought by the Chinese from Whampoa to Canton. What form of trial, or whether any was had, was never known to the Americans. He was strangled, and in three or four days his body was sent back to the Emily for burial.

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We have very little to add to this unvarnished and painful account. Notwithstanding the efforts very properly made by the Americans as counsel for Terranova, to prove Terranova wholly unconcerned in the death of *Ko-leang-she*, we understand from the best authority, that though he was probably innocent of the crime of murder, he was as probably the cause of the woman's death. The conduct of the *Pon-ue* was harsh, tyrannical, and cruel; but it may no doubt be justly said in apology for him, that a course of conduct essentially different, would probably have cost him his life. For the unwarrantable insinuations of the Quarterly Review, that there was a really guilty person, an American, and that a poor foreigner was given up in his stead, our readers see there is not the slightest foundation.

In establishing this fact we have accomplished our object. It is no part of our design to discuss either the character of this transaction, or the general line of conduct, which ought to be pursued in such a case. It is easy for gentlemen reposing in their easy chairs at home, to say what ought to be done in difficult conjunctures abroad. Had Captain Cowpland attempted at the last to prevent Terranova from being taken from his ship, to say nothing of other consequences, his security merchant would have been hung: hung, because Captain Cowpland persisted in opposing the law of the land. Would this have mended the matter? But whatever may be thought of this, the insinuation in the Quarterly Review is, we trust, sufficiently disproved.

ART. IV. — *Life of Black Hawk.*
The Life of Mal-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak or Black Hawk, dictated by Himself. pp. 155. Boston, 1834.

THIS book is a curiosity; an anomaly in literature. It is the only autobiography of an Indian extant, for we do not consider Mr. Apes and a few other persons of unmixed Indian blood, who have written books, to be Indians. They were indeed born of aboriginal parents, but their tastes, feelings and train of ideas, were derived from the whites, and they were and are, in all essential particulars, civilized men. Human

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nature is substantially thesame every where. Take an Indian child from his parents, in the hope of making him useful as a missionary or instructer, give him an insight into the truths of religion, and a competent knowledge of the benefits of art, science, and literature, and his expected usefulness is destroyed by the very means used to increase it. He returns to his connections in every respect but color a white man, and is to them what any other white man would be. If he writes, it is in the character of a white man. But here is an autobiography of a wild, unadulterated savage, gall yet fermenting in his veins, his heart still burning with the sense of wrong, the words of wrath and scorn yet scarce cold upon his lips, ('If you wish to fight us, come on,') and his hands still reeking with recent slaughter.

This book is also an anomaly in literature in another sense. It is almost the only one we have ever read, in which we feel perfect confidence, that the author sincerely believes that every thing he has set down is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. That it is the *bonâ fide* work of Black Hawk, we have the respectable testimony of Antoine Le Clair, the government interpreter for the Sacs and Foxes, and what (as we have not the honor of being acquainted with that gentleman,) we deem more conclusive, the intrinsic evidence of the work itself. We will venture to affirm, and (having long dwelt among the aborigines, we conceive ourself entitled to do so,) that no one but a Sac Indian could have written or dictated such a composition. No white man, however great his ability may be, could have executed a work so thoroughly and truly Indian. Many of the facts therein contained are, moreover, known to us to be true, and of many others we have the testimony of the oral tradition of the country. We think, therefore, we may say that the authenticity of the work is unquestionable. As for the truth of the facts related, who ever knew an Indian warrior to boast of feats he never achieved? Indians will, indeed, lie, steal and cheat, but when put upon honor, as Black Hawk is in the present case, their word is as good authority as the white man's oath. The only drawback upon our credence is the intermixture of courtly phrases, and the figures of speech, which our novelists are so fond of putting into the mouths of Indians. These are, doubtless, to be attributed to the bad taste of Black Hawk's amanuensis.

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No Indian, for example, would think of a formal dedication, yet we find the memoirs of Black Hawk inscribed to General Atkinson. The term *pale faces*, often applied to the whites in this book, was, we think, never in the mouth of any American savage, excepting in the fanciful pages of Mr. Cooper. There are many more phrases and epithets of the like nature, and we only mention them, because we think it is time that authors should cease to make Indians talk sentiment.

A synopsis of this singular work will not, perhaps, be unacceptable to our readers. It begins with an account of the traditions of the Sacs, for which, in their minute particulars, little credit is due. It appears, however, that the tribe were originally settled in the neighborhood of Montreal, and that they were driven back, step by step, to the western shores of Lake Michigan, and thence to the Mississippi. This statement is corroborated by the fact, that they suffered a terrible defeat on the Fox River, at a place, thence called 'the Hillock of the Dead.' In this battle, the French and their native allies nearly exterminated the Sacs, who, reduced to a few families, retreated to the Mississippi. Here they joined the Foxes, a kindred tribe, drove the Kas-kas-kias from the country, and founded several villages. Black Hawk was born rather more than half a century ago, at the mouth of Rock River.

We have seen Black Hawk in that country, and have always heard him mentioned as a dangerous and formidable warrior; but we were not prepared for such a detail of exploits as he himself has given, nor should we believe it, had it come from any mouth but his own. At the age of fifteen, he wounded an enemy in battle; soon after, he slew an Osage, in a manner which gives a vivid and true idea of the horrors of Indian warfare.

'Standing by my father's side I saw him kill his antagonist, and tear the scalp from his head. Fired with valor and ambition, I rushed furiously upon another, smote him to the earth with my tomahawk, ran my lance through his body, took off his scalp, and returned in triumph to my father. He said nothing, but looked pleased.'

This may serve to show in what manner an Indian boy is educated, and the spirit by which he is animated. 'After a

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few moons,' Black Hawk, with seven followers, attacked a hundred Osages, killed one and came off without losing a man. He next led a party of a hundred and eighty men against the same enemy. All his warriors but five deserted him, but he persevered, 'thanking the Great Spirit that so many remained.' His patience was rewarded with the slaughter of two persons, a man and a *boy*. The Osages retaliated, and in his nineteenth year, Black Hawk went against them with two hundred warriors. They met the enemy, and a desperate battle ensued. Our hero killed five men and a woman, and the Osages lost a hundred men in all. This account is subject to some deduction. General accounts of battles are usually founded, (especially among Indians) upon conjecture and rumor, but what the old man says he did, may be received as certain. In a battle with the Cherokees, the father of Black Hawk was mortally wounded, but had the pleasure of killing his adversary, and of seeing his son take his place as leader of the band. The son slew three men in the conflict; then returned sad and sorrowful to his native village, went into mourning, (which means, that he blackened his face with soot, suffered his hair to grow, fasted and prayed,) and remained quiet five years.

The details of this petty, dangerous warfare, are scarcely more important, inasmuch as they led to no important result, than the squabbles of wolves and foxes, but they serve to convey some idea of Indian life. In the conflicts above-mentioned and in others, Black Hawk states, that he put to death thirty-four persons of different nations, men, women, and children, with his own hand. If it should be supposed that his personal prowess is thus intended to be made a matter of boast, the reader would be egregiously deceived. Physical force, or even animal bravery, is not the quality most essential to renown in Indian wars. Prudence, cunning, and adroitness, are the preëminent characteristics of the Indian warrior. To strike the enemy without risk to his own person, and to injure him in every possible manner, is the main object. To destroy many of a hostile tribe is reckoned a glorious act in a war party, but to do it without loss on their own side, is incomparably more glorious. Though brave enough, and, indeed, too brave for the good of mankind and himself, the Indian warrior takes every imaginable care of his own person. To fight hand to hand, or expose himself to the shot of a foe,

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would win him little praise, for admiration of his bravery would be largely qualified by contempt for what would be called his folly. Few, probably, of the victims of Black Hawk were slain in fair combat. We did not see, nor have we heard the particulars of any of the battles in which he acquired his distinction, but we think we can describe the way in which they were gained. The enemy were taken by surprise, and a few were slain before they were aware of an attack. While the battle lasted, there was little harm done. Each combatant availed himself of every bush, every tree, every cover that could protect his person. When the day was decided, the confusion and slaughter began, and the victims fell unresisting. In this view of the matter, the statement of Black Hawk, which might otherwise seem an empty boast, is easily credited. Nor is his moral character to be judged by the rules of Christianity, of which he knew nothing, or by the principles which govern the chivalry of civilized nations. Like other Indians, with whom revenge is virtue, he was taught from his infancy to be strong to inflict, and stubborn to endure. He was told by his father, that to take two lives for one was a duty he owed to his tribe. All who spoke to him told him, that the destruction of all unfriendly to his country was the height of glory, and that to injure them in any way, was but a lawful spoiling of the Egyptians. If a man child fell into their hands they slew it, not because it was capable of doing them any harm, but because it might one day attain the strength and stature of a dangerous enemy. A woman was put to death, because she might become the mother of children, who might destroy their own. The refinements of modern chivalry, the tenderness due to the weaker sex, are things of which Black Hawk never heard. Such principles are the natural consequence of the state of aboriginal society. Divided into small tribes, each of which is at enmity with its neighbors, the loss of a man is a loss indeed. Hence the Indian takes good care of himself, and justly thinks he has inflicted a severe blow on the enemy, when he has destroyed one of their number, no matter how treacherously. But they are by no means deficient in courage when circumstances demand its exercise, nor is there a people under the sun, who hold a coward in greater contempt. There was, probably, not one of the warriors who fought with and under Black Hawk, who, if brought to the stake, would not have died mocking his

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tormentors, or who would have surrendered to any odds, under circumstances which would have degraded him in the estimation of his compeers.

Yet it is pleasant and honorable to human nature, to see that these savage warriors are sometimes compassionate and magnanimous. Let a man declare himself 'worthy of pity,' and he disarms their resentment at once. We have known several instances, where a defenceless individual has gone among them in search of a captive wife or daughter, and has not only been spared by them, on account of his bravery and forlorn situation, but has been dismissed in safety and honor, and loaded with presents. Every one, who has been practically acquainted with Indian society, will recollect cases of this kind. Black Hawk himself, ruthless as he has often been, is an exemplification of this rude feeling of chivalry. Having led a party against the Osages, and finding but six men, he 'thought it cowardly to kill them.' He therefore made them prisoners and delivered them to the Spanish governor at St. Louis. At another time he made an inroad into the Cherokee country, and took five prisoners, four of whom, being males, he released. Great as was his hatred to this people (who had slain his father), he could not kill so small a party. Once, having a very serious injury to avenge, and having already commenced hostilities *à la mode des Sacs*, he had an opportunity to destroy two little boys without danger to himself, but 'he thought of his own children and passed on without noticing them.' Indeed, it appears throughout the work, that, though Black Hawk was a thorough savage, he had yet a strong sense of honor, personal dignity, and generosity. On many occasions he was an advocate for mercy.

When Black Hawk heard that the Spanish settlers of Missouri were to be superseded by Americans, it made him sad, because 'he had always heard bad accounts of the Americans from the Indians who had lived near them.' Let us observe that this feeling of dislike to our countrymen is by no means confined to the Sacs and Foxes, and that it is not altogether without reason. The cause is plain. Our settlers, always advancing into the forest, encroach upon the Indians, and establish themselves too near them. The good qualities of the savages are only apparent in their intercourse with each other; all their bad ones operate upon the stranger, who is not

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usually slow to annoy as he is annoyed. Petty disputes arise, ill blood is engendered, mutual wrong is done, and as soon as the whites become strong enough, blood is shed, and the Indians are driven from the land of their fathers. They have no historians to record their grievances, and we believe the case before us is the only one, where the vanquished lion has found a voice to tell what wrong aroused his angry might, or by what means he was taken in the toils. What follows will be a sufficient corroboration of these remarks. It was not so when the officers of Spain, France, and Britain had some degree of power in the Indian countries, and it will be found that the name of Frenchman, or Englishman, is a passport to the good will of the natives, while that of American is the direct contrary. When General Pike (then a captain) ascended the Mississippi, in 1801, he desired Black Hawk's people to give up their British flags and medals and receive others in exchange; they declined, 'because they wished to have two fathers.' Soon after an affair took place, which was the original cause of all the difficulties, that have since arisen between the Sacs and Foxes, and the United States. We shall endeavor to make it as clear as possible.

An American borderer was killed by a Sac, who was taken to St. Louis for trial. The chiefs sent a deputation of four persons to St. Louis to release the murderer, by paying the price of blood, which is a practice among themselves, and which they fondly thought was also the law of the whites. They explained their business to the governor, who immediately availed himself of the circumstance to accomplish the desire of the government. He pressed them to cede a large tract of land, and they complied, expecting that their friend would be released in order to his return home with them. The promise was kept to the ear and broken to the sense. The Indian was indeed released from prison, but had not gone many yards from it, when he was shot dead by one of the friends of the man he had slain. This was the true commencement of hostilities with the Sacs and Foxes. We of course do not vouch for it, but the circumstances, which are very minutely related, correspond strictly with Indian manners and habits of thinking. We know that compensation for murder or vicarious punishment has been often proffered by them to the whites in perfect good faith and sincerity. We

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know that the white man was murdered, that the treaty was made, and that the offending Sac was murdered in his turn. The government, we know, is not responsible for the lawless acts of individuals, unless it neglect to employ the means, fairly within its control, to restrain and punish them. Neither is there any thing inconsistent with justice or morality, in holding out the pardon of an Indian, who has forfeited his life to our laws, as an inducement, among other considerations, of a cession of land; but a cession thus obtained probably leaves behind it a root of bitterness, in the Indian mind.

But this is not the most objectionable mode, in which their lands have been acquired. What our eyes have seen we are constrained to believe, and we state the following as the means by which cessions of land are usually obtained of the Indians. The whites encroach and settle upon their territory. They increase greatly in number in a short time, and representations are soon made to the government, concerning the value of the land and the necessity of buying it. Commissioners are sent, large presents are made to the chiefs, (formerly whisky was copiously distributed,) and their ears are filled with the glory and power of the whites. Such representations are not, however, needed to convince them either of the ability or the will of the United States to oppress them, and they usually sell, what they think would otherwise be taken by force. Should they prove refractory, however, 'a staff is quickly found to beat a dog.' Indians are disagreeable neighbors; when they are hungry, they do not think it sin to steal a barn-door fowl, a basket of corn, nor even a swine from the enemy. Both parties hate each other bitterly. The Indians hate us because they consider us tyrants and robbers; we hate them as troublesome, and sometimes drunken rogues, who stand in the way of our interest, and whose enmity we have good reason to fear. Petty aggression and retaliation become the order of the day. Neither party has any court to appeal to, and the Indians would not, probably, appeal to ours if they could. Blood is finally shed, and the newspapers are speedily filled with tales of savage barbarity. The arm of government is called to the aid of the whites. The Indians have no advocates, know not how to plead their own cause, and would not be regarded if they did. They resist, are beaten, (well if they are not exterminated), they sue for peace, their lands pay the expenses of the war, and thus the object of the settlers is gained. We do not be-

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lieve that we have given this picture a shadow of color too strong. If any one thinks that we have, let him inquire of some person who has returned from the West, and he will find that both parties concerned hold each other in the most deadly hatred: and if he want facts, let him apply to some one acquainted with the history of the Winnebago war; let him read the biography of Black Hawk,—let him study the printed volume of Indian treaties.

In the treaty entered into by Black Hawk's deputation, to which we have already alluded, the Sacs and Foxes got, besides the pardon of their countrymen (which was nullified as soon as granted,) a thousand dollars a year, for a tract of country greater in extent than very many of the States in the Union, and as fertile and rich in natural resources as almost any of them. It was made and signed by four persons only, and those not authorized by the nation. This was in eighteen hundred and four, at which time the most remote American settlements were but a few miles above St. Louis. They now extend to Prairie du Chien, a distance of between five and seven hundred miles. Five years ago, the band of Black Hawk formed the only interruption to their continuity, and the opinion was then publicly expressed by the writer of this article, that within five years, some pretext would be found to dispossess the Sacs and Foxes of their lead mines. Three had not elapsed when the prophecy had been accomplished.

Soon after the negotiation of the treaty, Fort Madison was built below the Des Moine rapids, much to the dissatisfaction of Black Hawk and his people. Each party seems to have been afraid of the other, and though there was some show of hostilities, none actually took place. It was not till he had been wrought upon by the celebrated prophet, brother of Tecumseh, and till the Winnebagoes had made several successful butchering excursions, that Black Hawk joined the latter. They laid siege to Fort Madison, which was gallantly defended by Lieutenant Hamilton, for several days, against a great disparity of force. Black Hawk's account of this transaction does not strictly agree with the one we have heard from the mouth of that excellent officer, and he says nothing of the measures taken by the American authorities to compel the Indians to remain at peace, but of which the effect was to drive them to war. Indeed, the old man seems to have thought every thing, not directly relative to himself, out of his province

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as a biographer. He admits, also, that his memory has not been very good, since his late visit to the East, and truly his misfortunes might well have injured the faculties of a younger man.

About this time an occurrence happened, that laid the whole Sac nation under the absolute necessity of making war on the United States, which only a small part of them were seriously resolved to do before. This matter would be wholly incomprehensible to most readers with only the words of Black Hawk for their guidance, and we shall therefore endeavor to explain them. The system of Indian trade, which had long obtained in the country, had been established by the British traders, and was, before it was greatly overdone, well adapted to the wants of the savages. The custom was to supply each hunter, at the commencement of the hunting season, with such goods, arms, and ammunition, as would enable him to support his family during the winter, and payment was rendered in the spring. But, as the life of the hunter is precarious, some were disqualified from hunting by sickness, the annoyance of Indian enemies, and various causes, and as many proved lazy and dishonest, the trader could not reasonably calculate on receiving more than about two-thirds of his due. To prevent certain loss, therefore, he charged his Indian debtor fifty per cent. advance on cost, charges and profit, by which means the honest paid for the dishonest, the industrious for the idle, and the well for the sick, and the trader got his due. This system of trade was radically bad ;— it became known to those who had the management of Indian affairs, and their benevolence suggested a remedy which was certainly well meant, but the sudden operation of which proved worse than the disease. It was certain, however, that every Indian hunter paid for every gun, axe, or other article he bought, just twice as much as it was worth. It was therefore determined to establish certain trading houses in the country, to be called Factories, at which the savages were to be supplied at cost and charges, and no more. For several reasons, this apparently excellent scheme was productive of evil. The persons employed to procure goods for the Factories were wholly ignorant of the wants of the Indians. The guns, blankets, and many other articles furnished, were of very inferior quality to those sold by the British traders. Loads of goods were sent, for which the Indians had no use. We have seen, on the shelves of a Factory

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store, cow-bells, pen-knives, infant's laced caps, and snuff-boxes, intended for the use of people to whom a cow was a curiosity, who knew not what a pen was, whose infants went in *puris naturalibus*, and who would not have taken a pinch of snuff on any account. Add to this that an Indian seldom or never has the means of paying for an article on the spot, and that the factors might charge what advance they pleased on their goods without the possibility of detection, a facility, of which it is shrewdly suspected that some of them largely availed themselves, and it will not appear strange that the Sacs found the Factories but a poor substitute for the stores of their old traders, who knew their wants, tastes, and capabilities to pay, as well as the best manner of conciliating their good will, a matter in which American traders are marvellously deficient even to this day.

The British traders had left the lower Mississippi. A delegation of the Sacs and Foxes went to Washington to see their 'Great Father,' the President, at the request of the authorities. He informed them that the British traders would no more be permitted to come among them, but that they should be *well* supplied by an American, meaning the Factor. They stated the necessity of receiving credit, and were answered, according to Black Hawk, that they should be so supplied. It is probable that the President was wholly ignorant of the manner in which the Indian trade was conducted, or that the conference was very loosely interpreted. The neglect to fulfil this promise, real or supposed, cost the lives of hundreds of brave men, whites and Indians.

The Sacs and Foxes were well pleased with the words of their Great Father, as they received them, and resolved to refrain from war. When, in the autumn, they repaired to the Factor, and asked for supplies, he denied them: he had received no orders, he had heard nothing of their Great Father's promise. With the prospect of absolute starvation before them, all was gloom and discontent. Their intercourse with the British had been cut off, they could get no hope of relief from the Americans. It was, in fact, declaring war upon them to deprive them of the means by which they had been accustomed to live, and on war they soon resolved. In their state of discontent and resentment, believing, not without cause, that the Americans were determined to starve them, and that their Great Father had told them a wilful falsehood, they were found

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by the emissaries of the British government, the principal of whom was the celebrated Colonel Robert Dixon, a man of education, the most polished manners, of good family, of undaunted courage, of noble and generous feelings, and who had proved himself their sincere friend through a long course of years. Such as we describe him, and as we knew him, this gentleman had thrown off the manners of civilized life, which he never resumed, excepting when in company with whites, had married a squaw, by whom he had a large family, and was almost idolized by several tribes, to whom he taught the first lesson of humanity in war. By his own personal influence, the weight of his British commission, and the large presents he made them, Colonel Dixon found no great difficulty in persuading Black Hawk's people to join the British standard. Our hero immediately collected two hundred of his warriors for that purpose.

Before the disastrous mismanagement which thus drove this gallant tribe into belligerent alliance with England, they had been, for Indians, very peaceably disposed. It would appear that the fatal battle of the Butte des Morts had broken their spirit as well as their strength, for it was the habit of the neighboring tribes to call them *women*. Now they proved themselves men, — they fought in every battle. They were at Sandusky, where Black Hawk found occasion to disapprove of the *foolish* mode of fighting of the British and Americans. He was disgusted with the bad success of the campaign, and the lack of plunder, and returned to his own country. Here he found an old and dear friend, who had preserved his neutrality and had given no offence to the Americans. But white savages are to be found on the frontier, as well as red, and some of these had butchered this old man's only son, on whose filial piety he depended for support, in a manner at which Black Hawk would have shuddered. The old savage had scarcely finished his tale when he expired of grief, hardship and hunger. Black Hawk took his hand and pledged himself to avenge the death of his son, his own adopted. He did revenge it ;— the battle of the *Sink Holes* will long be remembered for the desperate bravery with which the Indians defended themselves, though there was not much loss on either side.

After several adventures Black Hawk and his people remained tolerably quiet, till five gun-boats came up the Mississippi from St. Louis. They were full of soldiers who were

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intended to reinforce the garrison at Prairie du Chien. They were too late, however. The British forces had already taken possession of that post. Black Hawk was apprised of this fact by messengers, who solicited him and his warriors to aid the arms of their old allies. They consented and pursued the boats by land. He overtook them in the Rock River Rapids, where one of them was driven ashore by the wind. 'The Great Spirit gave this boat to Black Hawk.' He attacked her, set her on fire, and slew more than half the crew. The Indians put out the fire and took possession of the boat and cargo. It consisted of whisky, which our hero caused to be spilled, and a box 'of such *bad medicine* as the *medicine* men kill the white people with when they get sick.' There was also a considerable quantity of other plunder. This exploit was achieved with the loss of only two Sacs. The day after, other gun-boats appeared, bringing the American garrison down the river, and Black Hawk, having been supplied with a 'big gun' by his allies, cannonaded her with some success.

At the conclusion of the war Black Hawk, like other Indians who had done us a great deal of mischief, made his peace with the United States, and signed the treaty without knowing what he did. 'What do we know of the laws and customs of the white people?' says he. 'They might buy our bodies for dissection, and we would touch the goose-quill to confirm it, without knowing what we are doing.' Here follows such a description of the manners of his tribe, as an Indian only could give.

Harder times approached. The vicinity of the whites had, as usual, a bad effect on the morals and happiness of his band. They drank more whisky than formerly, and became dishonest. Two of our hero's children died, and he mourned for them for two years, — that is, he painted his face black, gave away all his property, and fasted rigidly for that time. After this he renewed his acquaintance with his former allies by going to Malden in Canada, where he received some gifts, and was promised more. The whites were fast settling his country, and abused him and his people. On one occasion, he was seized by three of them and severely beaten with sticks. 'How,' says he, 'could we like people who treated us so unjustly?' The treaty was now first explained to him, and he was told for the first time, that he must leave his village and lands.

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Keokuck, a prudent and crafty chief, who acted more for the advantage of his tribe than Black Hawk, by keeping well with the whites, and increasing his influence by their countenance, consented to go, but the spirit of the old warrior revolted at the idea. Being assured by one of the deputation formerly mentioned, that when he signed the treaty, it was not explained to him as it was now interpreted, he raised the standard of opposition to Keokuck. While the tribe was thus divided, white people arrived among them, settled in their very villages, and quarrelled among themselves respecting the boundary lines of lands to which, whatever might be the case with the United States, *they* had not the shadow of a moral or legal right. Black Hawk ordered them off, and complained to the Indian agents, but in vain. Other intruders appeared and settled. Keokuck, knowing the power of the whites, and haply desirous of supplanting Black Hawk in the estimation of the tribe, temporised; whereat the aged hero was exceedingly indignant. 'He considered him a coward and no brave man, thus to abandon his native village to strangers, and there was no more friendship between them.' There is a good deal of homely pathos in the pages in which he broods over his wrongs. 'What right,' says he, 'had these people to our village and our fields, which the Great Spirit had given us to live upon?' Whoever wishes to see an exemplification of the system of petty grievances, by which Indians are driven to despair, by their white neighbors, will do well to read this part of the volume attentively. It will show him the truth of the remarks we have made on the subject in another page.

Beaten, plundered and abused by their neighbors, Black Hawk and his party complained to the authorities again and again without success. At the same time the whites complained of them, made themselves out the injured party, and the Indians the intruders, and called on the government to protect their property. Let the result show and the reader judge, which was the right side. There was undoubtedly a great deal of mutual wrong, but the whites only were believed, and their complaints alone regarded. Black Hawk's village and grounds were sold to individuals, and his people were told that if they did not remove peaceably they should be compelled. The chief stated his case to several agents and governors, British and American, saying that he had never sold his lands. They all told him that his Great Father would do him justice,

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and that if he had not alienated his property, it would not be taken from him. They spoke, probably, on a proper sense of the broad principles of justice which regulated the dealings of civilized people among themselves, forgetting that the Indians had neither the knowledge nor the means to state and urge their claims, and that they had no advocate. Their opinions, however, determined Black Hawk to hold out to the last.

Some subsequent transactions took place, which sadly puzzled Black Hawk. A small fraction of the territory ceded by the treaty so often mentioned, to the United States, for a thousand dollars *per annum*, had been given to the Pottawattamies. The United States now bought this fraction back again for sixteen thousand dollars a year. Black Hawk was wholly unable to comprehend that a small part could be worth more than the whole, for it never entered into his mind that the settlement of a territory could increase its value a hundred fold. He 'began to doubt whether the Americans had any standard of right and wrong.'

Even now the Hawk was willing to give up the ground he had taken, if he could have done it honorably, 'for the sake of the women and children.' He made some overtures to the officers of government, which were rejected, whereupon he resolved to remain in his village, and if the military should come, to submit to his fate without resistance. Some new aggressions made him change his resolution. He compelled those whites, who were ploughing up his corn-fields, to remove by violent threats. General Gaines came up the Mississippi with troops, and a council was held. The Indians were told that if they did not cross the river within two days, they should be compelled. They did cross it, and Black Hawk again 'touched the goose-quill,' and determined to remain at peace. Corn was given them in lieu of that which they had left growing, but it proved inadequate to their wants. The women and children clamored for their 'roasting ears, beans and squashes.' A party went back to get these *desiderata*, but were fired on for attempting to steal from the very fields they had planted. In all these transactions, there was undoubtedly much misapprehension on both sides. The whites could not see why compliance with what was considered a fair treaty was refused. The Indians could not believe that such a treaty had ever been made, or, if it had been made, that it could possibly be just and binding. The difficulty was increased by the fact,

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that neither party could understand the other. We are persuaded that, could Black Hawk and his counsellors have been permitted to plead their own cause on the floor of Congress, attended with a competent interpreter, all the misery, expense, and bloodshed which ensued, might have been prevented.

Neapope, one of Black Hawk's band, who had been sent to Malden on a mission to the British agent, now returned. The answer he brought from that functionary must either have been dictated by the spirit of falsehood, (which is not likely, as the Indian had no motive to deceive) or the conference must have been misinterpreted or misunderstood. He brought word, that if the Americans should make war on the Sacs, the latter should be assisted. This answer never could have been given by the English officer. The British government had no interest whatever in stirring up a petty war, far within our borders, and the agent could have had neither authority to make such a promise, nor power to perform it. The prophet, who seems to have been a lying knave, as most Indian prophets are, gave further assurances of aid from the British, and from four of the neighboring tribes. Keokuck told the old chief that he had been imposed upon by liars, and had better remain quiet, and so it proved.

Black Hawk mustered all his forces and ascended the Mississippi, and demonstrations of approaching war were made on both sides. The chief bade General Atkinson defiance, and moved up Rock river to join the prophet. He soon learned, that the promises of foreign aid which he had received were delusive. The Pottawattamies and Winnebagoes were not disposed to render him any assistance. They even refused him provisions for his followers.

The first blood appears to have been shed by the whites. Seeing a party of mounted militia approaching him, Black Hawk sent three messengers to desire a conference. They were taken prisoners, and, if the Indian account is to be believed, one of them was treacherously murdered. The Sacs immediately discomfited this party and slew several of them, with some loss on their own part. This statement differs essentially from that in the newspapers only in one particular. It was said that the Sacs were the first to begin the fight. Black Hawk does not pretend to speak from his own knowledge, and we have no means of coming at the exact truth.

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War was thus commenced. Several skirmishes took place, and many persons were killed, because, having neither resources nor strength, the Hawk was unwilling to adopt any decisive measures. It is a sufficient testimonial of his courage and military talent to say, that with a half-starved band of about five hundred men, encumbered with women and children, he eluded a much larger force, supplied with food, cavalry and all the munitions of war, and never came in contact with the whites, without giving them some cause to regret the meeting. His skill and bravery, however, availed him nothing,—he was hemmed in on all sides, and hunger made fearful deductions from his little strength. Some of the feeblest of his party actually perished of starvation.

The scene of this campaign, which proved so terrible to the Sacs, was the country between the Rock and Wisconsin rivers, on the east side of the Mississippi. Inland, the country about the Four Lakes is swampy, and full of ponds and thickets. To this position Black Hawk at first retreated, rightly judging that it would cost the pursuing enemy much trouble to get at him. Here he remained till hunger drove him out, when he moved upon the Wisconsin, intending to recross the Mississippi, which done, he would have been in comparative safety. The white army pursued, and overtook him at the Wisconsin, but he covered the retreat of his party with a band of fifty of his most determined warriors, and effected his passage with little loss. His forces now began to break up. He himself gained the Mississippi, with many followers. Seeing the steamboat Warrior approaching, he hoisted a white flag and would have surrendered, but those on board, mistaking his purpose, opened a heavy fire upon him. The only chance that now remained for his party was to cross the great river. While they were making rafts for this purpose, the pursuing army came upon them, and, according to Black Hawk, refused them quarter. Many were slain, and many perished in the attempt to swim across. Of those who did cross, many were starving women and children, and their ancient enemies, the Dahcotahs, took advantage of their distress to slaughter a great number of them. This final battle was fought at the mouth of the River Bad Axe.

This was probably, the most disastrous Indian campaign of modern times. It was begun in delusion and continued without hope. It ended in misery and horror inexpressible; half

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the Sac tribe are supposed to have perished, but not in vain. It has taught the tribes of the north-west a lesson which they never can forget. It was a bloody one, but, like the invention of fire-arms, it will ultimately save much blood. The Indians are by no means destitute of reasoning powers, and they cannot but see, that resistance against any claim of the United States, just or unjust, is the very worst policy they can pursue. Hereafter, it is probable, that whenever a wish is expressed to remove them from their lands, they will readily comply on the best terms they can make, since any resistance they can offer will but protract the catastrophe and render it more appalling. They have long known that they are no match for us in negotiation; they are now convinced that they are no match for us in arms. The barbarous chivalry of the race will decay; for they cannot but see that it leads to certain ruin, and few men, however brave or obstinate, will rush to inevitable destruction. Such men as Black Hawk will no longer be their objects of emulation. They will rather place their trust in the pacific wisdom of such as Keokuck, because they see that it is their present, if not their ultimate safety. We think, too, that the discomfiture of Black Hawk affords some hope of the civilization of the remnant of his people. They have had enough of glory, their spirit is broken. They were ever more settled in their habits than their neighbors, and have had, ever since we knew them, a better sense of a distinction of property, which we take to be the corner-stone of the system of social improvement. Certainly no Indian tribe has for many years offered so fair a field to the missionary, as the Sacs and Foxes do now.

It is a little singular that in almost every tribe who have had dealings with us, there should be men of characters similar to those of Keokuck and Black Hawk; but the matter may be easily explained. Before they have the misfortune to become intimately acquainted with us, military abilities are most useful, and are consequently held most honorable in the tribe. When they come in contact with the whites, some individual, more crafty and less energetic than the war chief, finds another road to influence and distinction. He finds that by temporising and according with the views of his new neighbors, he obtains more means of increasing the number of his partisans. The war chief has the sympathies of the people on his side, the peace chief has their judgment. Many instances might be

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given. Sassacus, the war chief of the Pequods, resisted, and his tribe perished. Uncas, chief of a branch of the same tribe, truckled to the whites, and saved himself and his followers for a while. MacIntosh was the Keokuck of the Creeks. There are many peace chiefs among the Dahcotahs, but they have a war chief named Wapahshah, who is body and soul an Indian, and cares not a straw for all the whites on earth.

To return to the narrative style: Black Hawk escaped from the battle of the Bad Axe, and took refuge among the Winnebagoes. He there expressed his intention to surrender to the whites, and his hosts made a merit of delivering him up. He was taken down the Mississippi and confined for a while in Jefferson barracks, and compelled to wear *the ball and chain*, the badge of a military felon. Some of our readers may not know what this equipment is; it is easily explained. A twelve inch shell is attached to the ankle of the convict, by a chain some six feet long. We perfectly agree with what Black Hawk says of this dishonorable treatment of a vanquished foe, and we know enough of Indian character to be sure that his words are strict truth, so far as they express his feelings and opinions. We would have been answerable for him, body for body, when once he had given his word not to escape.

'We were now confined to the barracks,' says he, 'and forced to wear the ball and chain. This was extremely mortifying and altogether useless. Was the White Beaver (General Atkinson) afraid that I would break out of his barracks and run away? Or was he ordered to inflict this punishment upon me? If I had taken him prisoner on the field of battle, I would not have wounded his feelings so much, by such treatment,—knowing that a brave war chief would prefer death to dishonor. But I do not blame the White Beaver for the course he pursued; — it is the custom among white soldiers, and, I suppose, was a part of his duty.'

The Hawk is mistaken;—it was no part of his duty, nor is it the custom of white soldiers. The ball and chain are attached to convicts and never to prisoners of war. We may say here, that no knight who ever wore spurs could have felt anything approaching an indignity more keenly than an Indian chief does. We dare aver that the Hawk would rather have died, than have suffered the disgraceful iron to touch him.

The rest of the story of Black Hawk is generally known. He has returned to his people degraded, as far as it is in the

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power of the whites to degrade him. But no authority can hinder his tribe from regarding their last champion with respect and admiration, or diminish the influence which his unfortunate campaign had left him. The ceremony of degrading him from his rank was but a vain form. In the esteem of the Sacs he is still 'every inch a king.' We think we may affirm that his death would occasion a much more lively and enduring sorrow, than that of the wiser Keokuck.

ART. V. — *Memoir of Dr. Godman.*

Memoir of Dr. Godman. By THOMAS SEWALL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Columbian College, Washington, D. C. 1830.

IT is a remark of Dr. Johnson, 'that a physician, in a great city, seems to be the mere plaything of fortune. His degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual. They that employ him, know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency. By any acute observer, who has looked on the transactions of the medical world for the last half century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of physicians.' Although we do not agree with the great moralist, in these sweeping and unqualified assertions, yet we believe that they are correct to a certain extent, and that if the picture be not a likeness it is at least a caricature. The reception of Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood strikingly illustrates the truth of a part of Dr. Johnson's remark. From the moment he began to be generally known as the propounder of such *a wild and extravagant theory*, his practice, as a physician, suffered a serious diminution.

This injustice and uncertainty in the public estimate of medical character, cannot but have an injurious and withering influence on the profession itself, — depressing the energies of the mind, and chilling those generous aspirations of well-regulated ambition, which have so often contributed to elevate and dignify human character, and so frequently conferred the greatest blessings on mankind. When a physician sees, as is too often the case, that his best efforts for the advancement of

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medical science, and his most strenuous exertions for extending the usefulness of his profession, are regarded with cold indifference and neglect, while honor and emolument are showered upon the intriguing, the ignorant, and conceited popularity-seeker, — he must be more than human, if he too is not drawn away by the current; if he is not tempted to desert the thorny and rugged path of science, and endeavor to attain reputation and wealth by an easier process, and one which he perceives is better adapted to gratify the whims and caprices of his patients.

The extended range of reading, too, which is demanded of that physician, who aspires to a high stand among his fellows, is another obstacle to be encountered and overcome in acquiring a solid and enduring reputation. No profession makes larger claims on its members, in this respect, than that of medicine. The whole circle of the natural sciences, including Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy, and Comparative Anatomy, are of great and essential service in the practice of Physic, and should be made a part of the education of every man who would become an accomplished physician. In addition to these, the ancient and modern languages, and polite literature in all its extent and variety, though they cannot be considered as indispensable, should still, as far as opportunities offer and circumstances admit, be acquired by every one who aims at a liberal education.

The importance of an acquaintance with general literature, as well as science, is often experienced by the physician at the bed-side, as it enables him to amuse the *ennui* of his nervous patient, to alleviate the keenest sufferings of body, and to soothe the yet more distressing anguish of mind, by amusing and instructive conversation, and by the judicious use of the resources of learning and philosophy. Louis XIV. said to Molière, who was as much a sceptic in matters of medicine as in those of religion, and who had often declared he would never employ a physician, 'So, after all, I find you have a physician. What do you do with him?' 'Please your majesty, he entertains me by his conversation; he orders me medicines; I don't take them and — I get well.' But the unwearied assiduity, requisite to make all these acquisitions, is greater than is readily assumed by the members of an active profession. They shrink from the Herculean task. They choose the easy road to wealth, rather than the laborious path of honor

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and science, — and are content with a meagre portion of learning, as long as they are enabled to obtain the *substantial* rewards of the profession.

But although this has been the choice of the majority, let us not do injustice to those who have pursued a different course, who have maintained the dignity of medicine and added to its means of usefulness. The most successful and ardent votaries of science have always been found among physicians. It has been said, that three fourths of the papers published by the Royal Society of London are furnished by medical men. In speaking of physicians, Dr. Parr remarks, 'I have long been in the habit of reading on medical subjects, and the great advantage I have derived from this circumstance is, that I have found opportunities for conversation and friendship with a class of men, whom, after a long and attentive survey of literary characters, I hold to be the most enlightened professional persons in the whole circle of human arts and sciences.' Pope bears similar testimony. In a letter written about a month before his death, he says, 'there is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. They are in general the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as the *most learned* men I know.'

The eminent and highly gifted individual, of whose life and writings we propose, in this article, to present a brief sketch, was of this character. Endowed by nature with talents of the first order, he was urged on by an insatiable love of knowledge, as well as by the promptings of an elevated and honorable ambition, to employ to the utmost possible extent every opportunity thrown in his way of increasing his stock of knowledge and adding to his means of usefulness.

Dr Godman was born at Annapolis in Maryland. His opportunities of early education, like many others of our most eminent men, were few and scanty. He was the artificer of his own fortune. Deprived at an early age of parental advice and protection, and destitute of the means of obtaining a liberal education, he became an indented apprentice to a printer in Baltimore. In a letter, which he addressed to a friend about the time he commenced the study of medicine, he says, 'before I was two years old, I was motherless; — before I was five years old, I was fatherless and friendless. I have been deprived of property by fraud, that was mine by right. I have eaten the bread of misery, I have drunk the cup of sorrow. —

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I have passed the flower of my days in a state little better than slavery, and have arrived at what? Manhood, poverty and desolation.' This occupation of a printer was so little suited to his taste, that he soon left it in disgust and entered the U. S. Navy as a common sailor. In this situation he remained till the close of the late war.

He now fortunately turned his attention to that profession, in which he was destined to attain such distinguished reputation. It has often been remarked that those, who are prodigies of youthful genius, often disappoint the expectations they have raised, while minds of no peculiar promise and even of tardy growth in early years, have been known at length to bear vigorous and lasting fruit. On the other hand it cannot be denied, that a great proportion of those, who display extraordinary powers in mature life, give indications of decided superiority in youth. Dr. Godman was of this latter class. The same enthusiastic ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, and the same strength of intellect, for which he was remarkable in after life, were equally conspicuous during his pupilage. Professor Sewall remarks of him in his eloquent and interesting memoir,

'As an evidence of the distinguished attainments he had made, and of the confidence reposed in his abilities, he was called to the chair of Anatomy in the university, sometime before he graduated, to supply the place of his preceptor, who was taken from the lectures in consequence of a fractured extremity. This situation he filled for several weeks with so much propriety, — he lectured with such enthusiasm and eloquence, his illustrations were so clear and happy, as to gain universal applause; and at the time he was examined for his degree, the superiority of his mind, as well as the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, were so apparent, that he was marked by the professors of the university as one destined at some future period to confer high honor upon the profession. Upon this occasion a prize medal was awarded him for the best Latin thesis.'

Soon after graduation, young Godman settled in Philadelphia, whence, at the early age of twenty-four, he was invited to the chair of Anatomy in the Medical College of Ohio. He remained however but one year in the Western country, and then returned to Philadelphia.

He was one of those men, upon whom the 'auri sacra fames' exerted but little influence; and instead therefore of devoting himself to the acquisition of a lucrative practice, which his

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talents and skill would have enabled him readily to obtain, — he withdrew almost entirely from the active duties of the profession, that he might employ the whole energies of his mind in the acquisition of knowledge and the advancement of medical science.

Anatomy was his favorite department, and such were the zeal and industry, with which he prosecuted the study of this interesting and important branch of medicine, that he soon attained a reputation, not surpassed and perhaps not equalled by that of any teacher in our country. He commenced a private course of lectures in Philadelphia immediately after his return to that city, and as was to have been expected, he was soon patronised by a large and respectable class. This was a field peculiarly suited to the display of his varied talents, as well as his extensive and accurate acquaintance with the particular subjects he was called upon to treat. His power as a lecturer was of no common stamp. As a speaker and a writer he could move, and please, and persuade, and enlighten. He united those decorations which flow from an exuberant fancy and imagination, with that penetration and judgment which belong to real and substantial talent. Clear and forcible, happy in his illustrations, eloquent in his language, and graceful in his delivery, he never failed to rivet the attention of the student, while he enriched his mind with the treasures of knowledge.

In this situation, Dr. Godman remained four or five years, — and every day added to the stock of his information, and the extent of his reputation. He brought the most persevering industry, and a mind naturally acute and powerful, to the investigation of every subject, and what could resist such a combination? 'Nil mortalibus arduum est,' was his motto through life; — and his own example was a most perfect illustration of the truth of this maxim. Although, as we have said, his early education had been extremely limited and defective, yet such was his untiring perseverance that, in addition to his profound acquaintance with Anatomy and Physiology, he attained a good knowledge of the Latin, Greek, German, Spanish, French and Italian languages. He was also extensively conversant with polite literature; — and, as the style of his writings proves, he did not drink in vain at the pure fountain of the English Classics. While thus engaged in Philadelphia, he was invited in the year 1826, at the age of twenty-eight, to fill the important and la-

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borious chair of Anatomy and Physiology in Rutgers's Medical College, N. Y., then just commencing operations. This appointment, while it did honor to the discernment of those who conferred it, was no slight mark of the public estimation in which young Godman was held; — for not only was he associated with some of the most respectable teachers in our country, but was connected with an institution, which had been established amidst rivalries and difficulties, that could be surmounted only by the most eminent talents and exalted reputation. Most ably did Dr. Godman sustain his share of the burden. The writer of this brief notice well recollects the enthusiasm and admiration, with which his eloquent introductory lecture was received by a crowded auditory, — and it is but mere justice to add, that the expectations thus created were fully answered at every step of the subsequent course.

Godman possessed that infallible mark of a superior intellect, the power of influencing and controlling those with whom he came in contact. Although by far the youngest professor connected with Rutgers's College, yet it will not be considered derogatory to the eminent and highly respectable men, with whom he was associated, to say, that to none did the medical class look up with so much veneration and respect as to him. He seemed to be perfectly acquainted with all the avenues to the human heart, with all the springs of youthful action, and to possess the power, by a word or a look, of allaying and regulating youthful passion.

But his short and brilliant career was soon to terminate. His unparalleled assiduity in the acquisition of knowledge, early and fatally undermined a constitution naturally delicate. After devoting the day to the immediate duties of his professorship, he would spend the greater part of the night, which his exhausted frame so much needed for repose, in the study of other branches, and particularly of natural history, of which he was very fond,—and in preparing for the press the numerous papers, which he published in the various periodicals of the day.

His health suffered so much under this complication of labor, that before the close of his second course, he was obliged to resign the chair, which he had filled with so much credit to himself and advantage to the institution, and fly to a milder climate for relief. He spent the remainder of that winter in the West Indies, and on his return to this country in the spring,

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he took up his residence in Germantown near Philadelphia, where he continued to reside till the time of his death, which occurred in April, 1830, at the age of thirty-two.

We are now to consider Dr. Godman's character as an author. And here we hardly know which to admire most, the untiring industry which enabled him, amidst his other numerous and pressing avocations, to accomplish so much, or the talents and energy which enabled him to do it so well. Of his publications the following are the principal; 'Anatomical Investigations, comprising a Description of various Fasciæ of the Human Body;'—'A System of Natural History of American Quadrupeds;' 'An Account of some Irregularities of Structure and Morbid Anatomy;'—'Addresses Delivered on various Public Occasions;'—'Rambles of a Naturalist;'—'An edition of Bell's Anatomy with Notes;'—'A Translation of Levasseur's Account of La Fayette's Progress through the United States;'—several articles for the American Encyclopædia, and a vast variety of papers in the periodicals of the day. The volume of Addresses consists of several, delivered at different times and on various occasions, in New York and Philadelphia. Nothing is more difficult than to give interest to the discussion of familiar topics, and on no occasion is this difficulty felt more sensibly, or found more embarrassing, than in preparing an address for a public celebration, which has already called forth the talents and exercised the ingenuity of scores of the ablest men. To say something which shall be appropriate, and at the same time avoid the path trodden by his predecessors, is for the orator no easy task. In this respect, Dr. Godman has been highly successful, and if to overcome this difficulty, to do that which few are able to do, be an indication of talent, then must he be allowed to have a peculiar claim to its possession.

He has, in many instances, combined great boldness and originality of thought with uncommon beauty and felicity of expression. He is eloquent, as well as instructive. Although, perhaps, his style is occasionally too much labored and ornate for severe criticism, yet its defects are defects of inexperience, and are such as would lead us to expect a most polished and nervous style, when age and practice had pruned and chastened the luxuriance of youth. His imagination, indeed, was a distinguishing trait of his mind. Bold, sportive, prolific and original, it enabled him to call to his aid all the beauties of nature and of art, and to change the disposition and dress of his

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thoughts without end. 'Now it assembled the most pleasing images, adorned with all that is soft and beautiful,' and now burst forth in strains of impassioned and soul-subduing eloquence, delighting and electrifying all around.

Of his Addresses, which have been published, that delivered in New-York, introductory to his anatomical course, is perhaps the most finished, and exhibits in the most favorable view his power as a writer and an orator.

His 'Researches and Investigations with respect to the Fasciæ of the Human Body,' published in 1824, have thrown new light upon a most intricate subject, and one which was but imperfectly understood, even by our most skilful anatomists. They indicate a mind fully prepared to grapple with the most nice and embarrassing questions, which no difficulties could retard, and no intricacies confound. This volume contributed to elevate his character still higher in the estimation of the profession, and was hailed as the prelude to more extended improvements and more brilliant discoveries. We have every reason to believe that these anticipations would have been fully realized, had he been spared to accomplish the magnificent plans he had formed.

In 1827, although oppressed by sickness and harassed by pain, he gave to the world his edition of 'Bell's Anatomy,' with numerous notes. His additions to this valuable work are of a very useful and important character, and have rendered this, perhaps, the most perfect elementary work, to which the students of our country have access. They display a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and an acute and discriminating mind, in selecting with judgment and care from the works of the most celebrated French and German anatomists and physiologists. And at the same time he has drawn not a little upon his own resources in supplying those deficiencies, which generally exist in works of this description, whatever talent and ingenuity may have been exerted by their authors. In 1826, he published his Natural History, in three volumes. His professed object, in the publication of this, the most elaborate and voluminous of his works, was to supply a desideratum which had long been felt and acknowledged in American Natural History, viz. a full and correct description of the *mammalia* of this continent. In the execution of such a task, the difficulties to be surmounted were of no ordinary magnitude, and indeed, were such as could have been overcome only by the most persevering industry and the most enthusiastic zeal.

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In his preface, he feelingly remarks, 'experience soon proved that the difficulties of this enterprise had not been correctly estimated, and that a vast labor remained to be performed, after gleaning from works, that professedly or incidentally treated of American Natural History. How meagre and unsatisfactory the best of these books are, can only be imagined by those persons who have been obliged to examine them carefully; by them alone can an adequate idea be formed of the toil and disgust to be endured, by him, who makes such search in hopes of collecting original observations, statements of facts worthy of repetition, or remarks properly illustrative of the manners and habits of our animals.'

We do not intend to claim for this work *very great* merit. In such an enterprise, 'not to have failed is sufficient glory,'—especially when undertaken and completed in so short a time, and amidst such a multiplicity of other engagements. In this department, little had been previously accomplished by our naturalists. While the insects and birds of our country had been examined and described with great ability and accuracy by Say, Audubon, Wilson, Bonaparte and others, the quadrupeds and other *mammalia* had been almost entirely neglected. If we except one or two meagre and defective works, nothing like a full and complete description has been attempted of the various animals, which roam our extensive forests, or frequent the more cultivated parts of our country. Some highly graphic and isolated sketches may be found, scattered through our periodicals or published in a pamphlet form, but with the exception referred to, no work of a general and comprehensive character had been produced. It was not to have been expected, that Godman would *entirely* supply this deficiency. A writer on natural history, who would produce a perfect work, must, like the indefatigable and enthusiastic Audubon, make it the business of his life,—he must observe for himself and take nothing upon hearsay. He must traverse the inhospitable wilderness; he must disregard the summer's heat and winter's cold, he must defy danger and laugh at misfortune; he must endure privation, fatigue and disappointment; he must be willing to do and suffer anything and everything, to procure one new animal, or to obtain a single new fact, respecting the object of his search.

But notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which Dr. Godman labored; notwithstanding the paucity of materials at

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his command from which to select, and the limited period he allotted to himself to prepare and arrange such as he could procure, he has produced a work which will confer honor on his industry, judgment and talents, and which is undoubtedly superior to any previous publication on the same subject. He has selected with care and discrimination, has corrected many mistakes, into which other authors had fallen through inadvertence or ignorance, and he has added numerous and interesting facts before unknown, of the habits and dispositions of many animals, some of which were supplied by his own industry and extensive opportunities of observation, and some were furnished by the kindness of his scientific friends.

It is certainly to be regretted, that it was not in the author's power to devote more time to its preparation, and to enjoy more extensive opportunities for the collection of new facts and original observations, for which no one was better suited, and which would have enabled him to have rendered his work more perfect in itself, and more worthy of the subject and the author.

We consider Dr. Godman, in some respects, among the most extraordinary men that have adorned the medical profession of our country. When we reflect that, at the age of twenty-nine, a period was put to his activity and usefulness (for the remaining three years of his life were spent in pain and suffering, sufficient to enervate the stoutest frame and depress the most vigorous intellect), — when we reflect upon the extent of his learning, both general and professional, — upon his accurate and extensive acquaintance with so many languages, — upon his thorough, we may say profound knowledge of Anatomy, — upon his important discoveries and improvements in this branch of the profession, — upon his numerous, able, and diversified publications, sufficient of themselves to have occupied a life of the ordinary span, — when we reflect that all these labors were accomplished at the age of twenty-nine, and after a youth spent in a manner but little adapted to advance his future progress, who can deny his claims to the possession of uncommon energy, of lofty enthusiasm, of extraordinary talents?

The history, talents and fate of Godman bear no little resemblance to those of the celebrated French anatomist and physiologist, Bichat; — a name which will, we doubt not, through all future ages, stand in the foremost rank of the benefactors of medicine. The same enthusiasm in the pursuit of

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knowledge, — the same ardent love of glory, — the same spirit, which defied all difficulties and overcame all obstacles, — the same untiring industry and perseverance, — and the same early and untimely fate (for Bichat also died at thirty-two) distinguished both these eminent men. They both fell a sacrifice to their ceaseless and unremitted toils in the acquisition of knowledge, — and in the arduous and sometimes dangerous labors of the dissecting room.

To the aspirant after honorable fame, — to him, who is covetous of the reputation purchased by desert, — who is desirous of conferring the most lasting and extensive benefits on his fellow-beings, — who wishes to extend the boundaries of science and enlarge the circle of human knowledge, we know of no one, who could be held up as an example for imitation, with more safety and advantage than Dr. Godman. His ambition took in a large and expansive view. It was not confined to the narrow limits of self. It was made subservient to the good of mankind. The glory which he sought was that of being a benefactor to his country and his age.

He never desired, but heartily despised that popularity, which is the result of indiscriminate condescension and obsequiousness. But while he was perfectly independent, he was kind and conciliatory, — and perhaps no teacher of medicine in our country ever possessed a stronger hold on the affections of his pupils. While they loved him as a brother, they revered and respected him as a parent. During the time that he was professor of Anatomy in New York, the delicate state of his health, and the certainty that he must soon leave this scene of activity and usefulness forever, seemed to impart a peculiar and hallowed character to his intercourse with his class. He was still interesting, and enthusiastic, and eloquent, amidst pain, decay and approaching death. His instructions, which were always listened to with profound respect and attention, seemed now to possess a new claim on the regard of his pupils. They were considered as the farewell benediction of a venerated friend, as the 'last words' of a martyr in the cause of science.

We have already spoken of Dr. Godman as a lecturer and speaker. His keen piercing eye and illuminated and expressive countenance, beaming with intelligence and intellect, never failed, at the first view, to interest and charm the audience.

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His attitude was erect and easy, his gestures graceful and striking, his emphasis correct and forcible ; — and although he had never systematically studied the exterior graces of eloquence, his whole manner was animated, dignified and impressive.

As a teacher of Anatomy, his peculiarly acute and discriminating mind was exhibited to great advantage. He possessed the power, in a remarkable degree, by his clear and intelligible descriptions, his happy and striking illustrations, and his exuberant fancy and imagination, which threw a charm around all he said, of divesting this uninteresting and to some minds forbidding subject of all its tedium, — and of commanding and fixing completely the student's attention, even while discussing the dry details of bones and muscles.

His profound acquaintance with Anatomy, and his astonishing dexterity in the use of the scalpel, are evinced by the fact, that it was his constant practice, in exhibiting to his class the different parts of the human system, to make his own dissections on the spot, that the practical illustrations might proceed '*pari passu*' with the descriptions. Every professional man is aware, that this is no easy task, — and Dr. Godman is one of the very few teachers of Anatomy in this country or the world, who have carried this plan into successful operation. We have seen him without the slightest hesitation or delay, dissect and display before his audience the most minute and embarrassing subjects of Anatomical research, — accompanied by the most lucid and animated descriptions of the parts, as they were exhibited by the knife.

In establishing a character as an Anatomist, Dr. Godman pursued the only course, which will ever enable a man to obtain distinguished reputation in any department; viz. that of concentrating all the powers of his mind upon the object of his pursuit, and of making everything else subservient or auxiliary to it. For this purpose, as before hinted, he withdrew from the active, out-door duties of the profession, and devoted himself exclusively to the study of the great volume of nature, and with a zeal and ardor, as if he had continually in his eye the poet's advice ;

> '———— Take the instant way,
> For honor travels in a strait so narrow
> Where one but goes abreast ; keep then the path,
> For emulation hath a thousand sons

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That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost ———.'

In presenting these desultory remarks on the life and writings of Dr. Godman, we have endeavored to be just, although we are aware we have not been impartial. We knew his worth too well, and esteemed him too highly, perhaps, to form rigidly accurate perceptions of his character as a man and an author. But if we shall be the fortunate instrument, in any degree, of illustrating and extending a reputation so laboriously earned and so richly merited, and of inducing his professional brethren to profit by and imitate his example, we shall not have failed of our object.

ART. VI.—*Bancroft's History of the United States.*

A History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the present Time. By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. I. Boston. Published by Charles Bowen. London, by R. I. Kennett. 1834. pp. 508.

WE should be faithless to one of the first duties of a literary journal, did we not appropriate an ample portion of our pages to a notice of a volume like Mr. Bancroft's. A History of the United States, by an American writer, possesses a claim upon our attention of the strongest character. It would do so under any circumstances, but when we add that the work of Mr. Bancroft is one of the ablest of the class, which has for years appeared in the English language; that it compares advantageously with the standard British historians; that as far as it goes, it does such justice to its noble subject, as to supersede the necessity of any future work of the same kind; and if completed as commenced, will unquestionably forever be regarded, both as an American and as an English classic, our readers would justly think us unpardonable, if we failed to offer our humble tribute to its merit.

Many excellent, some admirable, works on different portions of American history, have appeared. Without adverting to the ancient Spanish authors, writers like Robertson,

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Hutchinson, Belknap, Ramsay, Holmes, Marshall, Botta, Irving, Pitkin, Grahame, (not to enumerate more of the local historians), are sufficient to show, that American history is by no means a neglected field. But no one of the writers mentioned, nor any other, has yet presented us, — no one in fact has attempted it, — what may be called a classical history of America or even of the United States. Such a work perhaps entered into the original plan of Dr. Robertson, and what he has left us is a splendid and beautiful treatise; but as far as the United States are concerned, it stops with the foundation of the colonies, and relates even that period of their history but superficially.

It is not too much to say, that a history of a country, capable of satisfying, in all respects, the requisitions of an enlightened national pride and patriotic feeling, must be written by a native. None but a native can, as a general rule, obtain the knowledge of facts contained in contemporaneous publications, or embodied in traditions preserved on the spot. None but a native can easily acquire that accurate knowledge of localities, which gives life and distinctness to narration. None but a native can thoroughly comprehend the manners, habits, and institutions of a people; and in reading the best accounts of the most intelligent foreigners, you are continually offended with a want of true insight and clear perception of matters of familiar notoriety. But these are not the great difficulties. No man can write the history of a foreign country, with a sufficient passion for his theme; and it would be a degenerate people, who would leave to foreigners to write their history. We do not certainly deny, that works of great beauty and power may be written on the history of a foreign country. Who needs to be reminded of the history of Charles V. by Robertson, or of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire? But neither of these works, however admirable as efforts of learning and art, would satisfy a Spanish or a Roman patriotism. They evince the skill, the diligence, the sagacity of consummate writers; but compare Gibbon with Livy. The writer, who would produce a classical history, must carry his heart to the task. While learning instructs and judgment guides him, a lofty patriotism must take possession of his soul. He must embrace his whole subject with an enthusiastic love; and in this way, in the all but inspired language of Burke, 'his passions must instruct his reason.'

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Let it not be thought, that we would turn history into panegyric, and have it a tissue of eulogies and apologies. Such it is true, it too often becomes, whether in native or foreign hands, but not more in the hands of natives than foreigners. It is too much the fault of historical writers, that, having been struck with the importance of some subject of history, and having for that reason, taken in hand to treat it, they become over-partial to their theme, exaggerate its importance or merits; and thus pursue the narration, through volumes of strained interpretation, flattery, and suppression. Or perhaps a man takes up a subject under an opposite feeling, and produces an entire work, conceived in a spirit of unfriendly construction. Mr. Mitford's history of Greece, able and sagacious as he is, must, as far as the republican institutions of Greece are concerned, be set down as a specimen, — no doubt the most distinguished specimen, — of works of this class.

But the classical historian, in composing the history of his own country, rises above either passion; and devotes himself to his great work, both *sine ira* and *sine studio*. He is elevated above both, by the generous conception, which he forms of his province; one of the most noble in the world of mind. He is the instrument of Providence, to award to good men, who in times past have served or adorned his native land, their just meed of praise. Perhaps, in their own times, they were undervalued. Party prejudice was unjust to their merits; fortune did not smile upon their efforts; — they struggled nobly, but without success, against events too strong for their mastery; — they had talents but wanted opportunity; — some unhappy personalities narrowed their sphere of action; — or they did all they could, all that man could do in their time, in their position, — but it was imperfect, it was a beginning; — the co-operation of other agents, other generations, other ages was necessary, and they sunk clouded and care-worn to their graves. The faithful, the generous, the learned, the enthusiastic historian comes, and does them justice. He rises above party, and can see the worth of great men, who could not see the worth of each other. He does not, as the contemporary generation is too apt to do, withhold the tribute of applause from unsuccessful valor, or wisdom in counsel baffled by events; — and where the fabric of national prosperity stands, in all its fair and absolute proportions, consolidated by years, and as venerable as firm, he points out the enduring zeal, the

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open-handed liberality, the fortitude, and the heroism, with which, in the day of small beginnings, the first foundations were laid. None but the heart of a native can accomplish this; no other can take up the theme, with that religious fondness which is required. The soil, on which he stands, must be his native soil, or he cannot successfully evoke its peaceful tenants from their slumbers, to redress their wrongs, to give them beauty for ashes, and lead them forth, like the *imagines* of a Roman procession, crowned with their long delayed and richly merited chaplets. Look at Roger Williams, in his life-time, his natural life-time, — the days of his weary sojourning in the flesh; — renounced by his religious brethren, — suspended from his church, — a vagrant in the woods, — a pensioner of barbarians, — driven from this remote wilderness to a wilderness more remote, — from the solitude of a colony to the solitude of a desert, — exhausted with fatigues, worn with care; — and then behold him in his new intellectual life, his earthly immortality, — arising in the pages of history the *protomartyr* of toleration, crowned with undying praise, — the founder of a little republic, which will be the shrine of his name, till another cataclysm shall submerge all that is America. If one would see the different spirit, in which a foreigner and a native write the history of a country, let him compare Mr. Bancroft's account of Roger Williams with that of Grahame, an intelligent, fair-minded, and judicious historian.* The one presents you a truly great man, in advance of his times, and shows you his real character, through the thick mists of contemporary and traditionary prejudice. The other takes the character as he found it, in the popular sources. Kindly disposed toward the Puritan settlers of New England, Mr. Grahame sees Roger Williams, loaded with all the weight of their prejudices. He does not mean to be unjust; but he is incurious. He does not feel that tenderness and hearty attachment to his subject, which fill him with grief, at seeing great virtues sadly maligned; — which prompt the anxious inquiry, was not injustice done this great man? and which induce a second investigation, a more penetrating search, a bolder canvass of the contemporary authorities, and a more philosophical criticism.

Though we are proceeding, in advance of the plan of remark,

* Bancroft, page 397, &c. Grahame's History of the United States of North America, Vol. I. p. 267.

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which we had proposed to ourselves, we cannot better accomplish our main object, which is to call the reader's attention to the characteristic merits of Mr. Bancroft's work, than by comparing more minutely the accounts which it gives of Roger Williams, with that which is contained of the same remarkable man in other histories. Passing over the immediate contemporaries, as parties to the controversy, honest old Hubbard sees, in the foundation of the new Colony of Rhode Island, only an incident in the ecclesiastical affairs of New England, and in Roger Williams nothing but a 'self-conceited, unquiet, turbulent, and uncharitable spirit.' In recounting his pernicious courses, he falls over the first stumbing-block in his way, and puts at the head of his impeachment, that Roger Williams taught, that 'it was the duty of all the female sex to cover themselves with veils, when they went abroad, especially when they appeared in the public assemblies.' It is curious to see the ingenuity, with which the reverend historian makes out the mischief of this practice, which, by the way, was introduced by Mr. Skelton and Governor Endicott, and acquiesced in by Roger Williams. 'The uncouthness of the sight, to see all the women in that congregation veiled, contrary to the custom of the English nation, would probably have drawn the eyes of the rest upon them, especially strangers, much more, than if they had attired themselves after the fashion of their neighbours!' But the enormity of this error was, in some degree, atoned for, by the ease with which its fair subjects allowed themselves to be reasoned out of their delusion. Often it happens, that the very malignity of a heresy causes it to take the deeper root. Men cling to their peculiarities for their very extravagance. William Penn submitted to be disinherited rather than take off his hat before the king, and the Quakers in New England, while Roger Williams lived, went to the scaffold, rather than renounce their strange notions. Not so with the fair offenders at Salem. It is with poorly suppressed triumph, that Hubbard relates, that 'it is observable, that the reverend Mr. Cotton, taking occasion* about this time, to spend a Lords-day at Salem, in his exercise in the forenoon, so enlightened most of the women in the place, that it unveiled them, so as they appeared in the afternoon without their veils, — and that

* Accidentally, of course.

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discourse let in so much light into their understandings, that they, who before thought it a shame to be seen in the public without a veil, were ashamed ever after to be covered with them!' This, in Hubbard's catalogue, is the first of Roger Williams's sins, and the fifth is in the following terms set forth:

'That magistrates had nothing to do with the matters of the first table, (religious affairs) but only the second, and that there should be a general and unlimited toleration of all religions, and for any man to be punished, for any matters of his conscience, was persecution.'

This golden text, containing a divine philosophy and the wisdom of a far subsequent age, is thus huddled up with the whimsical and frivolous controversies, on points of taste and manners, with which our venerable fathers, in the early and critical periods of the colony, allowed their excited imaginations to be sadly worried.

We pass over Mather, and come to Hutchinson, a lawyer, a politician, a man of sense, looking back with calmness over the interval of a century. He sees nothing extraordinary in Williams. His coming to Salem creates 'a great disturbance.' Hutchinson recites the charges against him from the old writers, and candidly remarks that the fifth charge, which we have just repeated, ought not to have been ranked as an offence with the former. He justifies, upon the whole, the proceedings against Williams, and his loyalty finds 'just occasion to the civil power to interpose,' in his influencing Mr. Endicott to remove the king's cross from the colors; in which again Roger Williams did but acquiesce in the stern anti-catholic prejudices of Endicott, and in which both were borne out by the opinion and practice of a subsequent age. 'The scruple,' says Hutchinson, 'afterwards prevailed, and the cross was left out of the colors, and generally condemned as unlawful.' He dismisses the settlement at Providence in a single line, and closes the account with a fair and candid, but wholly superficial estimate of the character of Williams.

Let us now come down to Mr. Grahame, with whose account of Roger Williams we proposed, more particularly to contrast Mr. Bancroft's, the publications being, so to say, contemporary; the same materials substantially in the hands of both; and no particular prepossession or prejudice existing, to warp the mind of either in favor of or against Roger Williams.

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We quote the passage from Mr. Grahame entire. He heads it, somewhat ominously, *Williams's Schism.*

'The first religious dissension, that arose in the colony, was promoted by Roger Williams, who had come over to New-England in 1630, and preached for some years to the inhabitants of New-Plymouth; but not finding there an audience suitable to his purposes, he had solicited his dismission, and had recently been appointed Minister of Salem. This man was a rigid Brownist, precise, illiberal, unforbearing, and passionate. He began to vent from the pulpit, which he had gained by his substantial piety and fervid zeal, a singular medley of notions, some wildly speculative, some boldly opposed to the constitutions of civil society, and some which, if unexceptionable in theory, were highly unsuitable to the place, from which they were delivered, and the exercises and sentiments, with which he endeavored to associate them. He maintained that it was not lawful for an unregenerate man to pray, nor for christians to join in family prayer with those they judged unregenerate; that it was not lawful to take an oath to the civil magistrate, not even the oath of allegiance, which he had declined himself to take, and advised his congregation equally to refuse; that King Charles had no right to usurp the power of disposing of the territory of the Indians, and hence the colonial patent was utterly invalid; that the magistrate had no right to restrain or direct the consciences of men; and that any thing short of unlimited toleration of all religions, was detestable persecution. These liberal principles of toleration he combined with a spirit so rigid and separating, that he not only refused all communion with any who did not profess every one of the foregoing opinions, but forbade the members of the church at Salem, to communicate with any of the other churches in the colony; and when they refused to obey this prohibition, he withdrew from them and set up a separate meeting in his own house. Here he was attended by a select assembly of zealous admirers, composed of men in whose minds an impetuous temper, inflamed by persecution, had greatly impaired the sense of moral perspective; who entertained disproportioned ideas of those branches of the trunk of godliness, for which they had endured such mighty sufferings, and had seen worth and piety so foully wronged; and who abhorred every symbol, badge, and practice, that was associated with the remembrance and spotted, as they conceived, with the iniquity of their idolatrous oppressors. One of his followers, Mr. Endicott, a magistrate of the place, and formerly deputy governor of the colony, in a transport of zeal against superstition, cut the red cross out of the king's colors; and many of the trained bands, who had hitherto followed these colors without objection, caught

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the contagion of Endicott's zeal, and protested that they would follow them no longer, if the cross were permitted to remain.* The riotous and violent conduct of Endicott was universally disapproved, and the colonial authorities punished his misdemeanors, by reprimand and disability for holding office for one year, but they were obliged to compromise the dispute with the protesters among the trained bands, and comply to a certain extent with their remonstrances. They were preparing to call Williams to a judicial reckoning, when Mr. Cotton and other ministers interposed, and desired to be allowed to reason with him, alleging that his violence was prompted rather by a misguided conscience than seditious principles; and that there was hope they might gain, instead of losing, their brother. "You are deceived in that man, if you think he will condescend to learn of any of you," was the prediction of the governor, and the result of the conference proving the justice of it, sentence of banishment from the colony was forthwith pronounced upon Williams. This sentence excited a great uproar in Salem, and was so successfully denounced as persecution, by the adherents of Williams, that the bulk of the inhabitants of the place were preparing to follow him into exile; when an earnest and pious admonition, transmitted to them by Mr. Cotton and the other ministers of Boston, induced them to relinquish their purpose, to acknowledge the justice of the proceeding, and to abandon Williams to his fortunes. He was not, however, abandoned by his more select adherents, whose esteem and affection he had gained in such a degree, that they resolved to incur every hazard, in order to live and die with him. Accompanying him in his exile, they directed their march towards the south, and settling in a place beyond the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, they bought a considerable tract of land of the Indians, and bestowed on their settlement the name of Providence. Had this man encountered the treatment, to which the publication of his peculiar opinions would have exposed him in England, he would probably have been driven to madness. The wiser and kinder treatment he experienced from the Massachusetts' authorities, was productive of happier effects; and Mr. Cotton and his associates were not deceived, in thinking that they should gain their brother. They gained him in a manner indeed less flattering to themselves, than a triumphant issue of the conference would have been,† but much more beneficial to the interests of

* The refusal was to follow the colors so defaced. 'Several trained bands,' is extravagant. 'Several soldiers' in Hubbard, and 'many of the militia' in Hutchinson.

† They gained him, because this 'illiberal, unforbearing, and passionate' man forgave the banishment and other hardships he had suffered, at their hands.

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America. He concurred as we shall see, at a later period, in founding the State of Rhode-Island, and was one of its most eminent benefactors. He lived to an advanced age, and soon throwing off the wild and separating spirit with which his sentiments had been leavened, he regained the friendship and esteem of his ancient fellow-colonists, and preserved a friendly correspondence with Mr. Cotton and others of them till his death. The principles of toleration, which he had formerly discredited, by the rigidness with which he disallowed the slightest difference of opinions between the members of his own communion, he now enforced by exercising that forbearance, by which the differences that distinguish christians are prevented from dividing them, and by cultivating that charity, by which even the sense of these differences is often melted down. The great fundamental principles of christianity, daily acquiring a more exclusive and absolute influence over his mind, he began* to labor for the conversion of the Indians; and in addition to the benefits of which his ministry among them was productive to themselves, he acquired over them an influence, which he rendered highly advantageous to his old associates in Massachusetts, whom he was enabled frequently to warn of conspiracies formed against them by the savages in their vicinity, and communicated to him by the tribes, with whom he retained relation of friendship.'

This account, upon the whole, is neither unfriendly nor grossly unfair. Mr. Grahame has no malice against Williams; he repeats without bitterness, the view of his character, taken by the opposite and the dominant party; and leaves the 'schism' of Williams, as he finds it in the popular authorities. Mr. Bancroft goes differently to work. He perceives in the toleration principle of Williams a jewel, like the great Portuguese diamond, of inestimable value, which had till lately been sadly obscured, under the unsightly exterior and sordid crust of party prejudice and sectarian controversy. Carefully drawing to his aid, the numerous and respectable commentators of the present and the former days, he nevertheless goes to the fountain-heads of authority, and derives his account of Roger Williams from the colony records, from the journal of Governor Winthrop, from the work of John Cotton, and the letters and other writings of Williams himself. From these materials, he has deduced the following noble and delightful sketch:—

* He began this work before his settlement at Salem.

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'While the state was thus connecting, by the closest bonds, the energy of its faith with its form of government, there appeared in its midst, one of those clear minds, which sometimes bless the world, by their power of receiving moral truth in its clearest light, and of reducing the just conclusions of their principles to a happy and consistent practice. In February of the first year of the Colony, but a few months after the arrival of Winthrop, and before either Cotton or Hooker had embarked for New-England, there arrived at Nantasket, after a stormy passage of sixty-six days, 'a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious' gifts. It was Roger Williams. He was then but a little more than thirty years of age; but his mind had already matured a doctrine, which secures him an immortality of fame, as its application has given religious peace to the American world. He was a puritan, and a fugitive from English persecution; but his wrongs had not clouded his accurate understanding. In the capacious recesses of his mind, he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone had arrived at the great principle, which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery, under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence. It would blot from the statute book the crime of nonconformity; would quench the fires, which persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the mussulman, or the altar of the fire-worshipper; against the Jewish synagogue or the Roman cathedral. It is wonderful, with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced these inferences from his great principle, the consistency with which, like Pascal and Edwards, those bold and profound reasoners on other subjects, he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines, and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation. In the unwavering assertion of his views, he never changed his position. The sanctity of conscience was the great tenet, which, with all its consequences, he defended, as he first trod the shores of New-England; and in his extreme old age, it was the last pulsation of his heart. But it placed the young emigrant in direct opposition to the whole system, on which Massachusetts was founded; and gentle and forgiving as was his temper, prompt as he was to concede everything which honesty permit-

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ted, he always asserted his belief, with temperate firmness and unyielding benevolence.

'So soon therefore as Williams arrived in Boston, he found himself among the New-England churches, but not of them. They had not yet renounced the use of force in religion; and he could not, with his entire mind, adhere to churches, which retained the offensive features of English legislation. What then was the commotion in the colony, when it was found that the people of Salem desired to receive him as their teacher! The court of Boston "marvelled" at the precipitate decision, and the people of Salem were required to forbear. Williams withdrew to the settlement at Plymouth, and remained there about two years. But his virtues had won the affections of the church of Salem; and the apostle of intellectual liberty was once more welcomed to their confidence. He remained the object of public jealousy. How mild was his conduct was evident from an example. He had written an essay on the nature of the tenure, by which the colonists held their lands in America; and he had argued, that an English patent could not invalidate the rights of the native inhabitants. The opinion sounded, at first, like treason against the cherished charter of the colony; Williams desired only that the offensive manuscript might be burned; and so effectually explained its purport, that the court applauded his temper, and declared that "the matters were not so evil, as at first they seemed."'

After stating, with candor and impartiality, the controversy between Williams and the magistrates, on the subjects of communion with the Church of England, the laws compelling the attendance of every man at public worship, the right of the government to enact laws to prevent the spread of religious error, and the right and policy of enjoining the Freeman's oath, Mr. Bancroft alludes to the insinuations thrown out against the soundness of Williams's intellect in the following fine strain of remark:—

'The scholar, who is accustomed to the pursuits of abstract philosophy, lives in a world of thought far different from that, by which he is surrounded. The range of his understanding is remote from the paths of common minds, and he is often the victim of the contrast. It is not unusual for the world to reject the voice of truth, because its tones are strange; to declare doctrines unsound, only because they are new; and even to charge obliquity or derangement on the man, who brings forward principles, which the many repudiate. Such has ever been the way of the world; and Socrates, and St. Paul, and Luther and others of the most acute dialecticians, have been ridiculed as driv-

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ellers and madmen. The extraordinary development of one faculty may sometimes injure the balance of the mind, just as the constant exercise of one member of the body injures the beauty of its proportions; or as the exclusive devotedness to one pursuit, politics for instance, or money, brushes away from conduct and character, the agreeable varieties of light and shade. It is a very ancient remark, that folly has its corner in the brain of every wise man; and certain it is that not the poets only, like Tasso, but the clearest minds, like Sir Isaac Newton and Pascal, have been deeply tinged with insanity. Perhaps Williams pursued his sublime principles with too scrupulous minuteness. It was at least natural for Bradford and his contemporaries, while they acknowledged his power as a preacher, to esteem him "unsettled in judgment."'

Notwithstanding the unpopularity of Williams's views, the church of Salem elected him their teacher. This brought on the crisis. The ministers assembled, and declared any one worthy of banishment, who should obstinately assert, that 'the civil magistrate might not intermeddle, even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy.'* To punish the people of Salem, while a course of ecclesiastical discipline was pursued toward Williams and his church, a grant of public land was withheld from the inhabitants of the town. Roused by this act of practical injustice, Williams and his church addressed letters of 'admonition unto all the churches, whereof any of the magistrates were members, that they might admonish the magistrates of their injustice.'

'This last act,' says Mr. Bancroft, 'seemed flagrant treason; and at the next General Court, Salem was disfranchised, till an ample apology for the letter should be made. The town acquiesced in its wrongs and submitted; not an individual remained willing to justify the letter of remonstrance. The church of Williams would not avow his great principle of the sanctity of conscience; even his wife, under a delusive idea of duty, was for a season influenced to disturb the tranquillity of his home, by her reproaches. Williams was left alone, absolutely alone. Anticipating the censures of the colonial churches, he declared himself no longer subjected to their spiritual jurisdiction. "My own voluntary withdrawing from all these churches, resolved to continue in persecuting the witnesses of the Lord, presenting light

* The magistrate, of course, being the judge what apostasy and heresy are. It is painful to see, how promptly our fathers put themselves in the wrong, in the argument against the English hierarchy.

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unto them, I confess it was mine own voluntary act, yea, I hope the act of the Lord Jesus, proclaiming truth, as with the voice of a trumpet.' When summoned to appear before the General Court, he avowed his convictions in the presence of the representatives of the State, "maintained the rocky strength of his grounds," and declared himself "ready to be bound and banished, even to die in New-England," rather than renounce the opinions, which had dawned upon his mind, in the clearness of light. At a time, when Germany was the battle-field for all Europe, in the implacable wars of religion, when even Holland was bleeding with the anger of her vengeful factions, when France was still to go through the fearful struggle with bigotry, when England was gasping under the despotism of intolerance, more than forty years before William Penn became an American proprietary, Roger Williams asserted the great doctrine of intellectual liberty. It became his glory to found a state upon that principle, and to stamp himself upon its rising institutions, in characters so deep, that the impress has remained to the present day, and like the image of Phidias on the shield of Minerva, can never be erased without the total destruction of the work. The principles, which he first sustained amidst the bickerings of a colonial parish, next asserted in the General Court of Massachusetts, and then introduced into the wilds of Narragansett Bay, he soon found occasion to publish to the world, and to defend as the basis of the religious freedom of mankind; as the lark, that pleasant bird of the peaceful summer, "affecting to soar aloft, springs upward from the ground, takes his rise from pale to tree," and at last surmounting the highest hills, utters his clear carols through the skies of morning. He was the first person in modern christendom, to assert, in its plenitude, the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law; and in its defence he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and the superior of Jeremy Taylor. For Taylor limited his toleration to a few christian sects; the philanthropy of Williams compassed the earth. Taylor favored partial reform, commended lenity, argued for forbearance, and entered a special plea in behalf of each tolerable sect; Williams would permit persecution of no opinion, of no religion; leaving heresy unharmed by law, and orthodoxy unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes. Taylor still clung to the necessity of positive regulations, enforcing religion and eradicating error. He resembled the poets, who in their folly first declare their hero invulnerable, and then clothe him with earthly armor. Williams was willing to leave truth alone in her own panoply of light, believing that if in the ancient feud of truth and error, the employment of force could be entirely abrogated, truth would have much the best of the bargain. It is the custom of

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mankind to award high honors to the successful inquirer into the laws of nature, to those who advance the bounds of human knowledge. We praise the man who first analyzed the air, or resolved water into its elements, or drew the lightning from the clouds; though the condition of physical investigations may have ripened the public mind, at the time, for the advancement in science. A moral principle has a much wider and nearer influence on human happiness; nor can any discovery of truth be of more direct benefit to society, than that which establishes a perpetual religious peace, and spreads tranquillity through every community, and every bosom. If Copernicus is held in perpetual reverence, because, on his death-bed, he published to the world, that the sun is the centre of our system; if the name of Kepler is preserved in the annals of human excellence, for his sagacity in detecting the laws of the planetary motion; if the genius of Newton has been almost adored for dissecting a ray of light and weighing heavenly bodies as in a balance, let there be for the name of Roger Williams, at least, some humble place, among those, who have advanced moral science and made themselves the benefactors of mankind.'

Roger Williams was banished, but not by a large majority of votes, in the General Court. The *gravamen* of his crime, was, that his doctrine, touching the illegality of the Freeman's oath, threatened to 'subvert the fundamental state and government of the country.' The punishment thus decreed was attended with sufferings, which cannot be supposed to have entered into the contemplation of those, who pronounced the sentence.

'Winter was at hand. Williams succeeded in obtaining permission to remain till spring, intending then to begin a plantation in Narragansett Bay. But the affections of the people of Salem revived and could not be restrained. They thronged to his house to hear him, whom they were so soon to lose forever. It began to be rumored, that he could not safely be allowed to found a new state in the vicinity. The people were "many of them much taken, with the apprehension of his godliness;" there was evident danger that his opinions would prove contagious; that the infection would spread widely. It was therefore resolved to remove him to England, in a ship that was just ready to sail. A warrant was accordingly sent to him to come to Boston and embark. For the first time, he declined the summons of the court. A pinnace was sent for him; the officers repaired to his house; he was no longer there. Three days before he had left Salem, in winter snow, and inclement weather, of which he remembered the se-

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verity, even in his late old age. "For fourteen weeks he was sorely tost in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean." Often in the stormy night, he had neither fire, nor food, nor company; often he wandered without a guide and had no house, but a hollow tree. But he was not without friends. The same scrupulous respect for the rights of others, which led him to defend the freedom of conscience, had made him also the champion of the Indians. He had already been zealous to acquire their language; and knew it so well, that he could debate with them in their own dialect. During his residence at Plymouth, he had often been the guest of the neighboring sachems; and now when he came in winter to the cabinet of the chief of Pokanoket, he was welcomed by Massassoit, and the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him as his son to the last gasp. "The ravens," he relates with gratitude, "fed me in the wilderness." And in requital for their hospitality, he was ever, through his long life, their friend and benefactor; the apostle of christianity to them without hire, without weariness, and without impatience at their idolatry; the guardian of their rights; the pacificator when their rude passions were inflamed; and their unflinching advocate and protector, whenever Europeans attempted an invasion of their rights.

'He first pitched and began to build and plant at Seekonk. But Seekonk was found to be within the patent of Plymouth. On the other side of the water, the country opened in its unappropriated beauty; and there he might hope to establish a community, as free as the other colonies.

'It was in June, that the lawgiver of Rhode-Island, with five companions, embarked on the stream. A frail Indian canoe contained the founder of an independent state and its earliest citizens. Tradition has marked the spring near which they landed; it is the parent spot, the first inhabited nook of Rhode-Island. To express his unbroken confidence in the mercies of God, Williams called the place PROVIDENCE. "I desired," said he, "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

'In his new abode, Williams could have less leisure than ever for contemplation and study. "My time," he observes of himself, and it is a sufficient apology for the roughness of his style, as a writer on morals, "was not spent altogether in spiritual labors; but day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe, at the oar, for bread." In the course of two years he was joined by others, who fled to his asylum. The land, which was now occupied by Williams, was within the territory of the Narragansett Indians. It was not long, before an Indian deed from Canonicus and Miantonimoh made him the undisputed possessor of an extensive domain. Nothing displays more clearly

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the character of Roger Williams, than the use which he made of his acquisition of territory. The soil he could claim as his "own, as truly as any man's coat upon his back;" and he "reserved to himself not one foot of land, not one tittle of political power, more than he granted to servants and strangers." "He gave away his lands and other estate to them, that he thought were most in want, until he gave away all." He chose to found a commonwealth in the unmixed forms of a pure democracy, where the will of the majority should govern the state. Yet "only in civil things." God alone was respected as the ruler of conscience. To their more aristocratic neighbors, it seemed "as if these fugitives would have no magistrates," for every thing was as yet decided in the convention of the people. This first system has had its influence on the whole political history of Rhode-Island. In no state in the world, not even in the agricultural state of Vermont, has the magistracy so little power or the representatives of the people so much. The annals of Rhode-Island, if written in the spirit of philosophy, would exhibit the forms of society under a peculiar aspect. Had the territory of the state corresponded in size to the importance and singularity of the principles of its early existence, the world would have been filled with wonder at the phenomena of its history.

'The most touching trait, in the character of the founder of Rhode-Island, was his conduct toward his persecutors. Though keenly sensitive to the hardships, which he had endured, he was far from harboring feelings of revenge, toward those who had banished him, and only regretted their delusion, "I did ever from my soul honor and love them, even when their judgment led them to afflict me." In all his writings on the subject, he attacked the spirit of intolerance, the doctrine of persecution, and never his persecutors or the colony of Massachusetts. Indeed, we shall presently behold him requite their severity, by exposing his life at their request and for their benefit. It is not strange, then, "if many hearts were touched with relentings. That great and pious soul, Mr. Winslow, melted and kindly visited me at Providence," said the exile, "and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife, for our supply." The founder, the legislator, the proprietor of Rhode-Island owed a shelter to the hospitality of an Indian chief, and his wife the means of sustenance to the charity of a stranger. The half-wise Cotton Mather concedes, that many judicious persons confessed him to have the root of the matter in him; and his nearer friends, the immediate witnesses of his actions, declared him from "the whole course and tenor of his life and conduct, to have been one of the most disinterested men that ever lived, a most pious and heavenly-minded soul."

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We have made this long extract, because it is proper that we should give our readers a fair specimen of Mr. Bancroft's work, and they could not have one fairer. It exhibits the merits, the strength, the beauty, the peculiarities, if you please the defects of his style. In the latter we count a little diffuseness, of a character rather too ambitious for a work of this kind, and an occasional want of precision in the use of language. But these are trifles, many times redeemed by the patient research, the accurate investigation, the philosophical spirit, the various illustrative learning, the fire and life which characterize his pages; and which denote a powerful mind, exercised on a noble theme, kindling with its importance, excited by its interest, embracing it with a generous enthusiasm. Nothing else will enable the historian fully to perform his duty. Look at Gibbon, going about his Herculean task and with a giant's strength, as it is said, originally for the purpose, to which the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters are devoted. What an object for a History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire! What a motive for a man of the requisite strength of mind and conscious power, and about to unroll that august and significant record! What an object for a man about to call up from their imperial tombs, not the eight shadows of the dramatic vision, but the long line of the Cæsars! The result accords with the motive. The edifice is worthy of the spirit, in which it was planned, and the talent with which it was executed. It is spacious, magnificent, cold, and cheerless. You pace through its resounding halls, sad and unsatisfied with their splendors. You are fatigued with the soulless beauty of the history; exhausted with its everlasting dreary learning; and rise from the perusal of the twelve admirable volumes, without having experienced one thrill of virtuous excitement.

Is it said, that if the historian be in love with his theme, he will run into extravagance? Let it be remembered, that we would chasten this love with a sound philosophy, with a spirit of research, with a store of learning, and with a fund of common sense. Fortified with these, let the historian be extravagant; he ought to be extravagant. But do not, gentle reader, hastily cavil at the word. We know what we say. We do not mean, that he should indulge in conscious extravagance, that he should deliberately overstate, or wilfully suppress, or knowingly misrepresent. To do this, scarcely excusable in historical romance, is altogether incompatible with the probity of the his-

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torian. The man, who cannot singly and conscientiously, with his whole heart, make his oblation on the altar of truth, is no historian. He does not know what history means. He is not prepared to engage in its first labors, its lowest drudgery, if any thing pertaining to truth can be called drudgery. No: it is nothing but a religious, a superstitious reverence for the truth, which will give a man courage to steer his way through conflicting statements, to select, to condense, and to generalize; which yet he must do, or instead of writing volumes of well digested and tasteful history, to be read and studied, he will write volumes of chronicles, to be preyed upon by worms. He only who loves, who idolizes truth, can discriminate and compare truth. The extravagance which we plead for is that of the sound, the well-balanced, the well-instructed, and conscientious mind, warmed and exalted by love of its theme. It is the extravagance, which runs through all the great and generous works of Providence and man; which creates food in the pathless wilderness, a million fold beyond the wants of all the tenants of the air, the forest, or the sod, who are to be nourished by it; it is the extravagance of affection, which sees beauties in the blemishes of a loved object; the extravagance of kindred blood, which leads the tender mother to love the very infirmities of her frail child. This extravagance, or enthusiasm, if it ended here, would of course be a weakness; but with the qualifications already stated, guided by judgment, checked by a sound philosophy and an intelligent criticism, taught by patient study, it is an indispensable ingredient in the historian's character.

It leads to no error; it supplies in the narrative the want of life in the personages, and reality in the events. It gives animation and glow to the silent page; and brings it somewhat nearer, in its effect upon the mind and heart, to the actual thing described. For after all, the page of history is the dead letter. Describe as accurately as you will, — narrate facts. — pourtray characters, — sketch scenery, — and how far inferior is the impression made upon the mind to that produced by actual presence and inspiration; — to the seeing of the eye and the hearing of the ear. To fill up this mighty interval between the two kinds of impression is the province of the master; so to narrate the fact, as to make you the witnesses of the occurrence; so to describe the spot, as to spread out its map before the imagination; so to picture the acting spirits, as to make

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them rise up, living and sentient, and repeat their ancient exploits in your presence. This cannot be done by a timid adherence to what is erroneously called truth; — erroneously, because that representation cannot be true, which inadequately and imperfectly reproduces the original. But as the sculptor gives to his hero a form of something more than mortal dimensions; as the painter suffuses the cheek with a glow above life; and smooths away the furrows, which care, or disease, or age has ploughed in the manly countenance, so the historian, kindling with the same passion for his subject, and aiming by his still nobler art, to awaken the illustrious dead into an immortality of fame, must so describe them, as to produce as nearly as possible on the reader's mind, the effect of an actual presence.

These remarks, it is true, do not apply equally to all history. The history of the present times is best written by the severe and ample accumulation of facts. Posterity wants materials; will make its own selection; and will generalize, according to its tastes, its wants. The history of the past is like the view, which presents itself to the voyager, on board the vessel, which is bearing him from the shore. At first, and while he is yet in the harbor, he beholds the streets, the houses, the men. They wave their hands to him, as he glides away; he is on the water, they on the land, but he does not yet feel himself departed from them. So our contemporaries in life and action have some of them disappeared; they are motionless, — gone; but their memory is fresh. We have not yet acted out the scene we began with them. We cannot realize that they have left us, nor can we describe what has been done, without repeating their names as often as those of the survivors. The vessel recedes; — the moving men dwindle to the eye; the streets run together; the steeples sink into the clouds; but a bold outline remains. There is the vast extent of brick, — the cloud of smoke above it reveals the city, — there are the mountains, — the silver thread between is the river on which a few hours ago, you fled before the breeze; in a moment these too fade away, and a long dark wreath settles in the horizon. The history of our own times relates individual occurrences, anecdotes, personal character, *secret history* as it is called. We follow the revolutions which have shaken empires, back to the passions of a minister, the caprices of a favorite. The picture of the day con-

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tains a place for the events of each hour. A little time elapses, and these first causes are lost, except where accident has preserved them; — important facts, never committed to writing, perish with those, whose memory was their sole depository; — of many events the secret history is forever lost. But larger sequences of action, — general results, — with a few prominent individuals, famous battles, and mighty revolutions; — the effect of a thousand remembered and tens of thousands of forgotten causes, — remain. A century elapses; and many of these individual incidents and characters sink in importance, in the succession of others not less important. Battles as momentous as that of Blenheim have been fought in abundance; — treaties as important as that of Utrecht have been concluded; and what filled the entire imagination of the contemporary world, fills two or three lines in a general history of the times. But the Reformation, the Discovery of America; these are like mighty heaven-piercing mountains, which yet fill the back-ground of our horizon. But go back eighteen or twenty centuries. Describe the history, — the human history of the propagation of christianity. An octavo volume would more than contain all that is certainly known of the first hundred years. Gibbon has compressed all, that the general reader wishes to know of the history of the Roman law, into one chapter. It is not certain whether the laws of the twelve tables were formed at home or imported from Greece. Carthage, the great rival of Rome, — *stat magni nominis umbra;* and in Rome herself, it is not possible, with any degree of satisfaction, to make out the constitution of that immortal Senate, which built up the city, from a little town on the Tiber to be the mistress of the world. As to the early periods of the Roman State, — the patriotism of the first Brutus, the policy of Servius Tullius, the legislative wisdom of Numa, the conduct and valor of the great Founder himself, what they all are, weighed in the golden scales of a philosophical criticism, will appear to him, who has studied the profound, but merciless pages of Niebuhr. And if these familiar events are torn from the grasp of authentic history; — these names and exploits canonized in the rubric of patriotism and fame; — what shall we say of the *Italia avanti i Romani*, of the dark and austere generations, that preceded the Romans, and gave them their religious rites, their priesthood and aruspicy, and all the divinities of their sombre pantheon, their grand and massy architec-

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ture, the arch itself; — in a word the mighty Etruscan race, which seems, as it were, by some incomprehensible fatality, to have been blighted and paralyzed, in the very noon-day of its progress, and to have sunk with its language, its arts, its institutions, and its power, into a strange, premature, and mysterious ruin? The literature of Greece carries her authentic history back a little farther, — and but a little, than that of Rome. We soon reach its somewhat shadowy boundary, and then four or five great military (or predatory) expeditions and enterprises of colonization, are all that we can find, to fill up a period of a thousand years; and these belonging not so much to an historic, as to an heroic, not to say a fabulous age. One more step and we are caught up from the firm ground. We no longer deal with the actions of men; but with man himself. The identity of the race is called in question. It passes over into giants, centaurs, satyrs, fauns, nymphs, and gods. Heaven and earth approach each other; deities are driven from their thrones; heroes ascend to Olympus; — destiny is mixed up with life; — false miracles with actions; and it is the duty of the profane historian, out of this mass of fictions, fables, and idealizations, to deduce, in a few broad outlines, the progress of the nations from the cradle of their being in central Asia, where they are left by the sacred record, till the dawn of authentic tradition rises upon them, in the various regions of their dispersion.

From time to time, letters flourish in some favored spot, and every branch of knowledge, — and among others, the historical, — is cultivated. The annals of the past are then searched out and recorded, by gifted minds; either of the world at large, or of great periods of its duration, or of great states and confederacies, or of single countries. The power and skill of the historian will often decide from that time forward, how much shall be familiarly read and known of the people he describes. If his work is successfully composed, it will go down to after times, taking the place of the mass of contemporary and occasional pamphlets, and superseding ponderous tomes of more learned antiquarian collections. Strike Livy, and Plutarch, and Dionysius, and a few of the epitomizers out of existence, and all we should know of the early history of Rome, might be printed on a single page of a newspaper.

This consideration alone is sufficient to show how momentous and responsible is the task of him, who takes in hand

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to write the history of his country. Mr. Bancroft appears to have engaged in it, with a suitable impression of the importance of his office. 'I have formed,' says he, in his dignified and elegantly written preface,

'the design of writing the history of the United States, from the discovery of the American continent to the present time. As the moment arrives for publishing a portion of the work, I am impressed more strongly than ever, with a sense of the grandeur and vastness of the subject; and am ready to charge myself with presumption for venturing on so bold an enterprise. I can find for myself no excuse, but in the sincerity with which I have sought to collect truth from trust-worthy documents and testimony.'

A just conclusion from weighty premises! It is a great and vast, — a responsible and momentous enterprise. If performed as Mr. Bancroft is able to perform it; if carried on and completed as it is commenced; if the same patience of research; the same impartiality and love of truth; the same discrimination; the same sagacity in unfolding the true nature of disputed matters; the same fertility of illustration; the same rightness of moral feeling; the same vigor, sprightliness, and beauty of diction, which appear in this first volume, shall equally characterize those which succeed, the history of the United States will probably, in this form, not be written again; at least not till after the lapse of ages and great revolutions of states, manners, and languages, — the decline of much that is now grand and fair, the disappearance of much that is now in existence, the rise and growth of governments and races with their institutions and languages, as yet unconceived of, — and when the two centuries for which our republic has been in existence shall have shrunk to the same span, as the two centuries from the establishment of annual archons at Athens to the battle of Marathon. Should this anticipation be realized of the rank, which Mr. Bancroft's work will take in American history, it may be considered in the nature of the last appeal of its subject-matters to the justice of the world. The first settlers of the North American states, the founders of our institutions, catholic, cavalier, or puritan, — the discoverers and the explorers, — classes of men and individuals, — lights of church and of state, — persecuted sects, — generous but heart-broken adventurers, — will many of them appear to the latest posterity, to foreign nations, to the general reader of our history to the end of time, as they are represented in these pages.

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The example of Roger Williams, already cited, proves the truth of our remark. We do not claim for Mr. Bancroft the undivided credit of having dragged up his bright and worthy name, from the mud and rubbish of sectarian controversy, in which it had long been trampled and buried. Dr. Bentley had formed a true conception of his character; so had Dr. John Eliot in his New-England Biographical Dictionary, and Mr. Savage in his Notes to Winthrop, and Mr. Upham in his most excellent Centennial Lecture, and especially Mr. Knowles, in his highly respectable Biography of Roger Williams. And yet see how inadequate a notion of his character had been conceived by Mr. Grahame, with all the original sources and half the recent comments at his command. Henceforward, as no man can well undertake to write on the history of the United States, without the work of Mr. Bancroft before him, he must either accept the delineation of Roger Williams therein contained, or show that it is erroneous. With the suffrages of the best writers on the subject in its favor, it is not likely that its accuracy will be disputed; while its fullness and eloquence leave nothing to be desired, either in the way of detail or illustration.

We do not go into an analysis of Mr. Bancroft's work. This has been done, in a highly satisfactory manner, in the last number of the American Quarterly Review. Nor is it necessary, for our purpose, to engage more at large in the discussion of particular topics. Our readers may be assured, that from beginning to end, they will find it full of interest; and the best instructed student of our history may read it with profit. Many considerable errors in the popular accounts are corrected; new and original views of familiar subjects are presented, and every prominent topic is illustrated with animation and power. We might refer to the adventures of the settlers at Plymouth, to the expedition to Florida, to the description of the colonial life in Virginia, to Hooker's emigration to the banks of the Connecticut, to the account of the Antinomian controversy, of the persecution of the Quakers, to the remarks on the insurrection in Scotland, to the general character of Puritanism; — as specimens of the work, justifying, in various ways, all that we have said in its commendation.

We rejoice at the favorable reception, which Mr. Bancroft's first volume has met. It is well deserved, and should encourage him to persevere. Topics of stirring interest and

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the highest argument await him in the progress of the story. The character and fortunes of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent; the history of the Dutch in New York; the character and labors of William Penn; the early struggles with the Canadian French; the political conflicts with the mother country, are noble chapters, which remain, even in the seventeenth century. The interest of the narrative will be amply sustained, in the curiosity of its incidents and the gravity of its discussions. It will deserve the continuance of Mr. Bancroft's laborious researches and conscientious and well weighed reflections, and it will amply reward him. If he pursue the work as he has begun it, he will, at the conclusion, stand in a position toward the American people, which the most gifted and successful may envy; and one as far beyond the prizes of an ordinary ambition, as the voice of that fame which can never die, is beyond the breath of party favor. The work is vast, but not too great to be performed; it is not beyond the compass of resolute, persevering, and well directed effort, which in itself does honor to man. The perseverance even of an humble capacity, in a good cause, is a spectacle to command approbation, though sometimes not wholly unproductive of saddening emotions; but the high-hearted and indefatigable perseverance of a gifted mind, devoted to worthy ends, and inspired by pure principle, presents no mean image of that superior power, whose duration is as boundless as its intensity.

ART. VII.—*Rae's Political Economy.*

Statement of some new Principles on the Subject of Political Economy, exposing the Fallacies of the System of Free Trade, and of some other Doctrines maintained in the Wealth of Nations. By JOHN RAE. 8vo. Boston. 1834.

THE author of the work before us is a native of Scotland, who has been for some years past a resident in Canada. He states in the preface, that he has long been engaged in a series of inquiries into the circumstances that determine the condition of men as existing in society, and occasion the varieties in

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their moral and political institutions. He had commenced these researches in Europe, and has pursued them though under less advantages since his arrival on this continent. In the course of his studies, he was naturally led to consult the work of Adam Smith, and to examine the correctness of his theories, on the causes of national wealth. The result of this examination was a conviction of the unsoundness of some of these doctrines, and particularly that which is popularly called the System of Free Trade. Having arrived at these conclusions, Dr. Rae was induced to suspend for a time the prosecution of his larger work, in order to develope in a separate one, the particular subject to which we have alluded. The result is the production now before us. The author intended originally to have published it in England, but considering that the recent discussions of the subject in this country, in connexion with our revenue laws, had, in some degree, prepared the public mind for an examination of it in a more deliberate form, he changed his purpose, and concluded to submit his labors in the first instance to the judgment of the American reader.

The work is evidently the production of an original thinker, and embodies the results of much reflection, and an extensive course of reading. It was not written for the mere purpose of making a book, but contains the real opinions of a zealous and honest inquirer after truth, expressed throughout in pure, correct, and at times eloquent language. Possessing this character, the work will be read with attention by those who feel an interest in the subject, whatever judgment they may form of the author's peculiar theories. These, however, are likely to be well received in this country, since they coincide in general with the views that have become of late extensively popular among us, and have been adopted, under the name of the *American System*, as the basis of the economical policy of the government. In fact, the title of *New Principles*, which Dr. Rae has given to them, is perhaps more appropriate to the state of public opinion in England, than in this country, where substantially the same ideas have been so often stated in speeches, reports, reviews and newspaper essays, that they have become in some degree familiar, although they have not yet been embodied among us in any single work of sufficient compass and authority to serve as a text book. Such a work is very much wanted. It is somewhat doubtful whether the one before us will entirely answer the purpose. It will, how-

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ever, be viewed, we think, as a valuable contribution to the stock of knowledge upon the highly important subject of which it treats.

The leading ideas in the system of Adam Smith are, as our readers are aware, that the wealth or capital belonging at any moment to any particular community, can only be increased by the accumulation of a part of the revenue; that the reward of labor, under all the modes of applying it, being in general the same, there is nothing gained in the way of revenue by the transfer of a portion of the capital from one kind of employment to another, and consequently, that if such transfer be effected by means in themselves burdensome, as for example taxation, the general result of the operation is injurious and not beneficial. Since then the interference of the legislator, for the purpose of changing the direction of the labor of the people, even when effectual, is necessarily injurious, it is of course better that the individual should be left in this respect entirely to himself.

In the system of Dr. Rae, the leading idea is, that the principal means of increasing the wealth of the community is the improvement of the methods of applying labor, either by original discovery or by borrowing those in use in other countries. A transfer of capital from one employment to another, for the purpose of introducing such improvements, even though attended with temporary loss, would be in the end beneficial. If then the government, by a judicious exercise of the power of taxation, can change the direction of labor in such a way, as to introduce or naturalize new and improved methods of applying it, though the means employed be in itself burdensome, the general result is beneficial to the community.

In the first book, which is of a preliminary character, Dr. Rae states the points of difference between Dr. Smith and himself, substantially as we have here recapitulated them, and takes a general and rather superficial survey of the whole argument. In the second book, which occupies the greater part of the work, he developes at length, and with the aid of copious illustrations from history, the idea, that the great agent in the augmentation of wealth is the improvement of the methods of applying labor, and that the economical situation of communities is chiefly determined by the extent, to which the exercise of the inventive faculty is called forth and encouraged by the circumstances of their political and social constitutions. In the

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third book, which is comparatively short and scanty, our author considers, in a concise form, one or two questions relating to the manner in which the government ought to exercise the power of taxation, with a view to the encouragement of domestic industry.

As to the question, whether the wealth of nations is increased mainly by accumulation or by the improvement of the methods of applying labor, upon which our author appears to suppose that he is at issue with Adam Smith, and to which he attaches great importance throughout the work, — we incline to think that the difference between them, on a fair comparison of ideas, would not be very great. Smith regards the improvement of the methods of applying labor as the only means of rendering it more productive, while our author would readily admit that no improvement of this kind could ever increase the actual wealth or capital, whether of an individual or a community, excepting so far as a portion of the increased amount of products might be accumulated. If, in consequence of some improvement, the productiveness of the labor of a community be doubled, the amount of its annual produce will of course be twice as great as it was before: but if the consumption increase in the same proportion, it is obvious that the wealth or capital of the community will be exactly the same at the year's end as it was at the beginning. On these points there can be no difference of opinion. The larger and more important part of our author's work, in which he illustrates the influence of the social and political condition of communities upon the productiveness of their labor, is not therefore, as we conceive, materially at variance with the principles of Smith. The precise point of difference, as far as there is any between him and our author, relates to the question, whether the government can, with advantage to the community, concur in the way of legislation in promoting improvements or introducing them from abroad. This question is treated in a very satisfactory manner in the latter part of the first book. The argument in favor of the policy of protection as stated by our author is, as we have remarked, substantially the same which has been so often presented to the American public in the form of reports, speeches, and newspaper essays, that it has now become familiar, not to say trite. It is summed up with neatness and precision in the following passage.

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'A certain country has the acquired advantage over another of possessing the knowledge of a particular art, which this other wants. The latter, therefore, imports from the former all the goods, the product of that art, which it has occasion for. As it has to pay for these goods, it luckily happens that it, on its side, has also acquired advantages in possessing the knowledge of another art, which the former wants, and the commodities produced by which it has occasion for. In this way, the one sort of goods pays for the other. The natural and acquired advantages of these two countries are either similar or equivalent. That is, their soil, climate, convenience of situation for trade, and their knowledge of other arts, though not exactly the same, are on the whole equally balanced, their population and capital are equal. In short, they as much resemble two neighboring artificers, according to the comparison of our author, exercising different trades, as extensive communities inhabiting separate countries well can resemble single workmen whose dwellings are contiguous. The peculiar manufacture of the one nation is hats, of the other silk goods. The silk goods which the one annually consumes costs it £2,000,000; the hats which the other consumes, the same sum. Of these sums 25 per cent. is made up of transport, including in the term, not the mere freight, but the whole charges paid for internal transport, for warehousing, and for the profits of the different capitals, and wages of the various individuals concerned in collecting the commodities in the one country, carrying them to, and distributing them over the other. Thus the annual sum which these commodities cost each country, over and above the expense of producing them, is £400,000. In this situation things have long remained, and must continue to remain, unless altered by some change in the policy, or great revolution in the affairs of the two countries. "It being only for the sake of profit that any man employs a capital in the support of industry," and from the acquired advantages which each country enjoys over the other in the production of its peculiar manufacture, it being impossible for any projector to manufacture hats, in the country where hats have not hitherto been made, or silks, in the country where silks have not hitherto been made, but at an outlay of more than 25 per cent. over what they cost in the country where these respective manufactures are established, no such project will be entered on. The legislators of the two countries have hitherto agreed with our author, that, as it is the maxim of every prudent master of a family, never to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy; what is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom; and that, whether the advantages which one country has over another be

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natural or acquired, is of no consequence, it being an acquired advantage only, which one artificer has over his neighbor, who exercises another trade, though they both find it for their advantage, rather to buy of one another, than to make what does not belong to their peculiar trade. Acting on these principles, they have thought it improper to make any alteration in the system.

'About this time however a change takes place in their opinions, and they begin to think, that as, though it would not be very prudent in the tailor, that he might have his shoes made in his own workshop instead of his neighbor's, to set about making them himself, or the shoemaker, for the same reason, to set about making his own coat, yet, if there were a town in which there were no shoemakers, but more than enough of tailors, and another, a dozen miles off, in which there were no tailors, but more than enough of shoemakers, it would be a beneficial change for some of the tailors to remove to the one town, and some of the shoemakers to the other, that the inhabitants of both might have the articles fabricated by these different sorts of tradesmen, made at home, that is, within their respective towns, — so, two countries, of which the one made no hats, and the other no silk goods, might mutually benefit by the introduction of the manufacture in which each was deficient, the inhabitants of each in like manner as the inhabitants of each town, having that provided at home, which they must otherwise go abroad for, and thus being saved like them, the expense and inconvenience of transportation.

'Though such a change, in either case, could not be brought about without expense, and though "its immediate effect would therefore be to diminish the revenue of the society," yet as after a certain time, it would be likely that the new manufacture would be made at home in each case "as cheap or cheaper than abroad," its ultimate effect would be, more than proportionably, to increase the revenues of both towns and both countries.

'Acting on these new views, the legislators of both countries, about the same time, commence encouraging the manufactures in which their respective countries are deficient; and, by means of a system of premiums, bounties, and duties, on the detail of which it is unnecessary to enter, in the course of years, succeed so far, that silk goods come actually to be fabricated in the country where no silk goods were manufactured, as cheaply as where they were exclusively manufactured, and hats to be made, where no hats were made, as cheaply as where hats were exclusively made. Part of the capital and industry which went in the one case to the manufacture of hats, goes to manufacture silk goods, and, in the other case, part of the capital and industry which went to manufacture silk goods, goes to manufacture hats. Both countries produce that at home, which they before imported

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from abroad, and are therefore saved the expense attending that importation.

'Completely to effect this change requires an outlay, in both cases, of £1,000,000. Being effected however, it of course saves each country the expense of transport, which, at 25 per cent. on the imported goods, makes an annual saving of its expenditure, and increase therefore of its revenue, of £400,000, so that, in two or three years time, the sum expended is repaid, and each community supplied with a new fund to furnish additional comforts to its members, or to add to their capital. According to our author's tenets, this proceeding of both legislators, although admitted to be practicable, is yet held to be necessarily, and in its very nature, injurious.'

These conclusions are too obvious to be contested, and settle the question in favor of the protecting policy even on the simple view of it which is here taken by our author. The bearing of a policy of this description on the population of a community and on its wealth, as connected with the amount of its population, is perhaps even more important, and furnishes a still more conclusive argument in favor of the protecting system. A purely agricultural community, if at all civilized, must export a large proportion of its products in exchange for manufactures. If the manufactures be naturalized, the amount of agricultural labor and of wealth produced by the community is in no way diminished, while the population is augmented by the whole number of persons employed in manufactures, and the wealth of the community by the wealth resulting from their labor. A judicious protecting policy, therefore, not only increases the wealth of a community, by rendering labor more productive, but as far as it introduces manufactures into an agricultural country, increases in the same proportion the amount of labor, and with it all the political and economical resources of the community. This is the form, in which the advantages of the protecting policy have been and will be chiefly felt in New-England. It makes up to us the want of a fine climate and a fertile soil, and enables us to support at home the population which, ever since the settlement of the country, has been constantly drained off by emigration to the South and West. This view of the subject is not adverted to by our author. He professedly omits in fact throughout the work, the consideration of the important topic of population, although he appears, from some incidental remarks, to have adopted the

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theory of Malthus. It is not to be disguised, that the omission of this topic is injurious to the completeness of our author's system, and that the view of it to which he appears to incline is directly at variance with his own conclusions, in regard to the influence of the social and political condition of individuals, and consequently of communities, upon their wealth. If the economical condition of individuals, and consequently of communities, is determined, as Malthus would have us believe, by a natural and necessary inequality every where existing between the demand for, and the supply of the means of subsistence, it follows of course that the varieties in the social and political condition of communities, to which alone our author (as we think very correctly,) attributes the varieties in their economical condition, must be in this respect of very little consequence.

Having stated in the first book, the differences between himself and Smith, respecting the origin of the wealth of nations, and discussed the question, whether the government can with advantage lend its aid in the introduction of improvements in the modes of applying labor, our author takes up in the second, comprehending by far the largest and most elaborate portion of the work, the more general topic of the influence of the social and political condition of communities upon their economical well-being. His conclusions on this subject are not, as we conceive, materially at variance with any of the principles of Smith, nor have they any necessary connexion with the inquiry into the expediency of the protecting policy. The topic is one which is not formally discussed in the Wealth of Nations, and belongs in fact to politics or political philosophy rather than to political economy, according to the usual acceptation of the phrase. But to whatever science it may be considered as properly belonging, it is at all events one of the highest importance, and of the most interesting character. Our author's leading principle is, as we have already remarked, that the economical condition of communities is regulated, in a great measure, by their social and political institutions. In developing this idea, he has exhibited great ingenuity, extensive reading, and a remarkable power of style, with no other prominent fault, than one, which is itself an evidence of high intellectual ability, a tendency to excessive refinement and abstraction. For the purpose of giving the greatest possible precision to his language, he begins by adopting a new nomencla-

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ture, in which the products of labor are denominated *instruments*, intended for the satisfaction of human wants. These *instruments* are then classed into *orders*, according to the periods of time, during which they respectively last. The community which with equal natural advantages habitually produces the largest number of *instruments* belonging to the most slowly returning orders, or in the common language, which exercises the greatest amount of economy and intelligence in the disposition of the products of its labor, will be the wealthiest. The connexion between the intelligence and economy of the community on the one hand, and the nature of the political and social institutions on the other, is sufficiently apparent. It is illustrated in the work before us, by rapid sketches of the state of society among the North American Indians, the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus, the Romans and the Chinese. As a specimen of the boldness and vigor that distinguish these sketches, we extract a passage which describes the occupation of the territory of the Roman Empire by the northern barbarian.

'In the times of the Cæsars, Europe was divided, by an irregular line running east and west, into two great parts, the one occupied by the barbarians, the other by the Empire. To the northward of this line, were many rude nations, strong in the mental and corporeal energies of the individuals composing them, and in the willingness of each to devote his abilities to objects conducive to the good of all, but whose strength was largely expended in furious intestine wars. These contests, destructive as they were, did not, however, occasion any progressive diminution of the vigor of the whole body; it was only the surplus powers of the parts that thus ran to waste. The strength of the people of the empire was, on the contrary, derived from their union in one great body, and the power thence resulting of the energies of the whole being directed to any particular point. But this union, as it had been produced by compulsion, augured weakness in the several parts, and was the cause of weakness. What each contributed to the common good was not of will, but from necessity, and, in the strife thus arising, every man learned to consider his own good as separate from that of all others. Hence a continually increasing separation of interests, and consequent continual decrease of power and general decline. The gradually increasing weakness of the empire, while the strength of the nations to the northward, if not augmenting, remained at least unimpaired, rendered the arrival of a period when the former should be over-

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powered by the latter inevitable. These barbarians believed, that the riches of the earth belonged, of right, to the best; according to their creed, the bravest. Their most powerful and warlike tribes, therefore, possessing themselves of the more fertile regions, those bordering on the line dividing them from the empire, pressed violently against it, and, opposed by a force continually diminishing, at length burst through it.

'Three great events, each leading on the other, would seem to have been the necessary consequence of this revolution. Of these, the first was the occupation of the whole continent by the barbarians, and the driving back the still onward-urging host of their brethren; the adoption by them of the arts which had previously flourished in the empire, and their becoming an agricultural people, was the second; and their running the chance of being in turn overpowered by the northern warriors, the third. Until the arrival of the first period, when the continent, having been completely overrun and ravaged by the barbarian multitude, had assumed a form closely approximating to that of the territories they had formerly occupied, there could be no approach to rest, but the tide must still advance. When the receptacle vacant for its reception was once completely filled, the mighty mass had to recoil on itself. The battle of Chalons fixes this period. Europe, with the exception of the corner occupied by the Eastern Empire, and which belonged rather to Asia than to it, seems then to have been nearly reduced to the state of one immense cattle-pasture. But the impetus that had been given still continued, and new hosts crowded on to share that, of which the last fragments had been divided. The reflux then of necessity took place. The hosts of the west and the south, under Theodoric and Etius, met those of the east and the north, under Attila, on the plains of Champagne. The vastness of the masses and the violence of the shock are shown by the destruction produced; the accounts of the period rating the slaughter variously at from one hundred and sixty thousand to three hundred thousand.

'From this period the great body, neither much advancing nor receding,' was agitated chiefly by fierce internal commotions. The time when their violence terminated marks the second period, when the general prevalence of agriculture, lessening the number of warriors, diminished the extent and frequency of wars. The knowledge of the elements of it, and of the other arts, diffused throughout the various multitude that now peopled the continent, could not forever lie dormant. It has been already observed, that the strength of their effective desire of accumulation had been such, as to produce a tendency among them to give greater capacity even to the materials of which they had the command in the northern regions, though at the expense of chang-

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ing them into instruments of somewhat slower return, by converting their lands from pasture to tillage. This tendency became inevitably stronger, as they advanced into more fertile soils and milder climates. The revolution itself took place gradually. The exact date of the preponderance of the one condition over the other, cannot, perhaps, be determined but by the effects produced by its arrival. It is only in the state of hunters, or shepherds, that nation can literally go to war with nation. In the agricultural state, it is not the men of the nation, but a small part of them, the soldiery, that fight. Taking this as the criterion, we might fix the reign of Charlemagne, as that, in which war, as the business of European nations, properly ceased. The conclusion of that monarch's reign has sometimes been reckoned the commencement of a period of weakness in the several states, and of want of ability in their monarchs. The historian, it is true, for centuries afterwards, finds no events that he esteems great to record. His art can call up no pictures of heroes leading armies to the field, conquering, or being conquered, overthrowing, or establishing kingdoms. Nevertheless, if the view we are taking is correct, it is from this era that we must date the commencement of strength, not of weakness. The people of Europe then began to rise in the scale of industry. They commenced a new era to which no one can assign a positive termination, because it became their occupation to conquer nature, and not man, and, to the fruits of the one conquest, we can set no limit, whereas the utmost advantages of the other are very speedily exhausted.

'It may here be observed, that the difference of the strength of the principle of accumulation in nations of hunters, and in pastoral nations, seems to mark out a very opposite destiny to a great country overrun by the one, from that which would await it from being subdued by the other. The naturally low degree of strength of the accumulative principle among nations of hunters, prevents them, as we have seen, from forming instruments of sufficiently slow return to embrace the materials to which the arts of civilized life might give capacity. While in their possession, therefore, they lie unemployed, and useless. The progress of civilization and art, over the continent of North America, is now, every day, bringing to light traces of their former presence, and evidence, consequently, of the existence there at some remote period, of a people far superior in these respects to the tribes that occupied all but the southern parts, when discovered by Europeans. The question has been asked, how did it happen that they, and the knowledge and power they possessed, utterly perished? In other instances, civilization has either protected its possessors, or, if they were overcome, has reacted on their conquerors, and

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spreading among them, has, so to say, subjugated and governed them in turn. The history of our own barbarian ancestors has been quoted, as a circumstantial account of this seemingly natural progress. But, if the principles, the operation of which forms our present subject, be correct, they furnish a sufficient cause for the diversity of effects, flowing from the two events, and show, that, instead of there being any reason for surprise at the hunter of the woods disdaining the labors and rewards of civilization, it is rather our business to inquire how he could ever have been led to adopt them. Had the nations whom the north poured forth on the south of Europe, been hunters, and, had no extraneous cause intervened, it is not improbable, that that continent would, even at the present day, have been one wide forest from side to side.

'The third of the great events referred to, the evils and dangers arising to the ancestors of the present inhabitants of Europe, from their former brethren of the north and east, when the strength of their accumulative principle led them to put off the barbarian, and employ themselves in giving to the materials within their reach the capabilities for the supply of the wants of futurity, which art showed that they possessed, were felt for many centuries. The change they were then undergoing, though it added very greatly to the total numbers of the several nations, lessened the numbers of the warriors. The instruments they formed being of the more slowly returning orders, though the whole income from them was much greater, the labor necessary to produce it was more than proportionally greater, and the portion of the population left free for the purposes of warfare was consequently less. It were foreign to our purpose farther to allude to this cause of commotion and revolution, than to observe, that the mischiefs and dangers arising from it, seem to have been moderated by the very gradual manner in which the change took place, and to have been counteracted, and finally overcome by the additional power acquired through the progress of invention in the arts of civilized life.'

In considering the influence of invention in promoting the wealth of nations, our author has taken occasion to advert to the comparatively scanty advantages, that have accrued in many cases to the inventor himself, from discoveries that have put a new face upon the condition of a whole country. The cases of Fulton and Whitney are striking examples among ourselves of the general correctness of this idea. The author has developed it with more than his usual eloquence, and apparently with some degree of personal feeling. We extract a portion of his remarks upon this subject.

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'The tendency of these pursuits is to withdraw those occupied in them, from the daily business of society. They fill not the places open for them, and which they are expected to fill; even when necessity pushes them for a time into them, and compels them to mingle with the crowd, they are marked as not belonging to it. Abstract and scientific truth can only be discovered, by deep and absorbing meditation; imperfectly at first discerned, through the medium of its dull capacities, the intellect slowly, and cautiously, not without much of doubt, and many unsuccessful essays, succeeds in lifting the veil that hides it. The procedure is altogether unlike the prompt determination, and ready confidence, of the man of action, and generally unfits, to a greater or less degree, for performing well the part. He, again, who dwells in the world of possible moral beauty and perfection, moves awkwardly, rashly, and painfully, through this of everyday life, he is ever mistaking his own way, and jostling others in theirs. To the possessors of fortune, these habits only give eccentricity; they affect those of scanty fortune, or without fortune, with more serious ills. Unable to fight their way ably, cautiously, and perseveringly through the bustle of life, poverty, dependence, and all their attendant evils, are most commonly their lot.

"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail,"

are calamities, from the actual endurance of some of which, or the dread of it, they are seldom free. These, however, they share with other men; there are some peculiarly their own.

'Pursuing objects not to be perceived by others, or if perceived, whose importance is beyond the reach of their conceptions, the motives of their conduct are necessarily misapprehended. They are esteemed either idlers, culpably negligent in turning to account the talents they have got, dullards deficient in the common parts necessary to discharge the common offices of life, or madmen unfit to be trusted with their performance; shut out from the esteem or fellowship of those whose regard they might prize, they are brought into contact with those with whom they can have nothing in common, knaves who laugh at them as their prey, fools who pity them as their fellows. Their characters misunderstood, debarred from all sympathy, uncheered by any approbation, the "eternal war," they have to wage with fortune, is doubly trying, because they are aware, that, if they succumb, they will be borne off the field, not only unknown, but misconceived. To have merely to pass without his fame, the poet paints as a fate, capable of adding double gloom to the shades below,

"Sed frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu,
* * *
——— Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra."

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What must it be to those, then, who feel, that, ere final oblivion hides them, calumny must for a time prolong the memory of their existence?

'Imperfect man is ever prompt, without any consideration of the motives of the agents, to conceive of the evils he endures as of wrongs received, and to be avenged, on the doers of them. We need not wonder then, that the manifold sufferings of genius should sometimes place it in opposition to humanity itself, and that, in the inconsistency and recklessness of passion, it should turn in anger, and in scorn, as its bitterest enemy, on that of which it is, in heart, the truest lover.

'These are circumstances, largely affecting the possessors of this faculty, even before they have succeeded in making it manifest, before they have been able to give outward shape to their inward conceptions. There are others, operating similarly, after they have succeeded in producing them. What is really new, has to encounter obstacles of two sorts. It is the nature of men to be copiers, and, with exceedingly few exceptions, they are nothing more. Mere followers they are of rules, walkers in well-beaten paths. Whatever, therefore, is in any degree really new, being probably beyond these rules, is also beyond their judgment. Nor is this the worst; it is also very frequently in opposition to it; it disagreeably disturbs and jars the existing systems, by which men guide their feelings and reasonings. Hence the works of almost all men of really inventive powers, have, at first, been either slighted or decried. Cervantes, one of the most powerful and original geniuses of modern times, and who ultimately operated as largely on affairs, as any man whom they have witnessed, was placed by his contemporaries far below the subservient taste of Lope de Vega, and, in his last days, had to turn from Don Quixote to a theme correspondent to the bombast of the age. It is needless to multiply examples, — in a similar walk Tasso, and Shakspeare; in another, Hume and Montesquieu; in another, Bacon and Galileo, experienced at first either comparative neglect, or partial or general opposition. Few names that now pass current, but rose with difficulty, and were nearly again submerged in their earlier progress, by the shock of opposing prejudices.

'Nor are the sweets of success itself, in any department of invention, even if tasted, uncontaminated by much of bitterness. It is chiefly felt at the time, as superiority, on which wait envy and flattery. Malice, and insincerity, the great separators of man from man, and poisoners of the pleasures of existence, follow close after. He who gains it, attains an elevation commanding, but joyless, and unsafe.

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"Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
'Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils, which to those summits led."

'It is death alone that can give him to the full sympathies of his fellows. When the earth wraps her noblest, none any longer envy him, all lament the benefactor, no one sees the rival, or the master.

'It is thus that a power, which seems to be at first wakened to life, and to draw its earliest aliment, from the promptings of strong desires in man, to unite himself extensively with his fellow-men, to exist with them, and for them, rather than in himself, as it gathers strength, and predominates in any individual, generally renders him so dissimilar to other men, in his feelings, habits, motives, and modes of action, that it in a great measure separates him from them. Whatever he may be, or may hope to be as an inventor, or author, as a man he is misconceived and misapprehended. Among the men with whom he lives, he lives as not of them, a magic circle is drawn round him which neither he can pass without, nor they, within. Like the attractive and repulsive powers, which one magnetic influence communicates to matter of the same sort, the different direction in which the great moving and cementing principle of society has been made to flow in him, and in them, incessantly repels, and keeps him at a distance from them.

'This disjunction and isolation affect various natures variously. Some cannot endure it; they cannot live but in the constant and intimate sympathy and communion of their fellows. They feel all the loneliness, and little of the grandeur of the desert. They pant for the land of life, and either turning to it, are lost in it, their former existence being remembered but as the wanderings of a dream; or they perish, from their incapacity to mingle with it. Their finer and gentler natures, fed but not strengthened by contemplation, recoil from the coarse and boisterous spirits, with whom they are brought into contact. They sink in the conflict and pass from life itself,

"A precious odor cast
On a wild stream, that recklessly sweeps by;
A voice of music uttered to the blast,
And winning no reply."

'To others of firmer mould, the action of these alternately attracting and repelling powers, the passing from one state of being to another completely opposite, from the turmoil of spirit excited by braving and bearing back a world opposed, to the concentration of contemplative solitude, though wasting, is invigor-

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ating. Like steel which is first made to glow in fire, and then plunged in water, the fineness of their temper is brought out by the play of opposing elements. It is observed by Mr. Moore, in his life of Lord Byron, that but for the opposition he encountered, the noble poet had never stood forth in might; that persecution found him, as Rousseau, weak, and left him strong.

'Some, again, the world without affording no resting-place, entrench themselves in the world within. Their excursions outwards, are carried on, as into a country permanently hostile. To insult, to attack, to overthrow, not to subdue, or establish, is their aim. These are the skeptics, men seemingly abandoning every other hope but that of making manifest their power, a power that has often been greater than they themselves have conceived, and which, doubtless, would many times have been more happily exerted, had they found themselves in happier circumstances. When we read, for instance, the speculations of Hume, we do not always recollect that he had been a needy dependent brother of a Scotch land-holder, had failed in the only attempt he had ever made to establish himself in the world, by entering on business, and had come to middle life, known only as a bookish recluse, unable to do good, and only to be tolerated, because he was too inoffensive to do harm to any one. Such an existence may well account for much of that shrinking within himself, that absence of all heart, that habitual distrust, rather rejoicing to overthrow, than hoping to establish, which characterize his philosophy. Who can tell how great has been the influence of that philosophy, in producing what has been, what is, and what is to be, in Britain, and in Europe? Of this we may be assured, that they are least aware of it, who are most affected by it.

'There are yet others of higher minds, who, through hopes disappointed, and errors committed, over the waste of the world, and the ruins of their own hearts, can look confidently and courageously forward, to a brighter, though far distant prospect. It is in this spirit that Lord Bacon bequeaths his fame to posterity, and it is through it, that he, who has been to us so notable a benefactor, yet holds converse with us. The manly and generous confidence with which he relies on the better parts of human nature, and, in the midst of so many discouraging circumstances looks forward to the ultimate reign of truth and happiness, constitutes indeed, I may be allowed to remark, no small part of the charm, and perhaps of the utility of his speculations.

Our readers, we think, will agree with us that Dr. Rae has exhibited in this and many other passages of his work, a purity of taste, and a power of style, that are not very often combined with the talent for abstract philosophical investigation.

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It is to a similar combination of literary and scientific talents, that we may probably attribute, in part at least, the success and popularity of the principal philosophical writers of the last generation, including Adam Smith, Hume, Stewart, and Mackintosh. With the ability which he possesses of communicating his discoveries to the public in so agreeable a form, we hazard little in predicting that our author, should he persevere in his researches, as we trust he will, is in very little danger of encountering the neglect and abandonment which he describes too correctly as the not uncommon reward of inventive genius.

In the general correctness of the views developed in the second book of the work before us we entirely concur. They belong to a department of political philosophy which has hitherto been very little studied, we mean the investigation of the causes that regulate the origin, progress, and decline of communities. This we understand to be the subject of the greater work originally contemplated by our author, and of which the one before us may be regarded as a section. From the manner in which this portion is executed, we are led to entertain a favorable anticipation of the execution of the whole design. We have some doubts, however, whether the effect is increased by the use of the new nomenclature, which the author has adopted in the present work, and we would respectfully suggest to him the expediency of reconsidering his conclusions upon this point, when he shall have occasion to arrange his materials for a future edition. Something, perhaps, is gained in precision by the use of the language he has employed, but on the other hand, the impression which a remark would otherwise make, is often much weakened by the introduction of phrases which wear a technical aspect, and are not distinctly understood till after a pretty strong effort of attention.

The third book treats of the operations of the legislator on national stock, or in other words, of the practical application of the principles advanced in the preceding ones. The subject is scantily developed, probably from a wish to bring the whole treatise within the compass of a moderately sized volume. Respecting the general principle of the expediency of the legislative protection of domestic industry, little is added to what had been said before, in the first book. In recommending the encouragement of the home manufacture of luxuries by

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taxes on imported articles of a similar description, our author makes a suggestion, which we do not recollect to have met with before, and which strikes us as at once ingenious and just. A tax on articles of mere luxury, while it produces all the beneficial effects of any other tax, in furnishing revenue and encouraging domestic industry, is really not felt as a tax by the consumer, since the value and utility to him of the article taxed depend very much upon his being obliged to pay the highest possible price for it. If pearls and diamonds, for example, were as cheap as glass beads, nobody would wear them, and their value and utility for the purpose for which they are now employed, which is that of indicating the wealth of the wearer, is increased by any augmentation of their cost. The amount collected by such a tax is therefore a clear profit to all parties, — the individual, as well as the community, — without any corresponding inconvenience.

In connexion with this subject the author recommends very strongly, the taxing of spirituous liquors, which he considers as belonging substantially to the class of mere luxuries, and as affording, in consequence, when taxed, a revenue to the legislator, without any loss to the individual. We are not sure that the operation of an excise or impost upon spirituous liquors is precisely similar to that of a tax on pearls or diamonds. The former are consumed chiefly for the purpose of sensual indulgence or excitement, and the consumption would no doubt be greatly augmented, by lowering the price. In the other case the argument is, that the lowering of the price diminishes the consumption. But we incline to the opinion, that a heavy tax on spirituous liquors, including wines, is perhaps the best and safest method of discouraging the intemperate use of these articles, and at the same time allowing such a moderate and judicious consumption of them as health, occasion, or appetite may suggest. The doctrine of entire abstinence even from spirituous liquors is hardly defensible in theory, and would be found inconvenient in practice, nor do we know any correct line of distinction, which would authorize the use of Port or Madeira, and prohibit that of Brandy, the quantity of alcohol in all these preparations, as commonly used, being not materially different. But the doctrine of abstinence from wine finds but little favor with the friends of temperance, and this fact may, perhaps, be considered as an indication that the doctrine of entire abstinence, even from spirituous liquors, will not

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ultimately be sustained by public opinion. To say that moderate drinking is the real source of all the evils that result from immoderate drinking, is a strange abuse of language, which ought not to be countenanced by men of sense. It is no more reasonable than it would be to say, that moderate eating is the cause of indigestion, gout, and dyspepsia. Taxes on fermented and spirituous liquors, check the abuse of them in the quarters where it is likely to occur, and leave the use free, where it will probably be kept within the limits of discretion and decorum. At some former periods in the history of our country, taxes on spirits have been very unpopular, and have been made the pretext of civil commotions. But since the great change in public opinion, on the general subject of temperance, we incline to think that such taxes would be considered under a different point of view; and if found acceptable to the people, they would powerfully aid, without, however, superseding the necessity of the temperance societies. Extreme plans, whether of prohibiting the traffic in spirits on the one hand, or of leaving it entirely free, without license on the other, though suggested with good intentions, can never meet with general favor; and it is not improbable, that the public opinion will finally settle down upon a vigorous system of taxation, as at once a safe and convenient medium. In making these remarks, we are actuated by no other motive, than a real desire to promote the cause of temperance, which is perhaps, in more danger at present from the errors of injudicious advocates, than from the efforts of those who are directly interested in checking its progress.

The subject of Banks, which is at present the most interesting question in Political Economy to the people of this country, is not much discussed in the work before us. The author, as far as he has treated it, gives the preference to the Scotch system of banking, over all others. It differs, we believe, but little from our own, excepting in the particular, that interest is regularly allowed on all deposits. Our author seems to exaggerate in some degree the advantages resulting from the use of bank notes, as currency. His views are stated in a rather concise manner, in a note written while the work was going through the press, and may perhaps, be reconsidered for a future edition, or a future work.

We have thought that we could not better show our respect for the author of the work before us, and our general approba-

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tion of his labors, than by laying before our readers a distinct account of them, accompanied with such extracts, as might give an idea of the style. We consider the inquiries in which Dr. Rae is employed, as among the most interesting that can engage the human mind. He is well qualified, by the nature of his talents and the course of his studies, to pursue them with success, should circumstances give him the opportunity. In the ultimate arrangement of the results of his labors, perhaps it will be found that the portion of the work before us, which treats of the influence of the social and political condition of communities on their wealth belongs more properly to the extended inquiry into the history of man, which our author appears to have in preparation. The omission of this division of his work would leave room for treating in a more full and satisfactory way, within the compass of a moderate volume, the immediate subject which is the expediency of a legislative protection of domestic industry. A well written and well reasoned essay on this question, drawn up in such a form that it could be used with convenience as a text book for students at colleges, would be very useful, and would meet a ready sale. Perhaps our author may find it convenient hereafter to give such a shape to the work before us: in the meantime, we can safely recommend it to all who feel any interest in political philosophy, as one which will well reward an attentive perusal.

ART. VIII.—*Sheridan Knowles.*

Select Works of JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, *consisting of his most popular Tales and Dramas, with an Original Notice of his Life and Writings.* 2 Vols. Boston. 1834.

'THE evil that men do, lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones,' is a general truth, which, with regard to posthumous works seems to be flatly contradicted. Men are very willing to build the monument of fame, over a dead poet's ashes. They bewail the blindness of those, who were contemporary with the buried favorite, and lament the insensibility, with which the finest evidences of genius were regarded. The voice of sympathy and condolence is lifted up over

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departed worth, and garlands are hung upon its solemn shrine. A eulogist appears to tell mankind of the hitherto unappreciated splendor of the extinguished luminary, to speak glowingly of private virtues, and public excellence; and, perhaps, like the engraver of a tombstone, modestly to etch his own name upon some corner of the tablet, whereon he has so vividly delineated the excellence of another.

When Mr. James Sheridan Knowles shall die, the newspapers will mourn the loss of the best, most successful dramatist of the day; they will discourse pathetically of the many ills, which during life, he suffered at the hands of a public. A goodly number of obituary notices will appear, and in the place of his burial, there will be erected, by the beneficently disposed, a monument, to perpetuate the memory of so popular a dramatist. No matter if the cost of this monument would, while he lived, have relieved his distress; no matter if even then his plays shall be acted, to thin houses, for the benefit of his widow and children.

Mr. Knowles's life, till the appearance of his popular drama, The Hunchback, and the passing of Mr. Bulwer's bill, (which secured to writers of plays a sort of copyright,) was made up of a constant series of struggles against poverty. His efforts, one after another, were directed to the obtaining of bread for his family, and an education for his children. He travelled all over the United Kingdom, lecturing on dramatic literature. His lectures were loudly applauded, but his rewards were small. Favor and patronage were not the pioneers of his way. He labored alone, as an emigrant to the Western wilds, who shoulders his axe, bundles up his household goods, and gods, and goes forth with self-relying firmness — so, on his literary emigration, proceeded, 'The author of Virginius.' His labors were manifold and arduous; and were not assisted by the most systematic economy.

Mr. Knowles never received anything like an adequate compensation for his works, until after the very positive, and remarkable success of the Hunchback, which redeemed Covent Garden from embarrassment. When Virginius was in full possession of the stage, and a source of profit for the manager of the theatre at which it was played, Mr. Knowles was casting about him with feverish anxiety, to find, in the busy thronging world around, means of support for his family, — and wherewithal to purchase the next weeks' food.

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The lives of literary men are seldom eventful. The incidents with which they teem are those of the mind. A biographer cannot relate them; for he knows them not. The critic can learn them only from their works; for what is the true life of an author, but a history of his books? Carlyle's Life of Schiller is an admirable model, and were we about to prepare a biography of Mr. Knowles, instead of a notice of his dramas, we should take up, in succession, each of his productions, and, in our description of them, endeavor to sketch the form and features of their author's mind.

The edition of his select works, opens with a very brief account of his life and writings, extracted from a London Magazine. This is said to have been written by Leigh Hunt. It is very meagre, but it is the only authentic published account, which we have seen. We have authority however for any statement made in the course of this article.

The father of Mr. Knowles was a teacher of elocution, and, for some time, master in a celebrated school at Belfast, in Ireland. He was a near relative of the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose father, likewise, was an actor and teacher of elocution. Young Knowles was sent to England, at a very early age, and he was there taught the rudiments of education. His taste for the theatre soon developed itself; and, after composing a few plays, he went upon the stage, and was for three years an actor. He then deserted a profession in which wealth follows fame, for the nobler but less lucrative business of a dramatist; and did not, till of late years resume it. Conscious, however, of his own powers of elocution, and, convinced that no performer so well as himself could conceive the characters, which he had drawn, he thought it was no disgrace to imitate the example of his immortal prototype: and once more become a player. He is, as is well known, at the present time, fulfilling a theatrical engagement in this country. He has been received with that favor, which might have been expected from the popularity of his dramas. His lectures on dramatic literature won the approbation of distinguished critics both in England and Scotland; and the wish has been expressed that he would repeat them in this country.

Our author's mind was at a very early period turned to dramatic compositions. The idea of writing a play beset him at the age of twelve years. The *Chevalier de Grillon* is the title of his first effort after this period. He was at fourteen

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the author of a well-known little song, called *the Welsh Harper*, commencing 'over the sunny hills I stray.' At sixteen, he wrote a tragedy in five acts, entitled *the Spanish Story*, which is still extant; at twenty-four, *Hersilia*, which never appeared; at twenty-six, *the Gipsy*, in which the celebrated Edmund Kean acted the hero. This was followed by *Brien Boroighine*, — played often with applause. His next piece was *Caius Gracchus*. This was presented on the London boards, and has of late received alteration and improvement from his hand. Afterwards came *Virginius*. On this popular drama, first rose its author's fame. The patriotic drama, William Tell, was the next in succession. Then appeared *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, which failed; then *Alfred*, which succeeded; then *the Hunchback*, decidedly one of the most popular English dramas of the present day; and last, *the Wife*, which we consider the most beautiful of our author's productions.

The present collection comprises the four most popular dramas of the author, — Virginius, William Tell, the Hunchback, the Wife. The story of Virginius is familiar to every student, and this tragedy is so well known, that it need not be repeated in unvarnished prose. Neither would a detailed criticism upon a play, so long published, and so frequently represented, be acceptable. Mr. Knowles has followed Livy very closely, filling up of course the outlines of the historian, as his imagination prompted. His Virginius is a plebeian, who gives utterance to the most exalted sentiments, and he displays a patrician grandeur of carriage, which would make him something loftier and nobler, than the simple *vir exempli recti domi militiaeque*. The same remark is, in its fullest extent, applicable to *William Tell*. There is a striking incongruity between the characters of the Roman plebeian and the Swiss peasant, and the grand language which they utter. This is, however, not reprehensible; for their sentiments deserve to be clothed in the noblest raiment of poetry. As an effective drama for the stage, William Tell is inferior to Virginius; but the spirit which it breathes is the spirit of liberty, its sentiments those of a lofty patriotism, and the story upon which it is founded is the brightest on the pages of rational tradition. It is the story of the Swiss Revolution, when freedom first descended to our modern world, and threw out her banners to the winds, that rushed over the sky-pointing crags of the Alps.

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By the voice of a peasant like themselves were the mountaineers called around them to

> Strike for the green graves of their sires,
> God and their native land;

and to rush down from those rocky fastnesses, like an unchained torrent, to sweep away the strong towers of despotism. There is much stirring incident, and there are a number of striking situations in this play. Some parts of it are susceptible of improvement. The auxiliary characters are well introduced, and the different arrangements of the plot happily combined. The effect of the mountain scenes harmonizes perfectly in representation and in the fancy of the reader, with a highly poetical and sublime passage like this; —

Tell. ——— Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow;
O'er the abyss his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about, absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. — I could not shoot!
'Twas liberty. I turned my bow aside
And let him soar away! —

Several passages similar to the above might be cited, to show with what justice Mr. Knowles may claim a respectable rank among modern poets.

The Hunchback and the Wife, as the peculiar creations of our author, would deserve in a detailed account of his productions a more extended notice, than our limits will allow. In these, he invented the stories and characters, and they have no advantage of an historical interest. They are the structures of imagination, built upon the passions and affections of human nature. The first thought of the Hunchback occurred to the author, many years ago, and he brooded over it till he produced this drama. There is some indistinctness about it, when read, which will disappear on reference to the following skeleton of the main plot.

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A deformed man brings up his only child, a daughter, in the retirement of the country. He conceals from her her true parentage, and instructs her to believe that he, Master Walter, is her guardian merely. He adopts this course from a fear, that, as his daughter, she might honor him from duty alone; and he chooses rather to win her fond regard, by his fatherly kindness and affectionate treatment. A tavern broil, in which he becomes implicated, introduces to his favorable esteem and acquaintance Sir Thomas Clifford, a gentleman who steps between him and the fierce swords of excited revellers. Master Walter is grateful and so well pleased with the baronet, that he offers to him his ward in marriage: and takes him accordingly into the country, where the lady is spending her beauteous prime. She is thus described:

——— A wife, Sir!
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin,
Alone were worth thy baronetcy! Form
And feature has she, wherein move and glow
The charms, that in the marble cold and still,
Cull'd by the sculptor's zealous skill, and joined there,
Inspire us!
A fresh heart too! A young, fresh heart, Sir! one
That Cupid has not toy'd with, and a warm one,
Fresh, young and warm! mark that! a mind to boot,
Wit, Sir! sense, taste; — a garden strictly tended,
Where nought but what is costly flourishes,
A consort for a king, Sir! — thou shalt see her.

Sir Thomas Clifford falls in love with this bewitching girl, as will appear from the following scene: —

Julia. No more! I pray you, Sir, no more!
Clifford. I love you.
Jul. You mock me, Sir.
Clif. I love you.
Jul. You have known me scarce a minute.
Clif. Say but a moment, still I say I love you.
Love's not a flower, that grows on the dull earth,
Springs by the calendar, must wait for sun,—
For rain, — matures by parts, — must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed,
You look for it and see it not; and lo!
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in its birth.

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Jul. Who marries me
Must lead a country life.
Clif. The life I'd lead!
But fools would fly from it, for oh, 'tis sweet!
It finds the heart out, be there one to find.
——— It is to dwell
Mid smiles that are not neighbors to deceit,
Music whose melody is of the heart,
And gifts that are not made for interest,
Abundantly bestowed by nature's cheek,
And voice and hand! It is to live on life
And husband it! It is to constant scan
The handiwork of Heaven!

Julia warmly returns the love of Sir Thomas, and, in preparation for her marriage, goes up to town; by its gay frivolities, her inexperienced brain soon becomes crazed. Her lover laments this and reproves her; but the engagement is not broken off, till he learns, that instead of possessing a fair baronetcy, he is only plain Master Clifford; for a cousin, who was supposed dead, stands between him and his inheritance. The Hunchback is at first highly incensed, at the reproof which his Julia had endured; but on being informed of the buffet which Clifford had just received from fortune, his anger cools, and he conceives a plan to redeem his daughter, and make her yet appear to her lover,

——— a piece
Of Nature's handiwork, as costly, free
From bias, flaw, and fair, as ever yet
Her cunning hand turn'd out!

With the conduct of this plan, the rest of the drama is occupied. Julia, in her anger, consents to wed a lord; but, when she hears of Clifford's misfortunes, her whole soul melts into compassionate forgiveness, and her love returns with increased energy. This transition is shown with great effect. Deeply and bitterly does she repent her rash promise to marry the Earl of Rochdale. It is too late, however, to recede, and she gives free utterance to the strong agony of her soul. Master Walter does not release her from this anguish, by disclosing the truth; but leaves her to suffer, in requital of her foolish sacrifice of her affections to fashion and momentary resentment. Master Clifford is introduced, under the guise of secretary

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to the Earl of Rochdale, whom she is about to marry. His interview with her forms one of the most effective scenes of the modern drama. It is followed by one scarcely inferior, in which she conjures and commands Master Walter to break off the nuptials.

The catastrophe is powerfully developed and the whole concludes delightfully. Master Walter, who is a kind-hearted man, and not so unamiable as he sometimes appears, discloses that he himself, and not the young lord, who was about to wed Julia against her will, is the true Earl of Rochdale. He makes himself known to his child, and bestows her hand upon Clifford.

We come now to speak of the Wife. This is the latest production of Mr. Knowles, and in our judgment his best. The scene is laid in Mantua. Leonardo, the Duke, long supposed dead, returns in disguise to his native city, accompanying a young advocate, who comes to plead the cause of an injured maiden. This lady's name is Mariana; she is protected by a reverend priest, from the tyranny of a guardian, who would have her marry the Count Florio, when her heart is pledged to another. The cause is shortly to come on before the possessor of the ducal chair, Ferrardo, cousin of the rightful Duke. Thus stands the case. The beautiful Mariana is a Swiss maiden, who left her native hills, and, protected by her father, came to Mantua, in search of one, to whom her youthful heart had been given. She tells the questioning advocate, that a wounded stranger had been borne to her father's cottage, — that she had tended him till he recovered, — that she loved, and

Lor. To follow him
You came to Mantua?
Mar. What could I do?
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet and wood,
Lake, sky and mountain, went along with him; —
Could I remain behind?

To all this Leonardo, the Duke, listens most intently. By and by the cause comes on. The wicked Ferrardo adjudges the lady to marry Count Florio. All other means of escape having failed, she is about, in despair, to drink poison, when a voice says 'Mariana.' She drops the phial. It is Leonardo, the wounded stranger, rightful Duke of Mantua, who, backed by all his kinsmen and his friends, mounts, unopposed, the ducal chair and invites the humble Swiss girl to share his station.

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In the next act, there appears a more gloomy and important personage. It is St. Pierre, a man of crime and sorrow; a creature of the duke's deposed cousin who, stung by remorse, had fled and would not have returned even now, if want and hunger had not compelled him. Ferrardo is glad to see him, gives him money, and employs him in a diabolical scheme to ruin the fair fame of the duchess; for the duke has just been summoned away to war and she is left unprotected, — except by his cousin, who is appointed regent in his absence. St. Pierre, though scorning so base a task, noble in heart and of a generous nature, consents to abet the regent, as his only chance of escaping utter want and starvation. He is persuaded to seek the duchess; he accosts her, and led on by some strange attraction, he holds converse with her. She discovers that he is her countryman; the joy which she displays on hearing him talk of Switzerland is misconstrued by Ferrardo, who contrives that they shall be overheard, into a base intrigue. Thus they converse.

Mariana. Switzerland
Is a dear country! Switzerland!
St. Pierre. It is
The land of beauty and of grandeur, lady! —
Where looks the cottage out on a domain
The palace cannot boast of. Seas of lakes,
And hills of forests! crystal waves that rise
'Midst mountains all of snow, and mock the sun,
Returning him his flaming beams more thick
And radiant than he sent them. Torrents there
Are bounding floods; and there the tempest roams
At large in all the terrors of its glory.
And then our valleys! oh! they are the homes
For hearts. Our cottages, our vineyards, orchards,
Our pastures studded with the herd and fold!
Our native strains that melt us as they sing them!
A free, — a gentle, — simple, — honest people!
Mar. I see them, signor. — I'm in Switzerland.
I do not stand in Mantua. — dear country!
Except in one thing I'm not richer, signor,
Than when I was a child in Switzerland
And mistress only of this little cross.
St. Pier. Your pardon, lady! pray you, let me see
That cross again!
Mar. Right willingly.

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Here they are interrupted. The sight of that cross deeply agitates St. Pierre, for he himself, many long years ago, had hung it round the neck of his own sister. The duke's cousin, to complete his nefarious design, drugs the cups of St. Pierre and carries him at night into the anti-chamber of the duchess; throws his scarf on her bed, — and thus effects her total disgrace. He counsels her to fly, — she wildly consents. At this part of the story, there occurs an exciting scene, between the regent and St. Pierre. The latter contrives to make the former give him an entire confession of his villany, which he writes down, and compels the regent to sign, by threatening to stab him with his own dagger, which he gets by stratagem.

Soon after this, the regent and some nobles of the court go, post haste, to the duke's camp, and unfold his wife's dishonor. The duke, noble, confiding, and generous, will not believe the foul calumny, though attested by many witnesses. The tale of flight staggers him a little, — when the duchess herself appears! All is faith and truth: but no clearness until St. Pierre rushes in. Just as he is about to disclose all, the regent attacks him suddenly and wounds him, but he lives, sufficient time to show the paper with Ferrardo's signature, and to look at the little cross around the duchess's neck, — at sight of which he recognises his sister.

We close these remarks, as we commenced them, by alluding to the very inadequate compensation which Mr. Knowles has received as an author. He may console himself, however, by attributing his poor success to the practical character of the age. The waters of existence must be sailed over in a steamboat. Not even the poet is allowed a fairy barge, with silken tackle and perfumed sails. However gifted a man may be, he must submit to be jostled to and fro, and learn not to despise the day of small things. He must mingle with busy multitudes in their daily places of resort, and not seek to spend his days in retirement. The noisy city must be his home, and not some green and undisturbed retreat. Unless he be placed by fortune far above the wants of his fellow-creatures, he must engage in their every-day pursuits.

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ART. IX. — *Life and Correspondence of Hannah More. Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.* By WILLIAM ROBERTS, ESQ. 2 Vols. 12mo. New York. 1834.

THESE volumes are exceedingly interesting; not because the biography is ably managed, however; for the writer is not by any means the one we should have chosen for the office; his want of grace and skill in writing would be a sufficient disqualification for an undertaking, which requires taste and discrimination in the highest degree, to enable him to produce his materials to the best advantage. But we will not speak in dispraise of a work which appears to have been conscientiously done, and will simply express our regret, that he had not given most of his attention to that part of his subject, which will have most interest for the public mind. The Life of Hannah More covers a large space in literary history, reaching back from the present times, to those of Garrick, Johnson, and Burke; she was thrown into acquaintance and intimacy with a great variety of characters, and all who were capable of appreciating character seem to have felt great respect for her excellent heart, and her active and practical mind. Her intellect was rather judicious and penetrating, than original; but by turning all her attainments to the best account, both in conversation and writing; — by knowing when to speak with effect, and when to be silent; — and by manifesting in every word and deed, that benevolence which implies a well-disciplined mind, she secured the respect and attachment of such a variety of eminent persons, that we are actually confounded at the wide reach of associations which her life brings before us in a single view. There is Horace Walpole on one page, with his lordly foppery writing to his 'dear St. Hannah;' on the other, we see the melancholy majesty of Johnson. Here is Garrick, 'whose death eclipsed the gaiety of nations;' there is Burke with his wonderful powers, resembling that pavilion in the fairy tale, which could cover the territory of a nation, or be contracted to the dimensions of a sentry-box, at pleasure. But it would take too much time even to run over the list of memorable names, which are thus connected with her own. We know of nothing except the Waverley novels, which brings so many various characters before us, and we cannot help thinking that a

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writer, thoroughly versed in literary history, might have made a work from these materials, which would have taken as fast hold of the public mind, as Boswell's Johnson. Say what we will of that writer's coxcombry, nothing is more certain, than that his work is the model for a biography, since it tells what the reader wants to know. This is the great point, on which success in this kind of writing depends, — to tell what the intelligent reader wants to know. In the case of Johnson, he wants to know his conversation, — his familiar remarks, because they were the evidence of his strength: in writing the Life of Hannah More, this would not have been the point toward which curiosity would have turned, and Boswell, had he undertaken it, would have liked nothing better, than sketching an illustrious group of distinguished characters, himself also among them. In his hands, all would have been life and bustle, and not grave and inanimate as a dance of death.

We acknowledge that there is a difficulty in the execution of such works as this, arising from the circumstance, that the character requires to be considered in various aspects, while the biographer feels a particular interest in one, and perhaps is wholly unqualified to judge of the other. The life of Cowper is an example. Hayley regarded him as a literary man, and was well able to estimate his character, in that point of view. But Cowper's life exhibited a remarkable case in pathology, which required great accuracy of observation, to determine where moral agency ended, and insanity began; these facts the biographer did not think it well to publish, though he could not quite suppress them; and accordingly, whoever wishes to understand the nature of the complaint from him is disappointed. Again, Cowper was eminently religious, and was partial to a particular view of that great subject, though he was the slave of none. A late writer has undertaken to exhibit him in this light, and his biography, though a very feeble performance, has obtained a very general circulation, because the public are interested to know what Cowper was in these relations. There are, then, several classes of readers,— one wishing to know the literary, another the religious, another the domestic and social character of the person described, and the chance is that the biographer, if disposed to satisfy them all, shall be able, from his habits of mind, to satisfy the curiosity of but one. The same difficulty exists, though not to the same extent, in the case of Hannah More. As her gay sister Sarah

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said of her, 'Hannah was of the christian faction;' and her biographer, without any exceptionable amount of party spirit, considers this the most important light in which her character can be presented. So without question it is; but the way to exhibit it to admiration and example, is not to hold it up like a thing apart, but to show how it gave a daily beauty to her life, preserving her simplicity, when she was caressed by nobles, princes, and what was still more flattering, by illustrious men, and how it enabled her to turn away from the high society which sought her, to devote her life, her powers, and her self-made fortune to the glorious enterprise of doing good. Let the biographer show the effect of christianity in the life and intellectual exertions; this is the way to do it honor; he may show how it kept Cowper's mind in tune, during the lucid intervals, when it waked sounds so fine, original and sweet, that the world stood still to hear them; and how it made Hannah More lovely and attractive to persons of all descriptions, while she lived, and secured to her, after death, a name of lasting renown.

As this work is likely to be very generally read, we shall not pursue the thread of the narrative, except so far as to make observations on some particular parts. The earliest are by far the most valuable, because they take us into the midst of a literary society, unequalled for its splendor.

Hannah More was the daughter of a schoolmaster, and his five daughters were bred to the same profession. The worthy man is said to have had a great dread of female pedantry, but probably communicated unconsciously to his daughter, a taste for such pursuits as interested his own mind. There was, however, no cause for apprehension; for, remarkable as she was for the variety and extent of her attainments, she never took her place in society, simply as a literary lady, and this is one proof of her ability, since there are but few persons so situated, in whom the consciousness of having a reputation to sustain, would not interfere with lightness and grace of motion. In her childhood she read the Spectator, — a book which, in that day, had attractions for children: it would be worth while to put it into the hands of a child, by way of experiment, now. In these days, the means of intellectual enjoyment suited to an early age are multiplied a thousandfold. Of this there is no question, but it may admit of doubt, whether the intellectual enjoyment is increased in any thing like the same proportion.

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We do not find the best appetites, where there is the greatest amount and variety of provisions; nor are we at all sure, that this vast increase of luxuries in reading, bodes any good to the health and happiness of the youthful mind. It makes them read more; but not to more advantage. The author's remark upon the Spectator is very characteristic of his usual style; he says that it was, 'if not of profundity enough to ground a correct taste, at least of sufficient grace to direct it in a due course of exercise and cultivation.'

The place of her residence in youth was Bristol, where her sisters kept a boarding-school. The first on the long list of her distinguished acquaintance, was the elder Sheridan, who came to deliver lectures on eloquence in that city. He was struck with her prematurity of talent, and was doubtless a good judge of real ability, though his life was too roving and unsettled for him to accomplish much, even in his chosen pursuit. At the time when her intellectual gifts led him to cultivate her acquaintance, she was only in her sixteenth year. Ferguson also, who was delivering astronomical lectures in Bristol, was one of these admirers. To have her acquaintance sought by such men of note, was exceedingly flattering to one so young; but the only effect of it seems to have been to encourage to a literary effort. She wrote a pastoral drama, called the Search after Happiness; whether it succeeded or not, we are wholly unable to tell; her biographer merely says, in the Delphic style, 'the attempt succeeded as it deserved;' we can see no reason why it should not deserve to succeed; but we have many doubts whether its fate was so happy.

At this period she became acquainted with Dean Tucker, the well known political writer, and Dr. Langhorne, a person of some distinction in his day. Some of the letters of the latter are inserted, parts of which are light and graceful enough, but have no particular claim to insertion. But the friend to whom she appears to have felt most indebted, was Sir James Stonehouse, who had relinquished a large practice as a physician to take holy orders, and was then residing in Bristol. Besides encouraging her to cultivate her talents, he did much to draw out and cherish those religious feelings, which grew constantly stronger as she advanced in years. She was also the object of a more tender attachment; a rich old bachelor fell violently in love with her, and she accepted his offers; but some caprice on his part induced him to defer the marriage from day to day,

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till she resolved to be trifled with no longer. The engagement was dissolved by mutual consent, and the discarded lover became her friend. Without the fear of a suit for breach of promise before his eyes, he was desirous to settle an annuity upon her, and by the persuasions of her friends she was induced to accept it, though with long hesitation. At his death he left her a legacy of a thousand pounds. All her affairs of the heart seem to have been disposed of in a summary manner in early life. Her hand was again solicited and refused, but by whom, or what, history does not say. Of these two transactions her biographer remarks, 'there is on the face of them a stamp of that high-mindedness and moral strength, by which the dignity of her character was illustrated in the various walk of her christian life.' What he may see in them we do not know; to us, the face of the latter of the two appears singularly destitute of features; in the other, we have no doubt she conducted herself with great propriety; at the same time there is nothing to call for a long and solemn flourish of the trumpets of his praise.

This is all the biographer has been able to gather of her early life from 1745, when she was born, till 1774, when she went to London; we believe this was the year, but her vicious neglect to date her letters on many occasions, leaves us uncertain at times, when we wish to be sure. This, he says, brings her 'to that stage in the progress of ardent inexperience, when the blooming speculations of hope and fancy are to be exchanged for vulgar verities.' Very fortunate was she if her ardent inexperience lasted to the age of twenty-nine, and if her blooming speculations could then be exchanged for such vulgar verities as the acquaintance of Johnson and Garrick, in one sex, and Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Carter, in the other. We are not informed what conducted her to London, nor to what good fortune it was owing that she became at once an object of flattering attentions. A provincial reputation for talent, be it ever so great, is not often a passport to London society, and as for her works, we hear of scarcely anything except the Search after Happiness, which, there is reason to suppose, did not meet with unusual success. Garrick, it is true, had some reason to be prejudiced in her favor; he accidentally saw a letter in which she described her own delight at witnessing his performance of Lear: he was pleased with her critical remarks, and doubtless thought the subject very happily selected. Thus prepossessed in her favor, he sought an introduction to her, and

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finding his favorable impressions confirmed, he introduced her to his own circle, which included the eminent, the fashionable, and the great, — if we may use that conventional term to describe the noble, in presence of the majestic Johnson, and the sublime and beautiful Burke.

Nothing can be more interesting than her account of such persons, — particularly Johnson: curiosity is never satiated with notices of this great man, of whom some moderns speak with a foolish affectation of contempt. Faults and follies no doubt he had; but the single circumstance that these were so thoroughly sought out and exhibited to the world, without destroying the stern grandeur of his character, is enough to prove that his place is among the great. The account given of him in this work confirms what was more than suspected before, — that most of the impatient remarks and thundering rejoinders which appear in Boswell, were aimed at the head of that worthy himself, who provoked them by his officiousness and affectation. When Hannah More first saw him, and waited his appearance as if she was expecting a ghost, she was relieved by seeing him present himself with a smile on his countenance and a macaw of Sir Joshua's in his hand. When she went to his house with Miss Reynolds, he received her with the most polite attention. Miss Reynolds told him that before he came in Miss More had seated herself in his great arm chair, hoping to catch something of his inspiration. He laughed and told her it reminded him of a night spent by Boswell and himself in Scotland, near the spot where the witches appeared to Macbeth; their enthusiasm prevented their sleeping; but in the morning they ascertained that their raptures were thrown away, and that the place in question was in a different part of the country; for he never sat in that chair. She often met him in company and always found him disposed to converse, generally in the style of playful argument; one day he reproved her with pretended sharpness for reading Catholic books of devotion. She was beginning to defend herself; but he took her hand, and with a tear in his eye, said to her with affecting earnestness, 'Child! I am glad that you read such books, by whomsoever they were written.' She says that she never saw him angry but once, and that was when she happened to allude to a passage in Tom Jones; he said, 'I am shocked to hear you quote from so vicious a book; I am sorry to hear you have read it; a confession which no modest lady should ever make. I

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scarcely know a more corrupt work.' With respect to Boswell, she gives the same impression with others, that he was a vain, good humored creature, not destitute of talent, but with a singular absurdity of mind. His greatest failing was his convivial propensity; he gave offence to Miss More on one occasion, when he was mightily elevated with wine, and was reproved by her so severely, that he shows some little resentment in his book; not saying anything decidedly against her, but representing her as a great flatterer of Johnson. She was certainly a prime favorite of the giant: and this perhaps was one cause of Boswell's unpleasant feelings.

She gives an equally pleasing impression of Garrick; and in truth the only imputation ever thrown on him was that of avarice; and this, there are instances of liberality enough recorded of him, to disprove. Perhaps it arose from the excellence of his domestic character, — a character, which implied much virtue in him whose profession exposed him to many temptations, and whose social powers were such that he was admired and sought for by all. Garrick explained to Miss More the reason, why Johnson sometimes indulged himself in severe remarks upon him; and this was, that being conscious of far superior merit, it was not in human nature always to look with complacency upon his friend's superior success; for while Garrick was rich, Johnson was poor; and while Garrick was courted by the noble, Johnson seldom received any attention from men of rank, though Boswell has made the most of a few instances in which he was invited into their circle. Miss More was in raptures at witnessing Garrick's performance on the stage, where she had the singular good fortune to see him act his parts for the last time, before bidding farewell to the stage forever. She speaks of his reading as unrivalled; the common idea is that he did not excel in this department of his art, but she gives an example of his talent which must be admitted as conclusive so far as it goes. 'I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner Garrick took up the Monthly Review, (civil gentlemen, by the by, these Monthly Reviewers) and read Sir Eldred, with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively, that I cried like a child. Only think what a scandalous thing, — to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself, for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which I can truly say, is very far from

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being the case. But the beauty of the jest is this; Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I for crying at my own verses.'

She gives a lively idea of the interest inspired by the farewell performances of this great actor. She says that the eagerness to see him was inconceivable; duchesses and countesses were glad to get places in the upper boxes, and those who were formerly too proud to go, would then courtesy to the ground for the worst seats in the house. The theatre was in those days a more general resort than it has ever been since; and Miss More, though she was always serious in her religious views and feelings, did not then regard the stage, as she did some years after. She even caught the dramatic inspiration, and wrote her tragedy called Percy. Garrick exerted himself to have it produced under the most favorable circumstances, though he had left the stage himself; his interest was great, and his taste and judgment were regarded as established law. He wrote the prologue and epilogue himself; on the night when it appeared he went with her to the theatre, where they had the gratification of finding it received with unbounded applause. 'When he had finished his prologue and epilogue, which are excellent, he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas apiece, but as he was a richer man, he would be content with a handsome supper, and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price, I insisting that I could only afford to give him a beef-steak, and a pot of porter; and at about twelve we sat down to some toast and honey, with which the temperate bard expressed himself perfectly contented.' Such touches as this are worth volumes of biographical description. The profits of this play amounted to six hundred pounds; but it brought her approbation, which was worth more to her; Mrs. Montague wrote her warm congratulations; Dr. Percy returned his 'best thanks for her invaluable present,' and presented the thanks of the Duke of Northumberland, and Earl Percy. Mr. Home called to rejoice in her success, while he was mourning for the untimely fate of his own Alfred; the Man of Feeling, though as far off as Edinburgh, declared that he had shed tears in reading it; but while the town was ringing with her success, a look into her apartment shows that she was spending her time in reading such works as Locke on the Epistles, and West on the Resurrection.

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Several passages in her letters give an idea of Garrick's manner in social life. After one of her turns of slight illness, she says, 'Garrick, the other day, told me that he was in a violent hurry; that he had just been to order his own, and Mrs. Garrick's mourning, — had settled every thing with the undertaker, and now called for a moment to take a few hints for an epitaph. I told him he was too late; I had disposed of the employment a few days before to Dr. Johnson; but if I thought he would praise me most, I should be glad to change; as to hints I had but one to give; which was to romance as much as he could, and to make the character as fine as possible.' But it was not long before he became himself the subject of an epitaph; in the following year, 1779, he died, and was sincerely lamented by a large circle of friends. Cumberland records that he saw Johnson at the funeral service, bathed in tears. He appears to have been excellent in all the relations of life, and his conversation brilliant and exciting, but savoring of art borrowed from his profession; kind and generous in his feelings, but fond of admiration; with no faults worth mentioning, and many virtues deserving unqualified praise. For many years, Miss More was an inmate in the family of Mrs. Garrick, who called her her chaplain, and who appears to have sympathized with her in her religious feelings.

One of the most singular friends in her large circle, was Horace Walpole; he is so constantly associated with old times, and his father's administration, that he is generally set down among the ancients, nearer Queen Anne than George the Third. But he lived till the close of the last century, and most of his works were published after he had reached his maturer years. He was so fastidious and shy in his whole character, that one would hardly expect to find him cultivating an acquaintance with strangers like Hannah More, and that too, on account of her literary pretensions, which he held in affected disdain, though it was the devouring ambition of his life to secure some literary renown; and the probability is, that had she been of the other sex, he would have thought of her rather as a rival than a friend. But at this time he went freely into select society, where he was welcomed and treated with respect, as a man of elegant taste, and an amusing chronicle of old times; and happening to meet with Hannah More, he was struck, like every one else, with her talent, liveliness, and general attraction. He invited her to his baby-house at

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Strawberry-hill, where he exerted himself strenuously to entertain her; afterwards he kept up a correspondence with her for years; but though many of his letters are inserted in this work, we find very little that is characteristic of the writer; they are labored and formal, and all seem as if it was an effort to write them. In truth, there could be little, except formality, between two parties so entirely opposed in all their tastes and principles. Walpole seems to have been somewhat embarrassed by her known seriousness and reverence, developments in which he was entirely deficient; he sometimes alludes in a playful way to these qualities of his dear St. Hannah, as he calls her, but takes care not to express sentiments with which she might be offended.

But we have not room for these portraits, which sweep by us in such rapid succession; events which were of small moment at the time, but have since grown into importance, by their connexion with distinguished names, abound in her letters written about the time of the American War. She attended the first representation of Sheridan's play, 'the Rivals,' which did not succeed, and of General Burgoyne's 'Maid of the Oaks,' which did succeed much better than his military expedition; she passed an hour with Lord Howe, who complained bitterly of the ingratitude of his country, which was a little hard, considering that he had done nothing; (for the particulars of his persecution, the reader must consult the Ebeling library, where he will find the pamphlets written on the occasion;) she lived when Cumberland's Odes appeared, and tried in vain to persuade Richard Owen Cambridge to read them; she attended the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, and heard Dunning, whose manner was insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; she was admitted to the friendship of Mrs. Delany, who had been the intimate of Swift, and was within hearing of the cry, when Guiscard stabbed Lord Oxford. She received calls from Dean Tucker, and Edmund Burke, on the same morning, and rejoiced that they had not met, since it was just after Burke had attacked the Dean in the House of Commons; she dined one day with Gibbon, Sterne, Harris, Burney, Chambers and Ramsay, and the next with Bishop Porteous and Jonas Hanway; she met the author of Evelina, just after that work appeared, and was surprised that with her youth and modesty, she could have picked up so much knowledge of life; she was told by a friend of Pope, that the bard upon

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his death-bed, not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, was in such a passion, that he threw it into Lady Chatham's face, and expired; she read Mason's Life of Gray, when it first appeared, and was a believer for a time in the antiquity of Rowley's poems; she heard the storm which raged round Dr. Johnson's impassive head, when his Lives of the Poets appeared; she was invited to Mr. Thrale's to an assembly, on the very day when the master of the house so suddenly died of the luxuries of his table; she received classical compliments from Bishop Lowth, and flirted with General Paoli; she saw Mythology Bryant, who had been that morning to present his book; one of the little princes requested to see it, and holding it a few minutes upside down, pronounced it an excellent work; she quarrelled about the slave trade and the English language with Lord Monboddo, and was received with pomp and favor by Bishop Watson; she rejoiced over the publication of her friend, Dr. Kennicott's Hebrew Bible, and conversed with Sir William Jones; she found an admirer in the person of General Oglethorpe, whose gallantry was not extinguished by his age, which exceeded ninety; she was one of the first to be struck in conversation with the amazing abilities of the conceited Lord Erskine; the veteran Lord Bathurst lent her his collection of the original letters of Swift, Pope, Bolingbroke and Queen Mary, and Leonidas Glover sung his ballad called Hosier's Ghost to her, when he was past the age of eighty; she played at children's games with Lord North, and had long and serious conversations with Burke. But this was near the close of that brilliant period; star after star was fast going down: Johnson soon died, and she heard all the discordant elements of biography, which gave battle to each other over his grave. Her own feelings also changed; she never had been fond of fashionable society, though circumstances had thrown her into the midst of it; the stage she had utterly renounced and condemned, though her second attempt was nearly as successful as the first; her conscience was always reproaching her with living only for self-gratification, and from this time she began to execute the purpose, which she had long deliberately formed,— that of devoting her time and means to useful and charitable actions, and her heart to religious duty.

About this time she removed to a small cottage near Bristol at a place called Cowslip-green, and visited London only at distant intervals. She kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Boscawen,

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the lady mentioned with so much respect in Boswell's Johnson, and Mrs. Montague, who by reason of her large fortune and intelligent conversation was an acknowledged leader in the world of fashion and taste. She wrote often to Sir William Pepys, who, though letter-writing was not his forte, wrote her with great length and punctuality; and occasionally a missive from Horace Walpole pursued her into the shade. The public favor was so securely her own, that she felt no anxiety upon the subject; there is something surprising in the popularity of her early productions; doubtless they had great merit, but there was nothing in them which one would have thought could so fasten itself on the public taste, as to send every one of them through a long succession of editions. With this consciousness that she was approved by the wise, sought for by the great, and loved by the good, — with property enough in possession and in her power to secure a comfortable support, she began to give her mind wholly to religious subjects; and the chapter which commences in the history of her life is entirely new, and even more honorable to her than the last.

Her associates and correspondents were now in general of a graver cast; David Garrick was succeeded by John Newton, a man of great excellence and fervor, but somewhat too fond of describing himself as the old African slave. She did not wholly abandon London; she returned to it on occasional visits, and was received with the same warmth as ever: but at Cowslip-green her time was passed in pursuits both of a literary and religious character; her fine practical understanding prevented her from subsiding into a useless devotee, and her conscientiousness made her consult utility rather than profit and popularity in her writings. The subject of the slave-trade was then beginning to agitate the public mind, and Wilberforce was entering public life as the champion of this sacred cause; the opposition to reform was powerful, headed by such statesmen as Dundas, supported by philosophers like Monboddo, not to speak of popular writers like Boswell: the two great statesmen of the day were interested on the right side, though they would not make the question the chief object of their attention; but the amount of interest on the other side was so great as to make the result of the battle doubtful. Hannah More took the most anxious interest in these proceedings; wishing to do her part to exert favorable influences on the public mind, she wrote her poem called the Slave-trade. We do not know what

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effect nor what amount of circulation it had, but we find it complimented by Warton, Horne, and the less poetical authority, Bishop Watson. Walpole laughed a little at her *blackmanity*, not being able to comprehend why she, who had no slaves, should be interested on one side or the other. As her writings were always popular, we may presume that she did her part in correcting the error of the public mind; but the question was soon decided, and the attention of all was drawn to the tempest which was rising in France. No one comprehended it, nor did any pretend to anticipate the result; the friends of liberty rejoiced to hear the breaking of chains; the advocates of the established order of things trembled to see how violently all things were shaken; probably there never was a time in history when the minds of men were so entirely unsettled; they knew not whether there was anything to hope for, nor how much there was to dread. Nothing but the unbounded confidence which was felt in the moral energy and statesmanlike resources of Pitt would have enabled England to 'weather the storm.'

Her station in society had given her an opportunity of seeing much of the fashionable and the great, and she was fully convinced that the whole spirit of social life, in the higher circles, was adverse to the cultivation of religious principle. Many practices tolerated in it seemed to her to indicate an entire disregard to religious considerations; such for example as Sunday concerts, the form of denying themselves by the words 'not at home,' and the prevailing want of sympathy with all those to whom they were bound to do good. Believing that some impression might be made, at least upon a few, she wrote her work called 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' and sent it without her name into the world, where it soon excited much attention. It was not difficult to trace the author; but many of those against whose practices it was aimed, and who had always considered themselves very tolerable christians, found it quite difficult to understand her drift. One of them told her, that he admired the institution which gave rest to those who labored; but that it could not be meant for people of fashion, since, as they did nothing on any day, it could not be necessary for them to give that one to rest. But though many could not comprehend it, it was read by all, and some received suggestions from it, which produced a change in their habits of life. Apart from its moral bearing, it was needed in another point of view; the spirit which went before the French revo-

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lution was breaking up those associations, on which alone the noble depended for securing the prescriptive reverence they claimed; for a long time the feudal feelings had been declining; Lady Mary Montague in one of her letters complains bitterly of the manner in which rank had fallen in public estimation, even in her day; of course the natural tendency was to still greater decay. Obviously the only way to prevent this bad result was for the great to be made to feel their obligations to those beneath them, that love might extort concessions which never would be made to fear. Hannah More appeared to feel something of this necessity; while to most others it seemed necessary to do nothing, but suppress or tame down that fierce spirit which was rising against established institutions, merely because those who seemed most interested in those institutions were too proudly careless of them.

But to attempt under these circumstances to reform the great, though not easy to be accomplished, was too easy in the efforts required, to fill her high sense of duty. She had also found vices prevailing among the poor, many of which she thought were owing to their entire want of instruction. She determined to exert herself for their reform, as far as her influence extended; and as her sisters had now been able to give up their school, and to retire with an adequate support for the rest of their lives, her plan was, with their assistance, to educate the poor children of the neighboring villages. Her design was conceived with as much judgment as generosity; but it met with the most violent opposition, even from many of those who were to receive the benefit of her gratuitous services. We are not surprised at this, considering the alarming state of the nation at that time, when Pitt, like Sisyphus, was staggering under the stone, which required but little additional weight to make it crush him; education was then, as it is now, spoken of as if it included the cultivation of the intellect alone; and there were many, who doubted whether intellectual improvement alone would be a remedy for all the disorders of the social system. Education in its wide sense, that is, its true sense, is no doubt the power by which society is to be raised, and at the same time quieted, and secured; but to suppose that a knowledge of a few sciences will produce this great result, or necessarily lead to it, is almost too absurd to be denied; and yet, when education is understood in this limited sense by those who advocate, and those who oppose it, it is not sur-

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prising if it should have seemed to many a dangerous experiment upon the public mind. But Hannah More was no visionary; to make the subjects of instruction wiser and better was, in her opinion, what education was bound to do; she did not believe it was possible to make them better, without making them wiser; but she knew that they might be made wise for evil as well as for good, and therefore directed all her efforts to the moral and religious improvement of the children.

She selected Cheddar, a romantic village ten miles from Cowslip-green, as the scene of her first experiment. The first person to be propitiated, for she was obliged to solicit permission to do this favor, was a rich farmer, whom she was able to conciliate only by flattery and attention. The vicar of this place lived at the University of Oxford, and the curate at a place twelve miles distant; in this hopeful region she commenced her enterprise, by hiring a house and a mistress at her own expense; though the parents were suspicious, the children came in, and the prospect of success was encouraging. Though formerly, when divine service was performed there once in the sabbath, eight was considered a sufficient audience in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, when they had carried on their school for a year, it was attended by two hundred old people, and as many children. The success which they met with here encouraged them to extend their operations, and in a short time they had twelve hundred children under their care. Their own resources were not equal to all these demands; but they were sustained by generous friends, like Wilberforce, who stood ready to supply whatever was wanting. Considering that some of the villages were inhabited by miners, so rude and ferocious that officers of justice dared not venture among them, and that such persons were distrustful of an enterprise which they could not understand, their success might appear surprising, if there were not a thousand examples to show what kind and cheerful views of religion, a spirit of disinterested regard for others, and a heart engaged in its object, are able to do.

But as the fears excited by the French revolution prevailed more extensively in England, and found support in the approbation of revolutionary principles, which was openly expressed by a large party in that country, the attention of alarmists began to turn with apprehension to examine every thing that was new; among others, her schools became suspected; they were

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institutions which had grown up at about the same time with the new political system; they were not in the books; no one could suppose, that anything less than a deep political design was the inspiring cause of so much effort and self-devotion. At first the chief difficulty had been with the young converts; when the subject of religion was first embraced by their minds, they were anxious to distinguish themselves by doing some great thing. Her thorough good sense had always recognised the truth, that holiness of life was the only sure test of the religious character, and she was obliged to labor unceasingly, to prevent the ardor of her converts from spending itself on lighter matters of the law; beside this, she felt the absolute necessity of their seeing not merely the truth, but seeing it in its proper light; since those to whom it appeared in a gloomy, unsocial and forbidding aspect, were strangers to its spirit, though they might know its letter by heart. These difficulties were however surmounted, since it depended on her own efforts to subdue them; but after a time, a storm of popular prejudice was excited against her, which had almost broken up her institutions, and had such an effect on her health, which was never firm, that it came near bringing her to the grave. It originated, probably, in some feeling of personal illwill. The curate of Blagdon, the parish in which Cowslip-green was situated, requested her to establish one of her schools there, and for several years expressed himself delighted with its effect; but all at once he turned against her, accused her of being hostile to Church and State, and, as such a panic was then easily spread, he raised an outcry, which for a time beat from all quarters in a perfect storm. The charges against her show what kinds of transgressions were magnified into atrocious crimes by the feverish state of popular feeling. One charge was, that of Calvinism, — an enormous offence, of which, however, if her own words may be trusted, she was not guilty. 'As a party matter,' she says, 'I never write nor talk about doctrines, thinking that it makes our tempers sour and unprofitable. The doctrines peculiar to Calvinism I do not adopt, though I much reverence many good men who maintain them.' The other offence alleged, was that of occasionally permitting extemporary prayer in her schools; it appeared that one or two zealous teachers had made a prayer of this description, without any idea of shaking the foundations of Church and State; but the matter was amended as soon as known, and it was understood, that if they had no book they should never pray again.

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At the time when the English nation was in its highest state of excitement, and before the excesses of the French revolution had alarmed its early friends, the spirit of opposition to established institutions was extending itself so rapidly, that even the pilot who weathered the storm, seemed likely to be overborne by a mutinous crew. The friends of Hannah More, knowing her power of adaptation to all to whom she wished to address herself, believed that the same tact which had made her exert a happy influence on persons of rank, would enable her to do much to calm the agitated minds of the poor. It is no easy matter to persuade men to submit to evils, when they think that they have it in their power to redress them; and yet it is certain, that premature attempts at reform often add years to the duration of the evil which they are intended to remove. It was well for England, that the popular movement, then beginning, was stayed and suspended, since by waiting the time she has gained the benefit of that experience, which France was compelled to buy with a prodigal expense of blood; now established institutions are so far undermined, that their friends are obliged to hold them up; in that day, they were so firm that their opposers would have been compelled to struggle hard to pull them down, and had they succeeded, they might themselves have been crushed under their fall. After resisting much urgency from her friends, Hannah More wrote her Village Politics, as a hasty experiment, and published it without her name; it had a most rapid and perfect success; being adapted in manner and spirit to the poor, it made a deep impression upon that class; and the higher orders, who by no means felt safe in the possession of their titles or fortunes, exerted themselves to spread it throughout the kingdom. Finding that this new field of enterprise was opened, she wrote the tracts which compose her Cheap Repository; every one has heard of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain; and such publications took a hold upon the minds of the people, which no doubt had great effect in reconciling them to a state which was certainly hard, but could only be made worse by hasty attempts to alter. The arguments which they contained in favor of contentment did something; but we doubt not that these tracts did much more, by turning the minds of the poor into new directions. Reading was not common among them as it is now; and tracts, especially tracts adapted to their

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habits of thought, were almost unknown before; probably the strong religious feeling which these publications inspired, was the most efficient agent in calming that deep excitement, which threatened to make all things level, by raising the valley and bringing the mountain low.

We do not intend to follow her through the history of her life, which was prolonged for many years, in which she suffered much from sickness and loss of friends; but they were nevertheless as happy as the respect and affection of others, the consciousness of doing good and a firm religious trust could make them. Her later works were of a religious cast; not addressed to particular classes like the others, and therefore less successful; since it was in this adaptation to those whom she wished to influence that her strength lay. But they do great honor both to her mind and heart. In sentiment, still more in style, they are not always judicious, but generally they display the marks of a strong, ready, and discriminating hand; no fault can be found with their spirit, for though men of the world charged her with excessive rigor, it would not be easy to show in what particular she transcended the great rule which all profess to follow, nor did she ever prescribe a rule for others which she did not herself observe. Her charity was most exemplary; throughout her writings we find a strong attachment to her own opinions indeed, such as belongs to an independent mind; but notwithstanding this strength of conviction, or possibly in consequence of this strength of conviction, she gave others full credit for equal sincerity, and never suffered her good feeling to other sects or individuals to be influenced by difference of opinion. Every day she read in Catholic books of devotion, and never suffered her regret for their errors to blind her to their fervent spirit; in one instance she was attacked by a Catholic priest, for an unguarded expression in one of her books which seemed to him uncharitable; but the correspondence between them on the occasion, shows at once that she was not the party to whom that word would most fitly apply. She kept up a familiar intercourse with the Unitarian Mrs. Barbauld; nor did either feel the less admiration for the talents and virtues of the other, because they were separated by the lines of religious party. In short, though we are far from agreeing with her in all her views, we know not where there is to be found a more exemplary, consistent and engaging manifestation of the religious spirit, than her

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life and writings display. It required moral courage in one who was caressed and flattered by the great, to hazard her popularity by telling unwelcome truths; it required something still better than courage to enable her to face the opposition and ingratitude of the poor; but, in all the relations of life, she seems to have been governed by a cheerful sense of duty, and the same strong principle was the animating spirit of her writings.

It was this singleness of heart, — this warm and generous sympathy with her race, which constituted the great attraction of her works. Her mind, though active and powerful, was not of the first order: she often took miniature views of great subjects, — correct enough as far as they went, but not sufficiently enlarged. There is often more regard to the point of the sentence than to the scope of the argument, and an epigrammatical way of setting down her reflections, which was unfavorable to logical deductions. The very circumstance that her works were so successful, every one of them passing through many editions, would create a suspicion that they were of a fashion which passes away. And this is true of them; they are now not generally read, — and they will excite less and less interest in future years. Being meant, and wonderfully suited for a given time, they are not of the kind which are suited to all times; they may be forgotten, but she will always retain a high traditional fame as one who exerted a considerable influence upon her own age, and that the age of Goldsmith, Burke and Johnson. Of all her efforts Cœlebs was the least successful; not because it wants merit, but because it was founded in the mistake of supposing that she could exert herself to more advantage by assuming a popular disguise. She should have considered that the religious teacher, while he gains nothing by assuming the dress and bearing of a man of the world, will lose the respect which he had power to command when in his proper station; we believe that she was sensible that the attempt was not happy, though the sale of the work was rapid and extensive; some of her friends begged her to repeat the experiment, but she would not be persuaded. But the abatements to be made in her reputation are but few and small, and the severest criticism must allow her enough for substantial and enviable fame.

Hannah More died in September of the last year, at the age of eighty-eight. Several years before her death she was

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obliged to quit Barey Woods, the place which she had formed after her own taste, and in which she hoped to die, in consequence of the bad conduct of her servants, who had taken advantage of her great indulgence. But her sisters were dead; she herself was waiting to follow, and it was of little importance to her where she passed the remaining hours of her closing day. Her powers of body and mind failed after that time, but not so rapidly as might have been expected from a constitution which had never been strong, and was then undermined by sickness added to the infirmity of age. Her disposition was cheerful and even playful to the very last; we mean the last period of her conscious existence; for she was brought by successive stages of decline to such a state of helplessness, that her mind almost failed her for a year before her death. Her death was a gentle and willing separation from the living; when she retired to rest her work was done; how well done the world has testified by a verdict, which we may hope will be affirmed on high.

ART. X.—*Character of Jefferson.*

1. *Remarks on Article IX. in the Eighty-Fourth Number of the North American Review, [July, 1834.] entitled Origin and Character of the Old Parties.* 8vo. pp. 39. Boston. 1834.

2. *Life of Thomas Jefferson, with Selections from the most valuable Portions of his Private Correspondence.* By B. L. RAYNER. 12mo. pp. 431. Boston. 1834.

THE first of these writings is intended as a reply to the article on the origin and character of the old political parties, which appeared in the July number of this journal. It is anonymous and carries with it no distinct internal evidence of its origin, but is understood to proceed from the author of the work, entitled Familiar Letters on Public Characters and Events, which formed one of the immediate subjects of that article.

The second of the works now before us is an unpretending but judicious and entertaining Life of Mr. Jefferson, including

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some of the most interesting and valuable of his letters. It is written in a favorable though not extravagantly eulogistic strain. We venture to recommend it to the perusal of those who may not have an easy access to the larger works on the subject, and may wish to obtain a different view of Mr. Jefferson's character, from that which has been handed down by tradition from his political opponents, or is recorded in the party pamphlets and journals of his day.

The Remarks on our preceding article, to which we now propose to invite the reader's attention, possess no great intrinsic value of any kind. They are a desultory, hasty, and both in style and substance quite incorrect series of notes upon our former lucubrations. They are in themselves, perhaps, not entitled to notice. But we have thought that for this very reason it might be useful to bring them under review. As the question has been started, it is of some importance to show upon how slight a texture of fact and argument party-spirit has founded its indictment against the fair fame of one of our great public benefactors, — one of the lights of the country and age in which he flourished. In speaking with plainness of the contents of the pamphlet, and in connexion with them of the Familiar Letters, it is not our intention to attribute to the author, — nor did we attribute to him in our former notice of his labors, — any worse motive than that of party-spirit. His pamphlet, like his book, is written in the temper of the publications of the period of the war and the Hartford Convention. He was himself a conspicuous actor in the controversies of that time, and has evidently lost nothing of the zeal with which he then espoused the doctrines, the feelings, the friendships, and the enmities of the party with which he was associated. We are willing to believe that he was then, and is now, entirely honest in his belief, although we cannot but regret that he should have deemed it expedient to envenom our existing political disputes, — already sufficiently acrimonious, — by a renewal of past quarrels, which an obvious policy, as well as the natural promptings of good feeling, should have induced him, as far as lay in his power, to bury in oblivion. As the attempt has been made, we consider it desirable that it should be in this quarter followed by demonstrations of a different kind, tending to show that whatever may be the feelings of individuals, there is no general disposition, especially

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among the active portion of the present generation, and the younger class who are to constitute the next, to violate the amnesty which was solemnly sworn to, over the open sepulchres of our great revolutionary fathers; — no disposition to build up the brazen wall of mutual hatred, which at one time separated New-England from the rest of the confederacy.

Why, indeed, should there be any such disposition in the young and active men of the present generation? Why should any son of New-England desire to alienate the land of his birth and abode from all community of interest, — all sympathy of feeling with the other states? Policy, — patriotism, — every consideration of an elevated character forbids the thought. Even party and personal motives, — so far as they result from the present situation of the country, — combine with those of a higher character to suggest a different course.

The author of the Remarks commences with a handsome complimentary notice of the general character of this journal, which he qualifies by the observation, that equal commendation cannot be given to all the articles, and that in the one on the Parties, the Review has 'obviously separated from the course which it ought to pursue.' He has 'no doubt that a large proportion of those who have read this article, condemn it.' While we express our gratitude to this writer, for his favorable estimate of the value of our usual labors, and cheerfully assent to the justice of the remark, that all the articles we publish are not entitled to equal commendation, we must beg leave to differ from him, as to the assertion that a large proportion of those who have read the article in question condemn it. At the time of its appearance the article attracted more than ordinary attention, and was noticed at considerable length in various newspapers in the different parts of the Union. With the exception of some communications which appeared in a daily journal of this city, and of which the source was perhaps not very remote from that of the remarks under review, these notices were uniformly favorable; many of them warmly and emphatically so. Some recommended a republication of the article in a pamphlet form. The last survivor of the illustrious band of revolutionary patriots and statesmen, — the venerable Madison, — gave his approbation to the views taken in it. Various other persons of high respectability and of different political opinions, honored us with letters expressing their concurrence. Within the limited sphere of our personal observation, we found the

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impression made by it decidedly agreeable, and had the satisfaction of hearing, especially from the younger portion of the public, frequent congratulations on its publication. We mention these facts, not from any vanity of authorship in regard to the article. We are well aware, that the merit of it, whatever it may be, lies entirely in the correctness of the sentiments, and that in other and abler hands, they would have assumed a far more plausible and attractive shape. But we mention them as evidences of what we believe to be true, that the general strain of the argument accorded with the public feeling. Even our author, although we ventured to differ from him as to the character of Mr. Jefferson, has no right, we think, to feel any personal dissatisfaction with the tone of our remarks. We treated him with uniform courtesy, and while we pointed out what we considered defects in his book, we gave it all the commendation to which it is fairly entitled, as an entertaining, and in some parts curious and valuable commentary on public events and characters.

The view taken of the character of Mr. Jefferson in the Familiar Letters, though no doubt very honestly entertained by the author, is the one which a warm partisan, as such, always takes of his opponent, whatever may be the subject in controversy. In the remarks made upon it in our preceding article, we merely applied to the case in question, the general principles which the philosophic historian habitually applies to all cases of a similar description, and by which the citizen of plain good sense and correct feeling governs himself in the ordinary intercourse of life. We succinctly recapitulated the origin and character of the great division of opinion, which has agitated the Christian world for three centuries, and which came to a crisis at the close of the last. We described the various communities of Europe and America, as all broken up into two internal parties, arrayed respectively under the banners of Liberty and Law. We stated that in this country, Mr. Jefferson was considered by the people as the leading representative and champion of the former party, as Fox was at the same time in England, and La Fayette in France. We said that these parties were composed like others of mixed materials: — that of the members of both, some acted on pure principles and patriotic feelings, and some from interested motives, while the mass were influenced by accidental circumstances over which they had little control.[5] In conclusion we

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expressed the opinion that 'taking the parties throughout, the proportion of the different sorts of ingredients was nearly the same in both, although each, in the section where it greatly predominated, naturally included a larger share of the intelligence, property, and influence of the community.'

In all this there was no pretension to novelty, nor did we consider ourselves as advancing any statement of fact or opinion in the least degree doubtful. Plain and obvious as our remarks were, they nevertheless appeared to us decisive of the question at issue. There may have been and doubtless were, in both these parties, as they existed in this and in every other country, good and bad men. If it can be shown that Mr. Jefferson, or any other person engaged in these controversies, attached himself to the party with which he acted from corrupt motives, or supported it by corrupt means, he must be regarded as belonging to the latter class: but this is not the form in which the question is presented. To the author of the Familiar Letters, Mr. Jefferson is obnoxious simply as a political character. It is not from any direct evidence or argument bearing on his personal qualities and conduct, but because he professed certain political opinions, and adopted or supported certain political measures, that his motives are questioned. But opinions and measures, the same in substance which rendered him obnoxious to his opponents, were at the same time professed and supported by a vast majority of the people in this, and other countries, including a fair proportion of the highest, best, and wisest men. If it was a crime in Mr. Jefferson to espouse the liberal in opposition to the conservative party, it was also a crime in La Fayette and Madame de Stael, — in Fox and Mackintosh, — in Franklin and Madison, — in the Emperor Alexander. The argument, in short, by proving, if it prove anything, a great deal too much, proves nothing at all. The political course of Mr. Jefferson, instead of showing that he was governed by questionable motives, exhibits him simply as one of the leading actors in the great movement of the time, wherein our country has taken so conspicuous a part, and which, in its principal particulars, has received throughout the strong approbation and enthusiastic sympathy of the American people. That Mr. Jefferson's political course was of this description, does not necessarily prove that he was personally an upright and honest man; but if the contrary be asserted, it must be shown by sufficient evidence. No attempt of this

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kind is made by the author of the Familiar Letters. He rests his case on political grounds alone; his argument therefore fails entirely.

While by these obvious, and at the same time, as we consider them, decisive considerations, we endeavored to rescue the reputation of one of our most distinguished revolutionary patriots from unmerited obloquy, we were careful not to run into an error similar to the one which we were exposing in regard to his political opponents. Had we been writing under the influence of party-spirit, as it prevailed at the time among the opponents of Hamilton, we should have described him as a reckless and ambitious military chieftain, bent on the attainment of power by whatever means. Such was the light in which he appeared to the mere partisans in the ranks of his opponents. Instead of representing him under this point of view, we held up him and his friends, as adherents and partisans of the other leading principle of Law, — as members of the great legitimate or conservative party of Christendom, — individually as honest, as able, as zealous as their opponents. Our author does us injustice, therefore, when he says that our article was an 'apology and vindication of one of the old parties and a condemnation of the other, with an affectation of candor and impartiality which will deceive no one.' The appearance of impartiality in the article will in fact deceive no one, because it corresponds with the substance. The view taken of the question was not affectedly or apparently, but really impartial, and has been so considered and spoken of in the various notices of it, that have appeared throughout the country. We challenge the author of the Remarks to point out a passage, or a word, in which we speak disparagingly of the party to which he belonged. We stated expressly, near the close of the article, as a summary of its contents, that the 'controversies of the last generation were such as might fairly and naturally exist among honest, intelligent and high-minded men;' — we recognised as belonging to that class 'the prominent individuals of the two principal shades of opinion, the Jeffersons, Madisons, Pinkneys, Clays and Wirts, on the one hand, and the Hamiltons, Parsonses, Ameses, Cabots and Otises on the other.' We described the case as 'one of those which so often occur when the best and wisest men in the community, among whom,' as we remarked, 'the persons just mentioned must undoubtedly be ranked, happen from varieties of temperament or accidental

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position, to take opposite views of the great political questions, which engage for the time the public attention.' We extended to the author of the Letters the benefit of the same charitable construction, which we had given to the conduct of the two parties, and although we regarded his book, in its bearing on Mr. Jefferson, as an ill-timed, and injudicious effort to depreciate the character of a distinguished public benefactor, we attributed and still attribute the writing of it to no worse motive than party-spirit. All this does not satisfy him. To award an equal proportion of talent and honesty to the two parties is not impartiality: it is a mere deceptive affectation of it. A real impartiality would consist in assigning to him and his political friends of the past generation, all the honesty, all the learning, and 'all the talents.' The French lady, who described herself as always in the right, — *il n'y a que moi qui ai toujours raison,* — thought herself, no doubt, the most impartial person in the world.

The considerations, by which we endeavored in our preceding article to rescue the reputation of Mr. Jefferson from the charges which the author of the Familiar Letters has lately revived, were, as we have said before, at once obvious and decisive. The author of the Remarks seems rather at a loss how to deal with them. His first feeling is to dispute the whole ground: — he is half-inclined to deny that there is any such division of opinion throughout Christendom, as we have described; — that the troubles of the present time have any connexion with the events that preceded them; — that *legitimacy* has anything to do with *law*. After pursuing for some time this line of argument, he is led by the force of truth into an admission of our principle in nearly the same words in which we had expressed it, thus giving up the question at issue, and leaving the character of Mr. Jefferson upon the impregnable ground on which our argument, placed it. Having done this, he proceeds, in the next page, apparently without any consciousness of the effect of his admissions, to renew the attack in detail, and through the rest of the pamphlet enlarges on various points in the character and measures of that statesman, which he deems objectionable. In replying to his Remarks upon our preceding article, we shall first notice some of the points in which he has misapprehended what we said before, and shall then advert particularly to the new attack which he has made, on the present occasion, upon the reputation of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

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The first movement of the author of the Remarks seems to have been, as we have said, to dispute the whole ground we had taken, to deny the reality of any such struggle between the friends of reform, and of existing institutions, or, in other words, of Liberty and Law, as we had described, and to contest the correctness of our historical deduction of its origin. His observations to this effect are not fitted to give a very exact idea of what we had said on the subject, and require some correction even on the score of historical accuracy.

We had summarily stated, for example, 'that the symptoms of the approach of the struggle just alluded to, might be seen in the Jack Cade rebellion in England, and that of the *Jacquerie* in France; in the tumultuous wars of the Flemish cities against their feudal lords, of the Guelphs and Ghibelins in Italy, and of the Communeros in Spain.' In these commonplace phrases our author sees occasion for much doubt and comment. 'It is amusing,' he says, 'to find a writer of the present day referring to these facts, as proofs of progress in the science of government.' One would suppose from this remark that we had referred to the events in question as proofs of progress in science of government. Our readers will have seen from the passage just quoted, the only one in which we mention them, that this is not the case. We described them as 'symptoms of the approach of the struggle between the friends of reform and of existing institutions.' The peasantry were then throughout all Europe in personal bondage, as they are now in Russia, and many parts of Austria and Prussia. The brazen collar was riveted round their necks; the iron of slavery had entered into their souls; they were brutes in the shape of men. The Jack Cade rebellion and the *Jacquerie* were among the convulsive efforts in which, under the sting of some more than ordinary outrage, they rose upon their masters. They were of the nature of the servile wars in Rome, and of the late Southampton tragedy in Virginia. They were proofs not of progress in the science of government, but of the existence of oppression in its worst and most revolting form. But they were also *symptoms* of the approach of better things: they showed that man, even in his lowest state of degradation, still retains some traces of his nobler nature; they showed that the intolerable yoke of feudal oppression could not and would not be endured forever; that it must in the end be shaken off; as it was.

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When M. de Voltaire wishes to refute a particular book, says Montesquieu, he writes another book and then refutes the book which he has himself written. This was natural enough in the Philosopher of Ferney, who thought more of effect than truth. But what, after all, does a writer gain by refuting himself instead of his opponent?

The comments of our author upon the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelins in Italy, are curious.

'Of the Guelphs and Ghibelins of Italy, we have learned nothing from history, but that two noble families of Rome or its neighborhood carried on a most bloody and ferocious war for about three centuries, on one side of which, about the middle of the 12th century, the Ghibelins had the support of the Emperor of Germany, and the Guelphs that of the Pope. These wars were carried on long after the original cause of the quarrel was forgotten, which, as we have somewhere read or heard, was the right of property in, or some damage done to a greyhound, but we will not be positive on this point of history.'

This, then, is all that our author has learned from history of the noble struggle for the emancipation of Italy from the yoke of the foreign barbarian, (as the dwellers north of the Alps are there proudly called,) which engrossed the attention and occupies the annals of Europe for three centuries. Lord Byron understood the matter differently when he gave us in the fourth Canto of Childe Harold, his splendid imitation of the celebrated Sonnet of Filicaja.

'Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely, or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back who press
To shed thy blood and drink the tears of thy distress.

Then might'st thou more appal, or less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored
For thy destructive charms; then still untired
Would not be seen the armed torrents poured
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde

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Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water: nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so
Victor or vanquished thou the slave of friend or foe.'

Of these 'annals, graved in characters of flame;' — of these 'armed torrents pouring down the deep Alps;' — of these 'hostile hordes of many-nationed spoilers, quaffing blood and water from the Po;' — of the whole glorious and fearful tragedy that crowds the volumes of Guicciardini, Machiavelli and Sismondi; — of the grand array of characters that still breathe and burn in the sombre portrait-gallery of Dante; — of all this the author of the Remarks, has, it seems, learned nothing from history. The affair, as he has read or heard, resolves itself into a dispute between two noble families in Rome about a greyhound.

It was a remark of Dr. Johnson upon the controversy between Milton and Salmasius, that when political subjects fall into the hands of grammarians, the rights of nations degenerate into questions of syntax. If we were to judge from his observations upon this subject of the nature of our author's studies, we should be tempted to conclude that the Sporting Magazine was a greater favorite with him than the Historical Class Book.

'As to the *Communeros* of Spain, we confess our ignorance; we never heard of them before.'!!!

It was thought by Cicero somewhat discreditable to a Roman lawyer of eminence, that he was not thoroughly conversant in his own professional science. *Turpe est patricio et nobili et causas oranti jus in quo versaretur ignorare.* Is it quite natural in our author to admit, and with apparent complacency, that he 'never heard' of one of the most important, and at the same time most familiar events in modern history? Did he never read Robertson's Charles V.? The first thirty pages of the third book of that work are devoted to the war of the Commoners. That the author of the Remarks is in fact, as he says, entirely unacquainted with even the very slight and summary sketch there given of the events in question, however singular it may be, is yet so far honorable to him as it serves to account in some degree for the manner in which he speaks of them.

'As to the *Communeros* of Spain we confess our ignorance: we never heard of them before. But we will *venture to guess*

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that it was some sort of *Jacquerie* or Jack Cade insurrection, from the little we do know of Spanish history, of the age supposed to be alluded to.'

If we could suppose our author to have known much at the time of the events of which he was speaking, he could hardly be acquitted of offences, less venial than the mere want of historical learning. The war of the Commoners of Spain, as every reader moderately versed in history is of course aware, was one of the noblest struggles for constitutional liberty which have ever occurred in modern Europe. The failure of it was the real cause of the decline of Spain; as the success of the similar struggle that took place a century later in England, and ended in the establishment of the existing constitution in 1688, was the real cause of the subsequent greatness and glory of our parent-country. The names of the leader of the Commoners, Don Juan de Padilla, and his lady Donna Maria Pacheco, who also took a conspicuous part in the war, are among the most illustrious on record. Of the latter a distinguished Spanish writer remarks with the enthusiastic gallantry of his nation, that it would be necessary to invent a new language, in order to express half her merits. The Spanish Commoners had drawn up, with the intention of presenting it to their King Charles V. for his signature, a constitutional charter, the substance of which may be found in Robertson. It is in every way much superior to the far-famed English *Magna Charta*, which excites to so high a degree, and not without some reason, our author's enthusiasm. It provides among other things, that in all future meetings of the Cortes, each city shall send one representative of the clergy, one of the gentry, and one of the commons, each to be elected by his own order; that the crown shall not influence or direct any city, with regard to the choice of its representatives; that no member of the Cortes shall receive an office or pension, under pain of death, and confiscation of his goods; that each city or community shall pay a competent salary to its representatives, for their maintenance during their attendance on the Cortes; that the Cortes shall assemble once in three years at least, *whether summoned by the King or not*, and shall then inquire into the observation of the articles now agreed upon, and deliberate concerning public affairs; that judges shall have fixed salaries assigned them, and shall not receive any share of the fines and forfeitures of the persons condemned by them; that no grant of the goods of persons shall be valid, if given before sentence was pronounced against them; that all privi-

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leges which the nobles have at any time obtained to the prejudice of the commons, shall be revoked; that the government of cities and towns shall not be put into the hands of the nobles; that the land of the nobles shall be subject to all public taxes in the same manner with those of the commons.

'Such,' says Robertson, after citing these and a number of other no less judicious and important provisions, 'such were the chief articles presented by the Junta to their Sovereign. As the feudal institutions in the several kingdoms of Europe were originally the same, the genius of those governments which arose from them bore a strong resemblance to each other, and the regulations which the Castilians attempted to establish on this occasion, differ little from those which other nations labored to preserve in their subjects. The grievances complained of and the remedies proposed by the English Commons, in their contest with the princes of the House of Stuart, particularly resemble those upon which the Junta now insisted. But the Spaniards had already acquired ideas of their own liberty and independence, had formed bold and generous sentiments concerning government, and discovered an extent of political knowledge, to which the English did not attain till more than a century afterwards.'

We cannot, of course, go into this subject. The policy and foreign troops of Charles prevailed over the noble, but in some degree, undisciplined enthusiasm of the Commoners. Padilla fell a victim to the cause; his letters to his wife and to his native city of Toledo, written on the day of his death, and which are given in Robertson, breathe a truly heroic spirit in strains of manly and touching eloquence. The latter seems to have suggested to the poet Moore the idea of his beautiful song, supposed to be addressed by a martyr in the cause of Irish liberty to his country.* When the generous soul of Padilla

* The letter of Padilla to his wife is as follows: — 'Señora: — If your grief did not afflict me more than my own death, I should deem myself perfectly happy. For the end of life being certain to all men, the Almighty confers a mark of distinguishing favor upon that person for whom he appoints a death such as mine, which, though lamented by many, is nevertheless acceptable unto him. It would require more time than I now have, to write anything that could afford you consolation. That my enemies will not grant me, nor do I wish to delay the reception of that crown which I hope to enjoy. You may bewail your loss, but not my death, which, being so honorable, ought not to be lamented by any. My soul, for nothing else is left me, I bequeath to you. You will receive it as the thing in this world which you valued most. I do not write to my father, Pero Lopez, because I dare not,

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took flight to a better world, the good genius of the Spanish Peninsula abandoned his charge. Under the unlimited despotism that prevailed ever afterwards, the country lost in rapid succes-

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for though I have shown myself to be his son, in daring to lose my life, I have not been the heir of his good fortune. I will not attempt to say anything more, that I may not tire the executioner who waits for me, and that I may not excite a suspicion, that in order to prolong my life, I lengthened out my letter. My servant Sossa, an eye-witness, and to whom I have communicated my most secret thoughts, will inform you of what I cannot now write; and thus I rest, expecting the instrument of your grief and of my deliverance.'

The following is the letter to the city of Toledo. 'To thee, the crown of Spain and light of the world, — free from the time of the mighty Goths, — to thee, who by shedding the blood of strangers as well as thy own blood, hast recovered liberty for thyself and thy neighboring cities, thy legitimate son, Juan de Padilla, gives information how, by the blood of his body, thy ancient victories are to be refreshed. If fate hath not permitted my actions to be placed among your successful and celebrated exploits, the fault hath been in my ill fortune, not in my good will. This I request of thee as of a mother to accept, since God hath given me nothing more to lose for thy sake, than that which I am now to relinquish. I am more solicitous about thy good opinion than about my own life. The shiftings of fortune which never stand still are many. *But this I see with infinite consolation, that I, the least of thy children, suffer death for thee:* and that thou hast nursed at thy breast such as may take vengeance for my wrongs. Many tongues will relate the manner of my death, of which I am still ignorant, though I know it to be near. My end will testify what was my desire. My soul I commend to thee as to the patroness of Christianity. Of my body I say nothing, for it is not mine. I can write nothing more, for at this very moment I feel the knife at my throat with greater dread of thy displeasure, than apprehension of my own pains.'

At the time when this letter was written, Toledo was in possession of the Commoners under the command of the wife of Padilla, who held it for several months after her husband's death. When she found further resistance hopeless she escaped in disguise into Portugal, which was the seat of her family. The poem of Moore alluded to in the text is as follows; the close is evidently taken from the passage printed in italics, which probably suggested the whole.

'When he who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, as they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love, —
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.'

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sion her political and military power, her literary glory, her population, her wealth, and finally her colonies, until she had gradually sunk into the state of hopeless and helpless imbecility in which we have lately seen her, and from which she is now attempting to recover. The reader will find in Robertson, or any other good history of Spain, the details of this eventful, spirit-stirring, and in the close mournful story. The whole affair is, it seems, entirely unknown to our author; and it is well, as we have said, for his reputation, that it is so. The terms in which he has spoken of these generous, and at the same time most judicious efforts in the cause of constitutional liberty, these splendid examples of individual heroism, would otherwise do but little honor to his own heart.

After the remarks to which we have now alluded upon the Jack Cade rebellion, the Guelphs and the Ghibelins, and the Spanish Communeros, our author takes up the subject more at large, and gives us in ten pages a summary of universal history, 'from the earliest period' to the fall of Napoleon. The object seems to be to contest the correctness of our statement, in regard to the connexion between the great political divisions of the present age, and the events of the three preceding centuries. We had remarked in a few brief sentences, that the reformation, the British revolution of the seventeenth century, and our own revolution were so many successive developments in various forms, of substantially the same spirit, which produced the political agitations of the last half century in France, and throughout Europe. The bearing of this argument upon the view taken by our author, of the character of Mr. Jefferson, is apparent. The reformation, the British revolution, and our own, are all regarded with favor, by the great majority of the people of the United States. If the French revolution was only another development of the same principles; if it was, in fact, as it is generally considered, an immediate consequence and result of ours, it follows, of course, that it is not an unpardonable sin, in Mr. Jefferson, to have sympathized with the persons and parties, that were engaged in it, so far as they kept themselves within the limits of humanity and justice. In order to avoid this consequence, and to show that Mr. Jefferson must, necessarily, be a very suspicious character, because he looked with an eye of favor upon La Fayette and Madamé de Stael, our author is compelled to, and actually does deny, that there was any

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connexion between the French and American revolutions, or between our revolution and that of England in the seventeenth century, or between the latter and the Protestant reformation. The notion of the gradual elevation of the mass of the population throughout Europe, from the state of personal slavery to which they were reduced in the middle ages, to that of personal, political, and intellectual liberty, to which they are now tending, and have in part attained; — this notion, we say, which is commonly received, as the most valuable and interesting result, to us at least, of our historical studies, is a mere chimera. No such progress has in fact taken place. The great events of the last three or four centuries, have no more connexion with each other, or with those of the present time, than with the Trojan war. Each is entirely distinct from the rest, and has a character of its own. The reformation, the British revolution, and ours, were just and beneficial movements, and the American people are right in approving them. The French revolution, on the contrary, was quite a different affair; the American people, including Mr. Jefferson, made a great mistake in approving it, and our author' is sorry to find that any well-informed American considers it as an occurrence which a free republican nation ought to regard with satisfaction, as a kindred case.'

It is the less necessary to attempt a serious reply to this course of argument, since our author himself is finally led by the force of truth, as we shall presently see, to acquiesce in the view which we have taken of the subject; — to admit that there has been, for three or four centuries past, a steady and constantly progressive advance in political improvement, and that the efforts to promote this progress on the one hand, and to sustain established institutions against it on the other, are the real principles of the present political agitations. It may be sufficient, therefore, to observe here, in support of the view which we have taken, that it is one about which there is no dispute among tolerably intelligent men of whatever party. The strongest Conservatives and the warmest Whigs agree to it with equal readiness. Count de Maistre, Châteaubriand and Blackwood, concur with Constant, De Stael, and Mackintosh, in tracing the divisions of the present day, through their immediate antecedents in the American and British revolutions, up to their remote sources in the writings of Mon-

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tesquieu and Locke, the preaching of Luther, and the increased wealth and intelligence of the body of the people.

Without attempting, therefore, to refute a train of argument, which our author himself is finally compelled to abandon, we shall merely glance at some of the singular paradoxes into which he has been led. Thus, we had remarked, that 'the British revolution was the first occasion on which the principle of reform, that had been so long at work, displayed itself in a great country in its proper shape, and that our own revolution was the next.' We regarded these as acknowledged facts. The author of the remarks is at some pains to make out the contrary. 'We think there is nothing new in the British revolution.' That is, we suppose, the constitution of human nature was the same in 1688, as it was at the time of the Trojan war, or as it is now. What then? Does our author suppose, that in representing the British revolution as the first in a particular sequence of events, we mean to affirm that the constitution of human nature was at that time regenerated? Because human nature is, and always will be, substantially what it always has been, does it follow that there can be no such thing as a sequence of events, succeeding and growing out of each other? Human nature was the same in the time of Cæsar, as in that of Scipio and Camillus. Does this prove, that the subjugation of Gaul and Britain were not events naturally growing in the order of cause and effect, out of the Punic wars, and the repulse of the Cimbri? Our author's assertion, admitting its truth, which nobody would of course think of contesting, has no bearing, whatever, upon the question.

Again; 'the British revolution,' says our author, 'was a mere confirmation of Magna Charta, though, on the whole, a much less important event, and, on the other hand, it has little or no resemblance to the American revolution.' Admitting this to be as true, as it evidently is incorrect, what would it prove? Is it supposed in the view we take of the subject, that the successive developments of the same great principles, — the successive steps in the same sequences of events, — must necessarily resemble each other in form? We have ourselves described the Reformation, and the tumultuous insurrections of the middle ages, as among the developments of the same principles, which afterwards produced the British and American revolutions. It is well known that the same principles may, and often do exhibit themselves under the most various and even opposite shapes. In order to place an event in a particu-

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lar sequence, it is only necessary that it should belong there in the order of time, and of cause and effect. In its form it may, or may not, resemble the others of the same series.

Our author's assertion that the British revolution resembled the granting of *Magna Charta*, much more than it did the American revolution, would therefore, if true, be of no importance. The assertion itself, and especially the remark that the granting of *Magna Charta* was by much the more important measure of the two have, we think, but little plausibility. They are, in fact, among the most curious paradoxes which we recollect to have recently met with. Our author seems to have mistaken the purport of the observations of Sir James Mackintosh upon *Magna Charta*. Sir James speaks of it as a record of principles. Considered under this point of view, it deserves all the commendation he bestows upon it. As a political measure, the granting of it was of little or no importance. It hardly exercised a momentary influence upon the state of the country. It left things exactly where it found them; and so far was it from furnishing any real assurance of better political institutions, that the troubles out of which it grew, were followed by the almost unlimited despotism of the Tudors and the Stuarts. It was not till the effort to obtain religious freedom had directed the attention of the whole people to their personal rights, that the movement began, which ended in the secure establishment of those rights at the revolution of 1688. The Puritans commenced this movement, and it is therefore to them, as Hume himself, — no friend of Puritanism, or of liberty, — very correctly remarks, that England is indebted for all her political liberty. Even as a record of principles, *Magna Charta*, however valuable considering its date,—and we are in no way disposed to underrate it, — bears no comparison with the great acts of 1688, or with the Charter of the Spanish Commoners, which our author never heard of. It was the act of the feudal aristocracy, and was intended as a proclamation of their rights, as against their feudal sovereign. It not only made no provision for the rights of the people, but it expressly recognised the mass of them as *villains*. It secured the *slave* in the possession of his *wagon*, the instrument with which he did the work of his master, and this our author very seriously cites as a proof that there is not one principle of English *liberty*, as established at the revolution, which is not expressed or implied in the Charter. But were it even as a declaration of

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rights more complete than it is, the case would still be the same as to its importance, in comparison with the revolution of 1688. The great object with the people, is not to *declare* their rights, but to *secure* them. A declaration of rights, or any other written constitution or charter, is an article of easy manufacture. A sheepskin, or a few linen rags, with a drop of ink, a goose quill, half an hour's time, and a little common-place learning, will accomplish the purpose. To *secure* the rights so declared is another affair. Centuries of toil and effort, — rivers of blood and tears, — the heroic self-sacrifice of whole generations, — the loftiest talents, the noblest virtues, and in concurrence with these, the happiest fortune, have hitherto been found necessary for effecting this object. *Magna Charta* declared the rights of the barons, but left even them in practice exactly where it found them. The revolution *secured* the rights of the *people*. This is the precise difference between the operation of these two events, and if our author consider the former as the more important, we can only say that the result of his historical researches is very different from that of ours.

In farther illustration of his assertion, that the great events which preceded and prepared the French revolution were entirely disconnected with that and each other, our author is at some pains to show that the results of the British revolution of 1688, and of the American revolution, were entirely unlike. The substance of what he says is, that the former established a monarchical government, and the latter a republican one. This is little better than mere sophistry. The revolution of 1688, so far as it interfered with the monarchical department of the government, did not establish, but on the contrary subverted it. Its operation on the prerogative was to limit its extent, and it did this so effectually, that since that time the king has never ventured to negative a bill or to sustain a minister against a majority of the House of Commons. The difference between the results of the British and American revolutions was, that the latter did the same work thoroughly, which the former commenced and left half-done. According to the figurative language of Horne Tooke, the former stopped at Brentford, while the latter went all the way to Windsor. Were the view taken by our author a just one, our position would not be the less sound. We have not affirmed, that the events which prepared the French revolution were alike in form, but that they were successive developments of

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the same great principles. That this was true of the British and American revolutions is so far from being doubtful, that in these cases the same principles were also professed and brought into action by the same men, that is, by the same class of men, we mean the Puritans. As the parent country is indebted, by the acknowledgment of Hume, for all its liberty to the Puritans who remained at home, — so we are indebted to those who emigrated for the establishment of our independence. The spirit that revolted at the pretensions of the British hierarchy, was the same which a century later spurned at the stamp-act and the tea-tax. This is all that we have said; whether the results of victory in the two struggles were precisely the same, is not to the point. It does however so happen in this instance, that the British and American revolutions bear in form precisely that relation to each other, which might be expected from successive developments of the same great principles, under the different circumstances of the two cases. A second effort, made with the consciousness of power acquired by a preceding triumph, and under other circumstances more favorable to free and untrammeled action, might naturally be expected, if successful, to produce results more complete, decisive, and thorough, though in a similar way. This is precisely what happened. The friends of liberty in England, hampered by existing institutions, and as yet hardly conscious themselves of what they wanted, were contented with half-way measures. Our fathers, enlightened and strengthened by the experience of two centuries of virtual independence and liberty, knew what they were really aiming at, and marched up boldly and resolutely to the mark. The former reduced the king to a mere machine; the latter removed him from the chess-board. That these were natural forms for the successive developments of the same principles under the different circumstances of the two cases, is quite too clear to require further argument.

When Homer in the Iliad intends to convey a grand idea of the movement of the Ruler of the ocean, he represents him as taking only four steps in his progress from the top of Olympus to his head-quarters. 'Three steps he took in his progress, and at the fourth he reached his journey's end.'

Τρὶς μὲν ὄρεξατ' ἰὼν τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο τεκμὼρ.

The genius of Reform (if we may be allowed, without offence to our author, who does not much relish personifications, although he has no distaste for personalities, to personify the

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principles which for two or three centuries have been agitating the Christian world) the genius of Reform, in like manner, in his progress over Europe and America, took three giant steps before he fixed his foot at the fourth upon the firm foundation whence he was to shake the world. These three steps were the Reformation and the British and American revolutions. The French revolution was the fourth and last.

In this portion of his Remarks, it is the principal object of our author to decry the French revolution with the view of throwing odium on Mr. Jefferson, as one of its supposed admirers, and on us as his advocates. Our author can see nothing in the French revolution but its worst excesses. These are exhibited in beautiful array, as they are set forth in order in the chronological tables. The pleasing reminiscences of Robespierre, Marat and the rest of that amiable fraternity, are once more presented to us, and we are invited to see the public executioner fighting over again his battles with youth, beauty and innocence in the name of liberty. These horrors, we are told, are unlike any that were ever witnessed at any other time. 'They have no parallel in the history of the world.' But our author charitably supposes that they were regarded by Mr. Jefferson, and are now by ourselves, with unaffected satisfaction, as the last results of human perfectibility. The catalogue of odious and disgusting atrocities to which we have alluded, is given as 'a condensed view of the progress of the French revolution, which was so much an object of Mr. Jefferson's delight, and is, if we mistake not, complacently regarded by the Reviewer.' 'If the Reviewer sees in the French revolution wherewith to be proud of, and to foster his love of the human race, we cannot see with his eyes.' In the view of our author, the scene of the French revolution was the Place de Grève, — the guillotine its principal means of operation, and the executioner its hero. — Every one who sees anything to approve in it must of course have fallen in love with these delightful objects.

All this is at once incorrect and disingenuous. It is not true, in the first place, that the excesses of the French revolution have no parallel in the history of the world. They differ in no material respect from the similar excesses, that have at so many other periods disgraced the annals of Christendom. One of the most revolting of the revolutionary horrors, — we mean the opening of the royal sepulchres at St. Denis, — has been paralleled this very year, in our own neighborhood.

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The victims of the reign of terror, though it lasted three or four years, are supposed to have been less numerous than those of the St. Bartholomew's day.

Again; the attempt to fasten on Mr. Jefferson, and the other friends of liberty, the responsibility for the excesses of the French revolution, is disingenuous. These excesses are not the revolution; they had no necessary connection with it. The revolution was a vast political movement, embracing most of the important transactions of the last fifty years, throughout Christendom. Its objects were the reform of abuses and the introduction of improved political institutions, in one word *Liberty*. These objects have been to a great extent effected in some of the most important countries of Europe and the world. Representative government, religious toleration, the liberty of the press, additional securities for personal rights have been established as results or under the influence of the French revolution, through the whole southern and western sections of Europe, in Spanish and Portuguese America, and even in Greece. The American people have always approved of these results, and sympathized in the movement that has produced them; Mr. Jefferson shared this feeling; we are free to confess that we share it ourselves. If it be treason to rejoice at the progress of representative government, religious freedom, and general education, and civilization, we must plead guilty, and as Patrick Henry said on another occasion, 'let them make the most of it.' This however is the French revolution, and for ourselves we 'see much in it (to use our author's rather homely language) *wherewith to be proud of* and to foster our love of the human race.'

The excesses of the French revolution are quite another affair. Nobody approves them; nobody ever dreamed of speaking of them in any other terms than those of horror and disgust; Mr. Jefferson detested them as much as our author. In our preceding article, we spoke of them as 'unpardonable excesses which none could lament and abhor more sincerely than ourselves.' Is it fair? Is it ingenuous? Is it just to endeavor to fasten upon Mr. Jefferson, or upon us, the responsibility for these excesses, because we approve the objects and the results of the French revolution, so far as it was kept within the limits of humanity and justice? Does it in good earnest necessarily follow that representative government is a bad thing, because Robespierre, and Fouquier Tinville were bad men? Is the general diffu-

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sion of knowledge to be deprecated, because a horde of ignorant ruffians who were what they were chiefly from the want of this general diffusion of knowledge, perpetrated, when in power, the outrages which ignorant ruffians in power may be expected to perpetrate? Do the Inquisition, or the St. Bartholomew's Day, prove anything against the truth or value of religion? Common sense revolts at this line of argument, which our author is now, after a silence of twenty years, reviving against Mr. Jefferson. It has always been the policy of the aristocratic party in Europe, to endeavor to confound the objects and the results of the French revolution with its excesses, in order to throw upon the former the odium that belongs to the latter only. In pursuing the same line of argument our author shows, that his sympathies are, as we remarked in our preceding article, with the European aristocracy. In reality, the intelligent friends of liberty, far from looking with any favor or tenderness upon the excesses of the French revolution, have always regarded them with particular disapprobation, and for the very obvious reason that they were not only outrages upon humanity and justice, but a disgrace to the cause of liberty, and an obstacle to its progress. For the same reason the enemies of liberty have always secretly rejoiced at their occurrence, and have at times done what they could to promote it.

In the same spirit our author endeavors to fasten upon Mr. Jefferson, and on us as his advocates, the responsibility for the errors and faults of Napoleon, because we said in our preceding article, that his reign was one of the phases of the French revolution, and that the general results of the revolution are in the main good. He wonders how we can possibly discern in his dominion anything favorable to liberty, or the natural rights of man, and then politely inquires, whether we will 'please to point out a case in the whole range of history, in which any man who rose to be the "people personified" proved to be a more unfeeling and selfish tyrant.' It does not for a moment enter his imagination, that a useful object may be brought about by very objectionable agents: — that Providence often educes good out of partial evil: — that popular institutions may have been, and no doubt have been transported on the point of the bayonet of Napoleon, into regions where they would not, for a long time to come, have penetrated in any other way. He cannot conceive, that, — independently of this consideration, — a vast political movement, comprehending

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a great variety of particular actions, may produce on the whole beneficial results, even though some one or more of these particular actions, and the actors engaged in them, may work out directly nothing but unmixed evil.

As to the character of Napoleon, since our author is pleased to request our opinion, we shall give it to him with perfect frankness. On that point we have no disguise. We have more than once had occasion to speak of the 'Man of Destiny,' and have always done it in the same terms. We consider him as an apostate from the cause of liberty. He had before him, at the critical point in his career, the three paths that had been trodden successively by Cromwell, Monk and Washington; he might have taken either with entire safety and success. The friends of liberty and his own true friends hoped that he would choose the last; the aristocracy recommended the second; he rejected both and fixed upon the first. This was his crime, and what Talleyrand would have thought a much worse thing, his fault. He displayed the highest intellectual capacity, but he failed for want of the elevated moral qualities which the emergency required. We do not, however, consider him as 'the most unfeeling and selfish tyrant that ever rose to power;' and since our author so politely requests it, we will mention two or three who appear to us more so. Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning; — Caligula, who wished that the whole Roman people had but one neck that he might cut it off at a blow; — Henry VIII. of England, who beheaded his wife to make room for another, as often as he saw a new face that struck his fancy; — and Charles X. of France, who employed himself coolly in hunting at Versailles, during the three days when his subjects were slaughtering each other in the streets of Paris, and when three words from him would have set all right; — these were all more unfeeling and selfish tyrants than Napoleon. It is easy to kick the dead lion. When Hector was alive, the sound of his chariot wheels would set the whole Grecian army in a panic, but after his corpse had been brought to the camp, it was a mere pastime to thrust a dagger into it. 'There stood not an Argive near the chief,' says Homer, 'who inflicted not a wound.' Generous souls! — But such is poor human nature.

Napoleon had his faults and they were great and glaring enough to satisfy any tolerably reasonable enemy, but he was not the ruffian that our author seems to be disposed to make him out. There was on the contrary a seductive softness,

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— a kind of fascination in his manner, which neither man nor woman could resist. He combined to an astonishing, an almost unexampled extent, the loftiest capacity for the highest spheres of action, with a strong passion and aptitude for the arts and graces of polished life. He failed in exercising a moral control over the wild aspirations of his boundless ambition, but who shall say how far an apology may be found for his defects in this respect, in the circumstances of his education and the force of his genius, which exposed him to seductions that common men are never called on to resist? Such as he was, he stands forth emphatically, and *par excellence*, the great man of modern history.

'Never,' says La Martine, in his powerful ode to Bonaparte, — no political partisan either, nor yet a friend of liberty, but a royalist of the sturdiest stamp, — 'never, since the two great names that have been handed down so long from one generation to another, has any name been noised so widely abroad; no mortal foot ever stamped upon the earth a deeper track. Ah fortunate soldier!' he continues, 'hadst thou but restored the sceptre when it came within thy grasp to its rightful possessor, and reinstated at the same time Religion in her pristine splendor, — as the champion of kings, how much greater hadst thou been than kings themselves! With what a crown of radiant glory would not history then have encircled thy forehead! But it might not be. Glory, — honor, — freedom, — the words that we all worship were for thee unmeaning sounds; they fell unnoticed, — unheard, — on an ear that could listen to nothing but the trumpet's call and the clashing music of the sabre.' There are few things in modern poetry finer than the closing stanzas of this poem, and we quote them with pleasure as a proper qualification of our author's stern and contemptuous condemnation of the fallen hero.

'On dit qu'aux derniers jours de sa longue agonie,
Devant l'éternité seul avec son génie,
Son regard vers le ciel, parut se soulever;
Le signe rédempteur toucha son front farouche; . . .
Et même on entendit commencer sur sa bouche
Un nom . . . qu'il n'osait achever.

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Achève! . . . . c'est le Dieu qui règne et qui couronne;
C'est le Dieu qui punit; c'est le Dieu qui pardonne;
Pour les héros et nous, il a des poids divers.
Parle lui sans effroi! lui seul peut te comprendre!
L'esclave et le tyran ont tous un compte à rendre,
L'un, du sceptre, l'autre des fers.

Son cerceuil est fermé; Dieu l'a jugé; silence!
Son crime et ses exploits pèsent dans la balance:
Que des faibles mortels, la main n'y touche plus.
Qui peut sonder, Seigneur, ta clémence infinie?
Et vous, fléau de Dieu! qui sait si le génie
N'est pas une de vos vertus?'

'Tis said that on one of the last days of his long agony, when he found himself with all his genius alone on the threshold of eternity, his hand formed upon his stern forehead the sign of redemption, and that he was heard half-pronouncing a name which he ventured not to finish.

'Say on; — 'tis the God who dispenses kingdoms; the God who punishes; the God who pardons: — Has he not a different scale for heroes and for common men? Speak to him without fear! He alone can comprehend you. The slave and the tyrant must each render his account, — the one of his sceptre, the other of his chains.

'The sepulchre is closed; — the last judgment is pronounced; the exploits and the crimes of the mighty dead have been weighed in the balance of a higher than any human tribunal. Let not feeble man undertake to scrutinize the sentence. Who, Almighty One! shall sound the depths of thy mercy? And you, Scourge of God! who shall say that your genius will not find acceptance as a virtue?'

But we have pursued this majestic phantom of the fallen hero a little too far, and must hurry again into the track. Whatever may have been the errors or the crimes of Napoleon, the friends of liberty are not more responsible for them than they are for the rest of the excesses and misfortunes that attended the French revolution, and defeated or retarded its natural results. To pretend to visit these enormities upon the sage of Monticello is about as reasonable as it would be to consider Fenelon responsible for the acts of the Holy Inquisition.

In connexion with his effort to throw odium on the objects and general results of the French revolution, our author endeavors to show that it had little or no connexion with ours.

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'It is difficult to believe with the Reviewer that it began under American influence. The great body of the French nation knew but little of America and cared less.'

Very likely; but did the great body of the French nation begin the revolution? What is gained by arguing in the face of the most certain and notorious facts? Is there any doubt that Lafayette was the hero of the earlier period of the French revolution, or that he was educated in the school of Washington? Is there any doubt that the Declaration of Rights and the Constitution of 1790, were drawn up in concert by him and Mr. Jefferson? 'There were causes enough,' says our author, 'for a convulsion in France, accumulating through centuries, without supposing, as the Reviewer seems to do, that there would not have been a revolution there, if the American revolution had never been.' This is a partial misrepresentation of our idea. We have not said 'that there would not have been a revolution in France if the American revolution had never been.' It is quite possible that there might have been in the course of all future time, not only one, but many revolutions in France, if ours had not occurred. What we said was, that *the* revolution which did occur, took place to a great extent under *American* influence. We did not intimate that there were no causes for a revolution accumulated through centuries in France. We said on the contrary, that our example was 'the spark that fired the mass of revolutionary materials, which had been so long accumulating in France; — that the fourth of July, 1776, opened a new era in the history of the civilized world.'*

In saying this, we did but repeat a familiar and acknowledged truth, partly in the very words of a European writer of high distinction. Why should our author shrink from admitting it? Why

* While this sheet is passing through the press, we find in the newspapers of the day, the following letter from Mr. George W. Lafayette to the President of the United States, which may serve as a confirmation, if any were necessary, of the statements given in the text.

PARIS, JUNE 15, 1834.

SIR, — A great misfortune has given me more than one solemn and important duty to fulfil, and the ardent desire of accomplishing with fidelity my father's last will, emboldens me to claim the patronage of the President of the United States, and his benevolent intervention, when I am obliged respectfully and mournfully to address the Senate and Representatives of a whole nation.

Our forever beloved parent possessed a Copperplate, on which was inscribed the first engraved copy of the American Declaration of Independence, and his last intention, in departing this world, was, that the precious plate

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should he fear to assume for his country the glory of having immediately led the way in the great struggle for political, intellectual and moral improvement, which makes up the history of Christendom for the last half-century, because it has been here and there stained with some transient excesses? Is it not for us who live in the 'head-quarters of good principles,' a proud thought that the mighty spirit of reform, which is now striding like a giant through the Christian world, and shaking down established abuses at every step, was rocked as an infant in the old Cradle of Liberty? That the voices of our noble ancestors have been echoed from every region between the shores of the Pacific Ocean and those of the Mediterranean sea, till they have finally waked the departed spirits of the heroes of Marathon and Leuctra? Is there another city on the globe that has any title to glory which can fairly be brought into comparison with this? Is there any citizen of Boston recreant enough to abjure it for his native place, because the defence of liberty and good principles has been at times in other lands entrusted to false friends? Has not the same thing happened in all similar cases? Shall we deny the merit of Washington, or the advantages of our own revolution, because Benedict Arnold proved a traitor, and Paine a scoffer at religion?

Far from seeking to dispute the connexion between the French revolution, and our own, or wishing to shake off the responsibility resulting from it, we should rather assert and boast of it, as one of the proudest trophies of the country. The excesses that occasionally disgrace and check the cause of improvement, are transient; its results remain and will change the face of the world.

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should be presented to the Congress of the United States, to be deposited in their Library, as a last tribute of respect, patriotic love and affection, for his adopted country.

Will it be permitted to me, *a faithful disciple of that American School* whose principles are so admirably exposed in that immortal declaration, to hope that you, sir, would do me the honor to communicate this letter to both Houses of Congress, at the same time that, in the name of his afflicted family, you would present to them my venerated father's gift.

In craving such an important favor, sir, the son of General Lafayette, the adopted grand-son of Washington, knows, and shall never forget, that he would become unworthy of it, if he were ever to cease to be a French and American patriot.

With the utmost respect, I am, sir,
Your devoted and obedient servant.
GEORGE W. LAFAYETTE.

To the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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Yet freedom! yet thy banner, torn and flying,
Streams like a thunder-gust *against* the wind,
Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now, and dying,
The loudest still, the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough, and little worth,
But the sap lasts, — and still the seed we find,
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North,
So shall a better spring, less bitter fruit bring forth.

After remarking in the manner which we have now described on our statements of historical facts, our author next takes exception to the view we have given of the leading principles and objects of the two great parties that divide the Christian world. We have represented these parties as arrayed respectively under the banners of Liberty and Law. We purposely adopted this form of expression as one, which, while it indicates correctly the true character of the two opinions, is at the same time courteous, respectful and just to the adherents of both. This does not satisfy our author, but in order to find any plausible objection to our idea, he is compelled to misrepresent it. He says, that we mean by *law*, the despotic system of the holy alliance.

'On the continent of Europe the governments of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, are absolute monarchies, and the sovereigns assume to wear their crowns in their own right and independently of the people whom they govern. This claim to rule has, we believe, acquired the name of legitimacy in opposition to natural rights and law. These monarchs take upon themselves to punish with imprisonment or death, every one who dares to raise his voice or use his pen in denial of their supreme right. This sort of authority, the Reviewer is pleased to designate by the term law?'

What do we say ourselves? 'Liberty and law, are essential elements in the constitution of society, *in whatever form it may be organized*, and neither can possibly exist in practice to the entire exclusion of the other.'

Is this saying that law means military despotism? Is not our author aware, that in all political societies, there must be from the necessity of the case, and without any reference to the particular form of the government, on the one hand a greater or less degree of power, exercised by the society through the government according to *law*, and on the other, a greater or less degree of *liberty*, belonging to the individual citizen?

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Has it escaped his observation, that in all political societies, where the expression of opinion is admitted, there have always been two parties, one aiming in its general tendency, to increase and strengthen the influence of the government; the other to extend the sphere of individual action or liberty? Is it not apparent to every one that these two different, and sometimes opposite tendencies, form the basis of the great division of opinion throughout Christendom? This is what we have said. In saying it, we consider ourselves not as advancing new or questionable theories, but as simply repeating acknowledged truths. We meant not to say, nor have we said, that the partisans of law approve precisely *the* law, as it exists in any country, — least of all that of Turkey, or Russia; but that they desire *a* law of some sort which shall be adequate to the purpose of preserving social order, and securing the welfare of the community. The friends of liberty, on the other hand, are not understood to pledge themselves as such, to an approbation of the exact measure of liberty enjoyed in this, or that country, but to profess and practice on a general disposition to extend as far as possible, the sphere of individual action.

In all this, as there is nothing new or doubtful, so there is nothing disrespectful or injurious to either of the parties. Both may be, and doubtless in the main are equally sincere and well-meaning; as both may be, and no doubt sometimes are in error, in regard to the particular points of opinion or practice upon which they may differ. Nor is there any thing unusual in the use we have made in this connexion of the term law. If it were worth while to cite authorities in support of so clear a point, we might quote the celebrated passage from Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity; 'what then shall we say of law, but that her seat is the bosom of God, — her voice the harmony of the world?' We used the word in the same sense in which it is used in this passage. If our author do not understand it, it is not our fault; if understanding it, he will undertake to say, that it is a disparagement to any man, or party of men, to be called the adherents of law in this sense of the term, we can only say that he is a very unreasonable person. Burke, Hamilton, Ames, and the other great men of all countries, who have attached themselves to this party, would have considered our representation of their opinions and objects, as the highest compliment that we could have paid them. It is the one which they habitually give themselves.

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The *spirit of the age:* — this again, is a phrase which our author is utterly unable to comprehend. 'We think the phrase, spirit of the age, has no intelligible meaning.' In our preceding article, we remarked, that 'a zeal, — a rage we may call it, — for improvement, was the leading characteristic of the period, — or in the common language, — *the spirit of the age.*' For ourselves, we must say that we are unable to see what there is in this, either obscure or objectionable. We think that the remark would be readily agreed to, by intelligent men of all parties. Every body, excepting our author, is aware that the source of the political agitations of the last half century, and to a considerable extent of the last three centuries, has been an effort to bring about improvement in political and social institutions. Those who favor this effort, consider it as judicious, and deserving of encouragement; — those who oppose it, consider it as injudicious, and likely to end in mischief; but all agree that 'a zeal, — a rage for political improvement, is the characteristic of the times, — the spirit of the age.' Our author says, that 'because a majority of a whole nation believe that evil exists, which can be remedied, or good effected, it does not follow, that the fact is so, for a whole nation may be under a delusion.' This is no doubt true, but what then? The question is not whether 'the zeal, — the rage for improvement,' — to which we alluded, is right or wrong, — judicious or injudicious, — beneficial or injurious, — but whether it exists: whether the phrase, *spirit of the age*, has any intelligible meaning, — whether it indicates something real in the present state of the world, or is a mere sound, signifying nothing. For ourselves, when we contemplate the intense effort, — the struggle, — the agony that has existed throughout Christendom, for the last half century; society arrayed into hostile armies, contending for life and death on the field, in deliberative assemblies, through the press; — when we see the results of this contest in the countless revolutions, — the innumerable new constitutions, — the emancipated colonies, the prostrate dynasties; — all the great and sudden catastrophes, that give such a fearful interest to the course of contemporary history; — when we take into view in connexion with these events, the immense apparatus now in action for intellectual, moral and religious purposes, unknown, unheard of at any other period, — the associations for promoting education, diffusing knowledge, encouraging temperance, propagating religion, — the schools, the

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colleges, the lyceums; — the ceaseless activity of the press; — when we look at all this, we cannot help thinking, that there is *something* at work which distinguishes the present period, from those which preceded it, and that this something is a zeal, — a rage, — judicious or not, — for improvement. If our author has yet seen nothing of all this, we advise him to open his eyes; — if seeing and admitting the prevailing rage for improvement, and its results, he still deny that it can properly be called *the spirit of the age*, the question, is of course, a merely verbal one, which we need not take the trouble to argue.

After disputing in this way,— with what success our readers are able to judge, — the correctness of our statements of fact and principle, it is almost amusing to find our author compelled by the force of truth to acquiesce, as it were involuntarily, in the general view which we have given of the origin and character of the political divisions of the present time. His language even is not materially different from ours We remarked that 'circumstances which did not require to be recapitulated, but which resolved themselves substantially into the *increased wealth and intelligence* of the industrious classes of the community, had inspired these classes in all the most civilized countries, but especially in France, with a strong desire to reform the existing constitutions of government, and to incorporate into them principles more favorable to individual rights and liberty.' What says our author? 'Within the last two centuries there has been a *diffusion of intelligence*, which has led many minds to contemplate a better state of things in freeing themselves from hereditary rights, brought on by the evils of former centuries. There is one party who incline to hold on to usages; the other desire to abolish them. They occasionally fight, and relapse into the old state of things, perhaps with some change for the better, perhaps not.'

If all this be so; — as we most powerfully and potently believe, — we would ask our author why he has given himself the trouble to write a pamphlet for the purpose of disputing a few statements of ours which tend to the very same conclusion? If for the two last centuries there has been a continued 'effort of many minds to effect certain objects,' why deny that the great events of those two centuries, which have resulted from this effort, had a connexion with each other, and proceeded from the same principles? If the object of this effort be to

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change existing institutions *for the better*, why deny that it is the effect of a zeal for improvement? Is not improvement a change for the better? If the 'many minds' who are engaged in this effort are endeavoring to *free* themselves from restraint, why deny that they are partisans of *liberty*? If the restraints from which they are endeavoring to free themselves are hereditary *rights* and usages, why deny that the persons who are inclined to hold on to these rights are partisans of *law*?

'*Which* of such (these) parties,' says our author at the close of the passage just quoted, 'is the Spirit of the Age?' We answer neither. The spirit of the age is not a party. But if one of these parties proceed upon opinions and feelings which have grown up within the 'two last centuries,' and the other 'holds on to rights and usages that have come down from former centuries,' is there anything unnatural or improper in saying that the spirit which actuates the latter, is the spirit of past ages, and that which actuates the other, the spirit of the present age, or, elliptically, the *Spirit of the Age*?

In this and some other passages of the same general purport, which we need not quote, our author, in the very act of controverting our positions, admits, and almost in the same language which we have used ourselves, all that is necessary to establish their correctness. In so doing, he concedes, as we stated at the outset, the whole ground immediately in dispute, and abandons entirely the only tenable basis upon which he can place his imputations on the character of Mr. Jefferson. The mind of that statesman was one of the 'many, which in consequence of the diffusion of knowledge have been led, within the last two centuries to contemplate a better state of things in freeing themselves from hereditary rights brought on by the events of former centuries.' Of these many minds, his was among the most powerful, and his efforts to effect the objects they all had in view, were among the most active, persevering and consistent that were made. He succeeded, in connexion with his brother patriots of the revolution, in freeing himself from the hereditary right to govern this country which was claimed for the British crown. At a later period he sympathised with the efforts which were made by 'many minds' in different parts of Europe, to free themselves from similar hereditary rights claimed for other crowned heads and privileged orders. This was his whole political ex-

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istence and activity. It was for this that he was denounced in the first instance by the British government, and subsequently by the party in Europe, who were inclined to 'hold on to usages,' and those who sympathised with them, no doubt very honestly, in this country, as corrupt, ambitious, unprincipled and selfish; — as a visionary theorist, — a demagogue, — an atheist, — a philosopher, — as acting under French influence. That such charges should have been made by the violent members of an opposite party, in times of warm controversy is quite natural, and conformable to the ordinary course of things in similar cases. But it is not quite so natural that they should be revived twenty years after the controversy is over, and when nearly all the persons actively engaged in it are dead and buried, by a writer who admits at the same time that the great movement in which Mr. Jefferson took a part, and by the nature and objects of which his political character must be judged, was the commendable effort of 'many minds,' under the influence of an increasing diffusion of knowledge, to free themselves from the hereditary restraints, which had been imposed upon their ancestors in former centuries of ignorance and oppression. Mr. Jefferson, as we have said, was one of the most able, active, and prominent of these 'many minds.' For his great activity and zeal in the cause in which they were engaged, he was admired by one portion of his contemporaries and depreciated by another. If our author is willing to admit, as he finally does, that this cause was in the main a good one, he is bound in consistency to extend the same favorable conclusion to the character of Mr. Jefferson, and without relinquishing the right to object in detail to any of his measures or opinions that may appear questionable, to allow that his intentions were upright, and that the general scope of his policy was correct, laudable, and in conformity to the *Spirit of the Age*.

If our author were a close and correct reasoner, it would be a matter of curiosity to see how he would extricate himself from the dilemma in which he is placed by the inconsistency between the general train of his argument and the admissions to which we have alluded. But this is a difficulty which gives him no trouble and which he probably did not feel. He is quite as insensible to the effect of his own admissions as to that of the reasoning of his opponents. After conceding all that is wanted for the establishment of the purity and upright-

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ness of Mr. Jefferson's character, he proceeds very coolly, and in the same breath, apparently without the slightest consciousness of inconsistency, to repeat the same denunciations of him which formed the staple of the Familiar Letters. He is again held up to the contempt and detestation of the American people, as ambitious, 'aiming at absolute dominion,' and at the same time 'mean, jealous, envious, and certainly *timid*.' A beautiful catalogue of epithets to grace the monument of the author of the Declaration of Independence! He is again represented with no attempt at proof and very little specification, as 'setting the example of abominable, desolating corruption;' 'inviting and rewarding apostacy;' — 'excluding, vilifying, and *expatriating* (this is an active verb in our author's vocabulary;) all the citizens except his own partisans,' — 'breaking down the co-ordinate branches of the government,'—'harassing, distressing and annihilating commerce,'—'protecting the movers of sedition,' —'patronising French and alien clubs,' — as the slave of foreign influence, and, finally, as the father of Nullification. To all this the true answer is, as we have just remarked, that the view here given of his character and measures, was the one taken by the zealots of the party who were inclined 'to hold on to usages,' and considered the effort of 'many minds, to free themselves from the hereditary yoke which had been imposed upon them by their ancestors,' as anarchy, atheism and Jacobinism: that in doing justice to the cause in which Mr. Jefferson was engaged, our author has virtually done justice to him, and that he cannot consistently with himself, repeat the imputations which were circulated in his life-time by his political opponents, and were founded in the view they took of the general tendency of his opinions.

This, we say, is the true answer to our author's long indictment, and here perhaps we might fairly rest the argument. But as the subject is really one of high interest and importance, not merely from its connexion with the history of the country and the characters of some of our principal statesmen, but as involving and bringing into view all the great elementary questions in political science, we shall make no apology, although our remarks have already been protracted to a considerable length, for extending them a little farther, and adverting more particularly to some of the considerations which our author alleges in the way of reply to our preceding article.

The chief object which we had in view in that article,

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was to defend the moral character of Mr. Jefferson against the imputations which were levelled against him, and we had no particular interest in determining the exact extent of his intellectual power. We had occasion, however, in the course of our remarks, to allude to a passage in one of the Lectures of Professor Cousin, in which he describes the elements of greatness, and we found that his idea of a great man was realized in the position occupied by Mr. Jefferson in the opinion of the American people. Our author is rather disposed on the whole, to concur in this view of his character, although he does it with apparent reluctance. 'There is a good deal of *Frenchness* in Cousin's explanation of greatness.' Mr. Cousin himself, 'though there is some reason to think him an intelligent man, may be suspected of being a lover of glory, and may have thought that such a one as Napoleon was a good procurer of the desired gratification.' That is, if we understand our author, Mr. Cousin may have arranged his definition of greatness so as to make it include Napoleon, for the purpose of paying court to the emperor, with a view of obtaining from him a retribution in *glory*. Truly our author is nearly as charitable in his construction of Mr. Cousin's writings as in that of Mr. Jefferson's conduct. On this head, however, we are happy to be able to remove his doubts. Mons. Cousin, who is now about forty years old, was of course about twenty when Napoleon took his departure for St. Helena. The lecture from which we extracted the passage in question, was delivered at Paris, in the year 1828. Under these circumstances, it is hardly probable that the professor intended to accommodate any part of it to the taste of the ex-emperor, who had then, been quietly reposing for several years in his island sepulchre.

Again, the definition of greatness given by Cousin, was not only accommodated to the taste of Napoleon, but is in itself questionable. 'Let us dare to differ from Mr. Cousin,' says our author, 'in the definition of a great man. To be truly great one must be good.' On this point we hope to be excused if we dare to differ from our author. As we understand the matter, greatness and goodness are two distinct things. The great man may or may not be good; the good man may or may not be great. The union of the highest intellectual and moral endowments would constitute the perfection of the human character, but those of either class may exist without as well as in connexion with those of the other. We endeav-

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ored to show in our preceding article that Mr. Jefferson was a good man, and also that he occupied in the view of the American people, the position to which Professor Cousin attaches the notion of greatness; that he was for them a sort of personal representative of the principle of liberty. Napoleon, on the other hand, though he occupied a similar position of a still more commanding kind, on the continent of Europe; although he was unquestionably a great man, *s'il en fut jamais*, — although he was, *par excellence*, the great man of modern times, — had no pretension to the character of *goodness*. The two characters are, in short, essentially different. The good in a moral estimate of character are, in the language of Gray, 'far above the great,' but they are not therefore great, and the cause of goodness has nothing to gain by confounding natural distinctions and the corresponding forms of language.

Our author admits, though with some reluctance the intellectual superiority of Mr. Jefferson; 'we admit his superiority.' But how was it exhibited? In the Familiar Letters he was described as 'ruling the American people, by the magic of his pen.' In our preceding article we ventured to call this assertion in question; we stated that Mr. Jefferson wrote but little, that what he wrote, consisted chiefly of private letters, or public documents, and that there was no particular charm or power in his style. Our author, who seems to be as tenacious in sustaining the reputation of Mr. Jefferson, on the only point where he supposes us to have called it in question, as he is bent on destroying it, in regard to every other, construes these remarks into a disposition to depreciate his merit as a writer, and takes up the guantlet with a good deal of warmth in his favor. On this head, we must beg leave to set him right. We had no intention to depreciate the merit of Mr. Jefferson, as a writer, nor have we done so. We stated expressly on the contrary, that his writings, and particularly the Declaration of Independence, 'possessed the only literary merit, which could possibly belong to works of that class, that is, the total absence of all pretension to literary merit.' The class of subjects upon which he employed his pen, do not admit of the rhetorical embellishment, which constitutes the charm of a novel, or a poem. If the Declaration of Independence had been written in the style of the Last Days of Pompeii, it would have been recommitted, for the purpose of being taken into a new draft. In regard to the style of his writings, Mr. Jefferson showed a

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very correct judgment, but it is certain, that a person who confines himself to the severe official manner, and hardly ever appears before the public, except in a state-paper, cannot, with propriety, be said to rule his countrymen by the magic of his pen. This is a description, which can only be applied with justice, to such men as Voltaire, Châteaubriand, Scott, Cobbett, and others, who acquire their influence over the public mind, by continual appeals through the press, and whose writings possess in different ways, a certain attraction, which secures to them the public attention, merely as the writings of such an author, without much regard to the subject. Although the writings of Mr. Jefferson had, as we said before, all the literary merit which the subjects he treated would admit, it is certain that he did not acquire, or maintain his influence over the American people in this way, and he therefore cannot be said with propriety to have ruled them, with the magic of his pen. Napoleon was, in like manner, a very good writer; — so was Cæsar, one of the best of his time; — so was Frederic the Great; — so was Washington; — a much better one, than the public have in general, been willing to admit; superior we think, to Mr. Jefferson. But it would be thought idle, to assert that either of these great men ruled the people by the magic of his pen. It is equally so, in the case of Mr. Jefferson. He was a good writer, but he ruled the people, so far as he did rule them, by a very different sort of machinery.

'How then,' inquires our author, 'did he exercise his influence? If he neither fought battles, nor made speeches, if he wrote but little, excepting public documents, and private letters, how did the American people come to know of his superiority?' We answer, by his actions. Is there nothing to be done in the world, but fighting battles? The firmness, consistency, and discretion, of Mr. Jefferson's *conduct*, evinced at once his intellectual and moral superiority. They gave him at a very early period of his life, the lead among the patriots of his own commonwealth. When he came into Congress, the same qualities gave him, though the youngest member, a prominent position in that body. When he returned to Virginia, they recommended him to the people for the first executive office; they afterwards recommended him to Congress, for the most important mission abroad, — to Washington, for the chief seat in his cabinet, — to his fellow-citizens throughout the country,

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for the Presidency. Does our author suppose, that all this would have been accomplished by the aid of a merely literary talent, — the magic of the pen? Mr. Irving is one of the few persons whose pen is endowed with this same magic. Why does he not rule the American people? Why was he not governor of New York, at thirty? Why is he not president at this day? Let our author read the history of the life of Mr. Jefferson, which, from the tenor of his pamphlet, we are bound in charity to believe he has not yet read, and he will then see, in what way Mr. Jefferson exhibited his superiority and made it known to the American people. He did it by a series of labors, — labors which in these degenerate days would be considered Herculean, — and which, executed as they were by a gentleman of ample hereditary fortune, and the first social standing, gave to the people the best assurance they could possibly have, that he was at once able to serve them, and entitled to their confidence.

In our preceding article, after saying that there was no magic in Mr. Jefferson's pen, we added that his witchcraft lay, like that of the *Marcéhale* d'Ancre, in his mental superiority. In commenting on this remark our author represents us, as saying, that Mr. Jefferson exercised his influence over the American people, *through that sort of superiority which the Maréchal d'Ancre had*, and after giving at some length what he appears to considers as a history of this personage, and his family, concludes that 'the allusion is not very complimentary to Mr. Jefferson, or his party.' In this passage, our author, apparently from want of familiarity with the French language, has mistaken the person alluded to, who was not the *Maréchal* but the *Maréchale* d'Ancre, that is, Marshal d'Ancre's wife. Our allusion was to the well known noble reply of that unfortunate lady, when she was brought before a special commission of the French government on a charge of sorcery, founded in the favor which she was supposed to enjoy with the queen, and which in that superstitious age, it was thought could only have been acquired by supernatural arts. 'What charm have you employed,' said the presiding officer to her, 'to captivate in this way, her highness's affections?' 'The charm I used,' replied the indignant prisoner, 'was the power which a strong mind has over a weak one.' This answer, one of the boldest on record, and which resembles in dignity, the one given by the Duke de Montmorency, on a similar occasion, to which we have alluded

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in another article, did not save the unhappy victim. Her real crime consisted in that very superiority which she alleged as a justification against the pretended charge of sorcery. She was convicted of witchcraft, *Judaism*, and malversation in office; and publicly executed. In what way our allusion to this justly celebrated reply, in illustration of Mr. Jefferson's character, can be considered disrespectful to him, or his friends, our author can perhaps explain. In the mean time, we must be permitted to say, that his attempt to discredit the reputation of this unfortunate victim of popular prejudice, and courtly jealousy, for the purpose of throwing odium upon Mr. Jefferson, and us, is hardly consistent with the dictates of Christian charity.

We have said that the means by which Mr. Jefferson made himself known to the American people, and recommended himself to their favor, were his acts; — his labors in the cause of his country, from the earliest period, up to the close of his life. Our author, who, as we have said before, does not appear to have read any connected history of the life of Jefferson, seems to doubt the truth of the common accounts of it. 'With respect to Mr. Jefferson's early actions in Virginia, we think it difficult at this day, to estimate their value. It is obvious that the Reviewer in this respect has merely transcribed Mr. Jefferson's own account. We do not find from examining the laws of Virginia, the evidence that any abridgment by Mr. Jefferson of the common law of England, was adopted in that state. Nor is it apparent, why any such labor was necessary. All the colonies had their local legislatures, which made from time to time, such laws as they needed; and the only thing forced on the new republic, was to revise existing laws, and accommodate them to the new circumstances, and to make such new laws, as recently adopted constitutions required. In Massachusetts, the common law of England, as far as it was needed, had been in use from the earliest settlement. What, therefore, was intended, by an abridgment of the common law, for the use of Virginia, is not comprehended.'

Because our author cannot comprehend what is meant by an abridgment of the common law for the use of Virginia, or why any such work was necessary, it follows of course, that it was never executed. This attempt to dispute the most notorious historical facts, rather than allow Mr. Jefferson the credit of his own works, is at once an amusing, and a melancholy

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proof of the extent to which political bigotry may be carried. On this subject, we beg leave to remark, in the first place, that we have said nothing of an abridgment of the common law. We said that Mr. 'Jefferson *digested* the whole common law of England, and the statutes, up to the time of James I., into bills ready for the action of the legislature, most of which have since been adopted, and now form the basis of the code of Virginia.' If our author would adopt the practice of quoting correctly, he would greatly improve his method of argument, and render himself a much more agreeable opponent. Secondly, in giving this description of Mr. Jefferson's labors, we did not transcribe his own account. Our author, when he has occasion to bear witness against his neighbor, should be careful that the witness so borne, is true. In writing the few sentences, upon this subject, which were contained in our preceding article, we employed Mr. Rayner's Life of Jefferson, in which the account of it occupies the greater part of the fifth and sixth chapters, and is founded mostly on public documents. Thirdly, the statement we made is sustained at every point by these documents and other matters of record.

The committee of the legislature of Virginia which performed the work in question, was appointed on motion of Mr. Jefferson, on the 24th of October, 1776, and consisted of himself, as chairman, and Messrs. Pendleton, Wythe, Mason, and Lee; they made their report on the 11th of June, 1779. Messrs. Mason and Lee had declined acting, and the whole labor had, in consequence, devolved on Messrs. Jefferson, Pendleton, and Wythe, who divided it among them in the following manner; the whole common law, and the statutes to the 4th of James I., when the separate legislation was established, to Mr. Jefferson; the British statutes from that period to the present day, to Mr. Wythe, and the Virginia laws to Mr. Pendleton. The report consisted of a hundred and twenty-six bills, making a folio volume of ninety pages. They were taken up separately, — some of them not till many years afterwards, but were most of them finally adopted. 'Such,' says Mr. Rayner, after giving a detailed account of the most important incidents, connected with this transaction, 'such are some of the innovations upon the established order, contained in the celebrated revised code of Virginia, of 1779, of which Mr. Jefferson was the author and draughtsman. It is difficult at the present day, to form an idea of this great po-

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litical work, or of the genius and application it required. On the authority of Mr. Madison, we are enabled to say, "that it perhaps exceeded the severest of Mr. Jefferson's public labors." This magnificent undertaking was executed chiefly by himself during the short interval of three years.'

Of the very existence of this 'celebrated revised code,' of the reality of this 'magnificent undertaking,' our author professes to have as little knowledge as he has of the history of the Spanish Commoners. He never heard anything about it; he finds no evidence in the laws of Virginia, that any abridgment of the common law of England, by Mr. Jefferson, was ever adopted in that state; he does not comprehend that any such work was necessary; he does not believe that it was ever performed. What construction are we to put upon this extraordinary language?

We shall not attempt to follow our author through the long detail of objections to the administration of Mr. Jefferson, which he has again brought forward in this pamphlet. Our limits of course, forbid it, nor would such a discussion suit the purpose of the present occasion. Some of these objections had been concisely, but we trust distinctly answered, in our preceding article, as for example, that of acting under French influence. We remarked, that Mr. Jefferson and his friends no doubt sympathised with the liberal party in Europe, as long as it kept itself within the bounds of humanity and justice, but were so far from being under their influence, that the European liberalists acted to a very great extent under an influence produced by the example of this country, and that Mr. Jefferson himself had been, while in France, one of the chief personal agents, through whom the American influence had been exerted over the affairs of Europe. This account of the matter will be admitted by every fair-minded and impartial man, acquainted with the facts, to be the true one. It refutes of course, completely, the imputation of French influence. How does our author reply to it? By endeavoring to prove, with what success we have already seen, that the American revolution has had no influence upon subsequent events in Europe, and then, without further argument, very coolly inquiring, 'was, or was not, Mr. Jefferson devoted to one foreign nation, and adverse to all accommodation with another, and if so, what was his motive?' In answer to a mere repetition of the charge, without even a plausible attempt at proof, we need only refer to the language of our former article. 'Mr. Jefferson's object was

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liberty. He and his friends sympathised in the feelings and general objects of the liberal party in Europe. The political and military movements of this party were led by France, and opposed by England. France was strenuously laboring for the accomplishment of the objects, which she considered most desirable, and England was strenuously opposing it. Under these circumstances, it was a matter of course, that he should wish for the success of France, and the failure of England; not that he cared anything for France, or England, as such, but that desiring the end, he naturally desired the means Foreign influence takes place, when individuals or parties, from corrupt motives, espouse the interests of a foreign nation at the expense of that of their own. To wish, or to endeavor to promote the success of a nation, whose interests and objects you suppose at the time, to be identical with those of your own, is not a proof of foreign influence, but of patriotism, more or less enlightened, accordingly as the view you take of the subject is more or less correct.'

In regard to this charge of *foreign influence*, our author should recollect, that it is a two-edged weapon which cuts more ways than one. If Mr. Jefferson and his friends sympathised, as every one knows that they did, with the liberal party in Europe, their opponents, the Federalists of that day, sympathised in like manner with the aristocratic, or as it is now called, legitimate or conservative party in Europe, — the party which, in order to avoid any epithet in the least degree offensive or even questionable, we have called the party of Law. How is this to be accounted for? No effect happens without some cause. The warm adherents of the liberal, or as it was then called, the Republican party, attributed the fact to corrupt British influence, to the employment of British gold; just as our author now attributes Mr. Jefferson's sympathy with the European friends of liberty to corrupt French influence. One of these charges was about as plausible, and probably just about as true as the other. But after all, the notorious fact, that a sympathy existed between the two great parties in Europe and the two great parties in the United States respectively, must in some way be accounted for. We have accounted for it in a manner honorable to both. We have stated that our domestic parties rejoiced in the successes and regretted the reverses of the corresponding parties in Europe, not from any corrupt or factious motives, but because they shared respectively the general views of these parties upon

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the great political questions of the day. Our author rejects this theory in regard to Mr. Jefferson and his friends. Will he also reject it in regard to his own party? If so, what other will he substitute in its place, in order to avoid the imputations which he probably would not agree to, of corrupt British influence? Why, for example, did the Federalists of this State, after resolving in the legislature that it was unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice at victories obtained in an unjust war, join in a public festival to celebrate the victory of the Allies in 1813? No doubt because they thought the cause in which the Allies were engaged a just one: in other words, they agreed in opinion and sympathised in feeling with the latter on the great questions at issue between the two European parties. In this we are willing to believe that they were perfectly honest; but if our author is compelled to claim, and is ready to accept the benefit of this charitable construction for his own party, would it not be a little more decorous to allow that the great majority of the American people, including Mr. Jefferson, who agreed in opinion and sympathised in feeling with the liberal party in Europe, may also have been sincere? Is it less natural for Americans to sympathise with the cause of liberty, than with that of 'hereditary rights brought on by the events of former centuries?'

Nay, would doubtless be our author's reply, we and the legitimacy of Europe were in the right: Mr. Jefferson and the liberalism of Europe were in the wrong: and the case was so clear in our favor that it is impossible to suppose that our opponents could have acted from any other than corrupt motives. This is our author's argument reduced to its elements. *Il n'y a que moi qui ai toujours raison.* The only difficulty is, that it is equally strong on both sides of all possible questions. Mr. Jefferson had only to say that the case was so clear on his side, that his opponents must necessarily have acted from corrupt motives, and the Federalists were convicted at once of taking British gold.

'If Mr. Jefferson was devoted to one foreign nation, and adverse to all accommodation with another,' inquires our author, 'what were his motives?' Truly a pertinent question, and one to which we believe our author would be puzzled, on his view of the subject, to find an answer. The payments in gold were made, according to him, not to, but by Mr. Jefferson. In other cases, as in that of France and England in the time

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of Charles II., one nation has exercised a corrupt influence over another, by bribing some of the principal men. But here the French corrupted Mr. Jefferson, not by paying money, but by receiving it from him. Mr. Jefferson, according to our author, *gave* Napoleon, through the hands of Mr. Monroe, two millions of dollars to *pacify* him. What a pity that Messrs. Jefferson and Monroe had not kept a few thousands out of the two millions to pacify their own creditors!

We perceive that this subject is fast outgrowing the limits of a moderate article, and shall only advert very hastily to two more topics, one on account of its importance and the other of its singularity.

The first is that of Nullification. This heresy is to be found, according to our author, in the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, supposed to have been written by Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Calhoun and the Carolina Nullifiers rely mainly upon these resolutions, and those of Virginia of the following year, drawn up by Mr. Madison, to sustain their system. Consequently, Mr. Jefferson was 'as certainly the author of Nullification as of the Declaration of Independence.'

In regard to this matter, there are two questions of some importance: first, is it true that the Kentucky Resolutions contain the doctrine of Nullification? Secondly, if the point be in some degree doubtful, is it politic to endeavor to give to this dangerous heresy the support of the great name and high authority of Mr. Jefferson?

As to the former, the fact relied on by our author is, that the 'third and fourth of the Kentucky Resolutions declare, that certain laws are no law, but altogether void and of no effect:' — in other words, that they are unconstitutional. What then? Is there anything more common in this country than for legislative bodies and all other public meetings, to express their opinions upon the acts of the general or the state governments, — to say that this law is inexpedient, — that expedient; — this constitutional, — that null and void? Hardly a year passes in which the Legislature of Massachusetts do not in one way or another express some opinion upon the measures of the general government. Last year they condemned the removal of the deposites. The year before they denounced Nullification, and declared that Mr. Verplanck's bill, if it became a law, would justify forcible resistance to the government. This was more than saying that it would be null and void. Three years ago, they declared in so many words, in the resolves on

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the North-Eastern Boundary, that any act of the general government, purporting to cede away the territory of a state, without the consent of such state previously obtained, would be null and void, and in no way binding upon the government or people of the state in question. This is precisely the language and tenor of the Kentucky Resolutions, which our author brings forward as containing the heresy of nullification. No one, we believe, ever thought of accusing the Legislature of Massachusetts, on account of these measures, of abetting or practising nullification. To express the opinion that an act of the general government is null, is not nullification, and this is all that was done by the Kentucky Resolutions. To nullify an act of the general government is to take measures (forcible if necessary) to prevent it from being carried into execution. This is the purpose of the Carolina ordinance. There lies the precise difference between the two measures, and we need not say that it goes the whole length of their moral character and tendency. To take forcible measures to prevent the execution of a law regularly enacted by the government is treason, and is punishable with death; to express the opinion that a particular law is null, void and not binding, is a mere exercise of the freedom of thought and speech, which is secured to every citizen by the constitution and laws of this country.

We find, accordingly, that Mr. Madison, who has a right to know as much as any living person, about the true intent and meaning of the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, positively affirms that they contemplated no such thing as nullification. In a document which we had the honor of first introducing to public view, and which, though written at an advanced age, has been considered one of the most remarkable of his productions, he gives an explanation of the resolutions perfectly consistent with a just regard for the constitutional authority of the general government, and denounces, in the strongest terms, the extravagant pretensions of South Carolina. Is not the opinion of Mr. Madison entitled to at least as much weight in this matter, as that of Mr. Calhoun?

Again; were the meaning of these resolutions even more doubtful than it is; and for ourselves we do not see that there is any doubt about it; were it even admitted, — an admission for which we do not perceive a pretext, — that they lend some countenance to the doctrine of nullification, — would it be politic in our author as a friend of the Union and the constitution, — for such we presume he professes to be, —

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to urge the point upon the public attention? It is quite natural that Mr. Calhoun and his friends should construe the resolutions in this way; — that they should endeavor to secure to their opinion the high authority and great influence of the name of Mr. Jefferson. It is not quite so natural that a professed opponent of nullification, should pursue the same line of argument, and lend them his aid in effecting their object. Whatever his motive may be, — and we are willing to believe, as we have repeatedly said, that it is a good one, — he could not do or say anything better fitted to promote the views and gratify the wishes of the Carolina statesmen.

Whether our author is himself entirely free from the heresy of nullification, might appear, from some passages in his pamphlet, a little doubtful. He says, among other things 'that if the general government usurp power, which the constitution does not give, the states may undoubtedly take care of themselves; and that this would not be rebellion, sedition and civil war.' It is no doubt true, that if the general government usurp power, the states may take care of themselves, — that is, may resist. But in the theory of the constitution, such resistance would be sedition, rebellion and civil war, and would be justifiable only as such, and under the natural right to resist extreme oppression. To say that in such a case resistance would be justifiable as a legal and constitutional measure, is precisely the South Carolina heresy.

We pass to the other point to which we intended to advert, chiefly on account of its singularity, and that is, the charge of *timidity*. Mr. Jefferson is represented by our author, not only as ambitious, mean, jealous and envious, but as 'certainly *timid*.' His timidity is supposed to have been the only reason why he did not overthrow the constitution, and usurp the government. 'History,' says our author, 'is a mere fable, if he would not have made his will the law of the land, if opposition had not wrought upon his fears.'

When we recollect that the opposition to Mr. Jefferson was constantly diminishing, from the time of his election up to that of his retirement to private life, before which it had been reduced almost to nothing, we are at a loss to imagine what our author means by such an assertion, and really cannot even pretend to form a conjecture.

As to the general charge of timidity, we can only say, that we had hitherto supposed in the simplicity of our hearts, that the most plausible exception which could be

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taken to the political course and character of Mr. Jefferson, was exactly the reverse of *timidity*. We have always considered him as one of the boldest of the statesmen of his time, and have attributed to this quality, in a considerable degree, his great success and influence. But it is the natural tendency of a prominent quality to run at times into excess, and we have thought that in some of Mr. Jefferson's proceedings, at all periods of his life, he might be fairly charged with this error. In his political course during the revolution; — in his reform of the code of Virginia; — he was uniformly in advance of the general sentiment of his fellow-patriots, and contemporaries. If he committed any faults, they were the result of intemperate and indiscreet zeal in the cause. In the general complexion of his political opinions in after life, which determined his position in the party controversies of the time, his failing, if he had any, was excessive violence. His principal measures,— the purchase of Louisiana, for example, and the embargo,— have often been objected to,— they are by our author, — as involving assumptions of power, never as indicating any want of boldness or decision.

We repeat, that we are entirely unable to conjecture what particular points in Mr. Jefferson's political conduct, our author could have intended, in making this charge. We are inclined to believe, that he must have had in his mind, some reminiscence of a supposed deficiency in personal courage, which formed a part of the staple of the ancient party warfare, upon the sage of Monticello, and which rested, we believe, substantially upon the celebrated adventure of the *Flight to Carter's mountain*. To relieve the dulness of a merely political discussion, and at the same time, give such of our readers as are not familiar with the controversies of former times, an amusing specimen of the materials, which were occasionally brought into use, we extract from Mr. Rayner's work, the brief account of this incident.

'A few days after the expiration of Mr. Jefferson's constitutional term of office, and before the appointment of his successor, an incident occurred which has been so strangely misrepresented in later times, as to justify a relation of the details.

'Learning that the general assembly was in session at Charlottesville, Cornwallis detached the 'ferocious Tarlton,' to proceed to that place, take the members by surprise, seize on the person of Mr. Jefferson, whom they supposed still in office, and spread devastation and terror on his route.

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'Elated with the idea of an enterprise so congenial to his disposition, and confident of an easy prey, Tarlton selected a competent body of men, and proceeded with ardor on his expedition. Early in the morning of June 4th, when within about ten miles of his destination, he detached a troop of horse under captain McLeod, to Monticello, the well-known seat of Mr. Jefferson; and proceeded himself with the main body, to Charlottesville, where he expected to find the legislature unapprised of his movement. The alarm, however, had been conveyed to Charlottesville, about sunrise the same morning, and thence quickly to Monticello, only three miles distant. The speakers of the two houses were lodging with Mr. Jefferson at his house. His guests had barely time to hurry to Charlottesville, adjourn the legislature to Staunton, and, with most of the other members, to effect their escape. He immediately ordered his carriage, in which Mrs. Jefferson and her children were conveyed to the house of Colonel Carter, on the neighboring mountain, while himself tarried behind, breakfasted as usual, and completed some necessary arrangements preparatory to his departure. Suddenly, a messenger, lieutenant Hudson, who had descried the rapid advance of the enemy, drove up at half speed, and gave him a second and last alarm; stating that the enemy were already ascending the winding road which leads to the summit of Monticello, and urging his immediate flight. He then calmly ordered his riding horse, which was shoeing at a neighboring blacksmith's, directing him to be led to a gate opening on the road to colonel Carter's whither he walked by a cross path, mounted his horse, and instead of taking the high road, plunged into the woods of the adjoining mountain and soon rejoined his family.

'In less than ten minutes after Mr. Jefferson's departure, his house was surrounded by the impetuous light-horse, thirsting for their prey. They entered the mansion with a flush of expectation proportioned to the value of their supposed victim; and, notwithstanding the chagrin and irritation which their disappointment excited, an honorable regard was manifested for the usages of enlightened nations at war. Mr. Jefferson's property was respected, especially his books and papers, by the particular injunctions of McLeod.

'This is the famous adventure of Carter's mountain. Had the facts been accurately stated, it would have appeared that this favorite fabrication amounted to nothing more, than that Mr. Jefferson did not remain in his house, and there fight, single-handed, a whole troop of horse, — whose main body, too, was within supporting distance, — or suffer himself to be taken prisoner.'

Had the Governor of Virginia remained on this occasion in

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his house, and permitted himself to be taken prisoner, to be afterward tried and executed as a rebel, he would probably have escaped the reproach of timidity: whether he would ever have obtained the title of the Sage of Monticello, is perhaps more doubtful.

In connexion with this anecdote it may perhaps be agreeable to some of our readers, to see the description given in the work before us, of Mr. Jefferson's residence. Monticello has lately, we believe, passed into the hands of Lieut. Levy.

'The agricultural operations of Mr. Jefferson were conducted upon an extensive scale, and consequently engaged a great share of his attention. The domains at Monticello, including the adjoining estates, contained about eleven thousand acres, of which about fifteen hundred were cleared. In addition to this he owned a large estate in Bedford county, by right of his wife, from which he raised annually about 40,000 weight of tobacco, and grain sufficient to maintain the plantation. He visited this estate, about seventy miles distant, once every year, which kept him from home six or seven weeks at a time. He had about two hundred negroes on his farms, who required a constant superintendence, more especially, under the peculiar system of agriculture which he pursued. But his choicest labors in this department, were bestowed on that delightful and beloved spot, where all his labors were to end, as they had been begun. He had reclaimed its ruggedness, when a very young man, and of its wilderness made a garden; and now, in his old age, he returned to the farther development and improvement of its natural beauties.

'Monticello is derived from the Italian. It signifies 'little mountain,'—a modest title for an eminence, rising six hundred feet above the surrounding country, and commanding one of the most extensive and variegated prospects in the world. The base of the mountain, which is washed by the Ravanna, exceeds a mile in diameter; and its sides are encompassed by four parallel roads, sweeping round it at equal distances, and so connected with each other by easy ascents as to afford, when completed, a level carriage way of almost seven miles. The whole mountain, with the exception of the summit, is covered with a dense and lofty forest. On the top is an elliptic plain of about ten acres, formed by the hand of art, cutting down the apex of the mountain. This extensive artificial level is laid out in a beautiful lawn, broken only by lofty weeping willows, poplars, acacias, catalpas, and other trees of foreign growth, distributed at such distances as not to obstruct the view from the centre in any direction. On the West, stretching away to the North and the South, the prospect is bounded

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only by the Alleganies, — a hundred miles distant in some parts, — overreaching all the intervening mountains, commanding a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and looking down upon an enchanting landscape, broad as the eye can compass, of intermingling villages and deserts, forest and cultivation, mountains, valleys, rocks and rivers. On the East is a literal immensity of prospect, bounded only by the horizon, in which "nature seems to sleep in eternal repose." From this grand point, bringing under the eye a most magnificent panorama, are overlooked, like pigmies, all the neighboring mountains as far as the Chesapeake. Here it was that the youthful philosopher, before the revolution, was wont to scrutinize the motions of the planets, with the revolutions of the celestial sphere; and to witness that phenomenon described in his Notes on Virginia, as among the sublimest of nature's operations, the looming of the distant mountains. From this elevated seat he was wont to enjoy those scenes to which he reverted with so much fondness while in France: "And our own dear Monticello; where has nature spread so rich a mantle under the eye? — mountains, forests, rocks, rivers. With what majesty do we there ride above the storms! How sublime to look down into the workhouse of nature, to see her clouds, hail, snow, rain, thunder, all fabricated at our feet, and the glorious sun when rising as if out of a distant water, just gilding the tops of the mountains, and giving life to all nature." From this proud summit, too, "the patriot," in the language of a visitor, "could look down, with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens which he seemed to approach, as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is indeed a prospect in which you see and feel at once, that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high-souled principles which formed the elements of his character, and 'was a most noble and appropriate post for such a sentinel over the rights and liberties of man."

'In the centre of this eminence rose the magnificent mansion of the patriarch. It was erected and furnished in the days of his affluence; and was such a one, in all respects, as became the character and fortune of the man. The main structure is one hundred feet in length, from East to West, and above sixty in depth, from North to South, presenting a front in every direction. The basement story is raised five or six feet above the ground, from which springs the principal story, above twenty feet in height, whereon rests an attic of about eight feet. The whole is surmounted by a lofty dome of twenty-eight feet in diameter, rising from the centre of the building. The principal front faces the East, and is adorned with a noble portico, balancing a correspond-

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ing one on the West. The north and south fronts present arcades or piazzas, under which are cool recesses that open upon a floored terrace, projecting a hundred feet in a straight line, and then another hundred feet at right angles, until terminated by pavilions of two stories high. Under the whole length of these terraces is a range of one story buildings, in which are the offices requisite for domestic purposes, and the lodgings of the household servants. The exterior of the structure is finished in the Doric order complete, with balustrades on the top of it; the internal contains specimens of all the different orders, except the composite, which is not introduced. The hall is in the Ionic, the dining room in the Doric, the parlor in the Corinthian, and the dome in the Attic. Improvements and additions, both useful and ornamental, were continually going on, as they were suggested by the taste of the owner. Indeed, the whole building had been almost in a constant state of re-building, from its ante-revolutionary form, which was highly finished, to its present one; "and so I hope it will remain during my life," said he to a visitor, "as architecture is my delight, and putting up, and pulling down, one of my favorite amusements."

'On the declivities of the mountain were arranged the dwellings of artificers and mechanics of every description, and their work-shops; for it was the study of the illustrious proprietor to make himself perfectly independent. He had carpenters' blacksmiths' and cabinet-makers' shops, with manufactories for cottons and woollens, grain mills, sawing mills, and a nail factory conducted by boys. His carriage was made by his own workmen, as were also many articles of his fine furniture. The fabrication with his own hands of curious implements and models, was one of his favorite amusements.

'On entering the mansion by the east front, the visitor was ushered into a spacious and lofty hall, whose hangings announced at once the character and ruling passion of the man. On the right, on the left, and around his eye was struck with objects of science and taste. On one side were specimens of sculpture, in the form of statues and busts, disposed in such order as to exhibit at one view the historical progress of the art, from the first rude attempts of the aborigines of our country, to the most finished models of European masters, including a bust of the patriot himself, from the hand of Caracci. Among others were the busts of a male and female sitting in the Indian position, supposed to be very ancient, having been ploughed up in Tennessee; a full length figure of Cleopatra, in a reclining position, after she had applied the asp; the busts of Voltaire and Turgot, in plaster. His own bust stood on a truncated column, on the pedestal of which were represented the twelve tribes of Israel, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac. On the other side of the hall were displayed a vast

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collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, engravings, weapons, ornaments, manufactures, statues, and idols; and on another, a profusion of natural curiosities, prodigies of ancient art, and fossil productions of every description, mineral and animal. Among others were particularly noticed a model of the great pyramid of Egypt and the upper and lower jaw-bones and tusks of the mammoth, advantageously contrasted with those of an elephant.

'From the hall the visitor entered a spacious saloon, through large folding doors. In this apartment, the walls were covered with the modern productions of the pencil, historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries, and all ages; scriptural paintings, among which are the ascension, the holy family, the scourging of Christ, and the crucifixion; the portraits of distinguished characters, both of Europe and America; with engravings, coins, and medallions in endless profusion. Here, and in the other rooms, were the portraits of Bacon, Newton, and Locke; of Columbus, Vespucius, Cortes, Magellan, Raleigh; of Franklin, Washington, La Fayette, Adams, Madison, Rittenhouse, Paine, and many other remarkable men. Here, too, were the busts of Alexander and Napoleon, placed on pedestals upon each side of the door of entrance.

'The whole of the southern wing was occupied by the library, cabinet, and chamber of Mr. Jefferson. The library was divided into three apartments, opening into each other, the walls of which were covered with books and maps. It contained at one time the greatest private collection of books ever known in the United States, and incomparably the most valuable, from the multitude of rare works and the general superiority of the editions. He had been fifty years enriching and perfecting his assortment, omitting no pains, opportunities or expense. While in Paris he devoted every afternoon when he was disengaged, for a summer or two, in examining the principal bookstores, and putting by everything which related to America, with whatever was valuable in the sciences. Besides this he had standing orders, during the whole time he was in Europe, in its principal bookmarts, for all such works as could not be found in Paris. After the conflagration of Washington in the last war, and the destruction of the library, he sold about ten thousand volumes to the government, "to replace the devastations of British Vandalism." Confiding in the honor of Congress, he made a tender of them to the government, at their own price. In his cabinet, he was surrounded with several hundred of his favorite authors, lying near at hand, with every accommodation and luxury which ease or taste could suggest. This apartment opened into a green-house, filled with a collection of rare plants; and he was seldom without some geranium or other plant beside him.

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Connected with his study was an extensive apparatus for mathematical, philosophical, and optical purposes. It is supposed that no private gentleman in the world had in his possession so perfect and complete a scientific, useful, and ornamental collection as Mr. Jefferson.

'Such is an imperfect representation of a patriarchal seat and appendages, whose just celebrity has attracted the wayfarer of every land. But who shall describe its great architect and occupant? Let this duty be discharged by adopting the record of a distinguished guest.

"While the visitor was yet lost in the contemplation of these treasures of the arts and sciences, he was startled by the approach of a strong and sprightly step, and turning with instinctive reverence to the door of entrance, he was met by the tall, and animated, and stately figure of the patriot himself, — his countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his outstretched hand, with its strong and cordial pressure, confirming the courteous welcome of his lips. And then came that charm of manner and conversation that passes all description, — so cheerful, — so unassuming, — so free, and easy, and frank, and kind, and gay, — that even the young, and overawed, and embarrassed visitor at once forgot his fears, and felt himself by the side of an old and familiar friend. There was no effort, no ambition in the conversation of the philosopher. It was as simple and unpretending as nature itself. And while in this easy manner he was pouring out instruction, like light from an inexhaustible solar fountain, he seemed continually to be asking, instead of giving information. The visitor felt himself lifted by the contact, into a new and nobler region of thought, and became surprised at his own buoyancy and vigor. He could not, indeed, help being astounded, now and then, at those transcendent leaps of the mind, which he saw made without the slightest exertion, and at the ease with which this wonderful man played with subjects which he had been in the habit of considering among the *argumenta crucis* of the intellect. And then there seemed to be no end to his knowledge. He was a thorough master of every subject that was touched. From the details of the humblest mechanic art, up to the highest summit of science, he was perfectly at his ease, and everywhere at home. There seemed to be no longer any *terra incognita* of the human understanding: for, what the visitor had thought so, he now found reduced to a familiar garden walk; and all this carried off so lightly, so playfully, so gracefully, so engagingly, that he won every heart that approached him, as certainly as he astonished every mind."

It is time, however, to bring this article to a close. We have considered it a duty to endeavor, within the narrow sphere

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of our influence, to rescue from unmerited obloquy the memory of one of the great fathers of our country. A full exposition of the principles and political course of Mr. Jefferson, belongs to the history of the Union, and could not be brought within the compass of an article like this. We trust that we have said enough to indicate the general considerations that come into view in forming a judgment upon his character. It is idle to attempt to separate the prominent actors in the revolutions that change the face of the world, from the causes in which they were engaged. Of what consequence is it to the fame of Luther, whether he did or did not contend single-handed, as he says, in personal conflict with the incarnate principle of Evil, and throw an inkstand at his head? His reputation must be settled not by a transient, optical or mental illusion, but by the labors of his life, the results of the reformation. Mr. Jefferson, in like manner, will stand or fall in the opinion of impartial posterity, according to the opinion that may be formed of the character of the great intellectual and social movement of the age, — a movement that commenced, as we have said, with the preaching of Luther, and continued through the British and American revolutions, until it extended itself within our time to France, and thence throughout the whole Christian world. In this movement Mr. Jefferson was in his day and within his sphere, one of the most conspicuous actors. If it shall appear in its results, as those who now approve it, fondly hope, to have been a *regeneration* of the political condition of Europe and America, Mr. Jefferson with its other promoters will be considered as a great benefactor of the human race. If it shall appear, as its enemies believe, and many timid and doubtful persons fear, to have been the *dissolution* instead of the regeneration of society, Mr. Jefferson will be classed among the well-meaning but mistaken zealots, who verily think they are doing God some direct service, when they are in reality executing his judgments upon offending man. In either event he can never lose the credit of the high intellectual superiority which ensured him, in his day, the enthusiastic confidence of his countrymen, and rendered him for them, as it were, the personified *Spirit of the Age*. The baseless imputations of French influence, hostility to commerce, and the other still less plausible inventions of party spirit, will be seen by the future historian to carry their own refutation with them and will be left by him in silence, where

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he finds them, in the pamphlets, newspapers and familiar letters of the time.

'Why,' asks our author, 'should this matter be the subject of inquiry?' When the reputation of one of the principal ornaments of our history is attacked, it follows of course, that he must be defended. But why was the attack made? Our auther believes that 'the opinions and political practice of Mr. Jefferson, had, and still have, an influence on the affairs of this country, which is inconsistent with liberty, as defined by law.' This belief we consider as a mere illusion of party spirit, but supposing our author to be honest in it, we cannot of course blame him for acting upon it. The *policy* of making the attack at this time, is perhaps more doubtful. We take no part as conductors of this journal, in the party controversies of the day, but we may fairly employ the *argumentum ad hominem* in reference to any citizen who does. Our author is understood to be a somewhat conspicuous member of the party opposed to the present administration of the general government. The party who support the administration claim as a title of honor to be the followers of Mr. Jefferson, and the representatives of his principles; they consider their cause as gained before the people, if they can identify it with him. Now our author, one of the strongest opponents of the administration, comes forward with an elaborate work, and subsequently a pamphlet, intended to prove that the adherents of the present administration are, in fact, as they say they are, the followers and disciples of Mr. Jefferson, — that their principles are his principles, — their feelings his feelings, — their cause his cause. May not the friends of the administration justly exclaim with the ancient patriarch, 'Oh! that mine enemy had written a book?' May not its opponents properly say in the language of the Spanish proverb, — 'Save me from my friends, and I will save myself from my enemies?'

Among the extracts printed on the title-page, is a passage from one of Cicero's Orations, which our author probably intended to apply to his own case, and in which the orator remarks, that far from expecting to gain favor with the public, by the proceedings in which he was then engaged, he was well aware, that he should draw upon himself many enmities, some secret, and some open, without advantage, in the attempt to do the state some service. That our author is willing to encounter personal inconvenience in the public service,

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as he perhaps erroneously understands it, is honorable to him. The misfortune is, that with the best intentions in the world, it is not in his power to concentrate upon his own head all the open and secret enmities, that have been, and will be roused, by this attack on the fame of Mr. Jefferson. It is easy to throw about fire-brands, but it is not easy for the person so doing to say with certainty, that his own house shall be the only, or the most valuable one, that may be sacrificed in the sport. Publications that are issued by conspicuous members of a political party, especially in times of high excitement, are considered and represented, as expressing the opinions of the party as well as the individual author, nor can any *disclaimer* entirely remove the impression. It is of little importance to the friends of the administration, what may be the opinion of our author, upon the character of Mr. Jefferson, — but it is of considerable importance to them, to have some plausible pretext for representing other persons, more conspicuous in the eye of the nation, more formidable in the wars of party, as hostile to republican principles. Such a pretext they find in works like the Familiar Letters, and the pamphlet now before us. They have accordingly been used, with effect, for the purpose alluded to, and will continue to be so employed in future. One object which we have had in view, in this and our preceding article, has been to endeavor to counteract this operation of our author's writings, and to show that his bitter prejudices against the principles and character of Mr. Jefferson, are not generally entertained by intelligent men, in this quarter of the country. We believe, as we remarked before, that we have expressed in these articles, the almost unanimous sentiment of the active men of the present generation. But we are aware, that the antidote cannot, under the circumstances, be co-extensive in its effect, with the bane, and that our author, without affecting, in the slightest degree, the present or future standing of Mr. Jefferson in public opinion, has done to his own political friends and associates, a mischief of no trifling extent, and one in its nature irremediable.

All that can be said farther, in the way of remedy, is to add to the considerations which we have now urged, and which, proceeding from us, can claim no weight, except such as they may derive from their intrinsic truth and justice, the authority of one of the highest, and most respected names in New-England. We shall accordingly con-

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clude this article, by an extract from the eulogy pronounced by Mr. Webster, at the joint commemoration of the deaths of Adams and Jefferson. Our readers will perceive, that it confirms in every particular, and in some with a striking coincidence in the train of thought, the view that we have given of the character, principles, and political course of the latter of these two patriots in this, and our preceding article. It would be easy to multiply extracts to the same effect, from the writings of a large proportion of the most distinguished men in the country, but our limits will not permit it, and the name we employ is sufficient for the purpose of authority and evidence. The testimony of Mr. Webster is the unbiassed, spontaneous tribute of one great man, to the merit and services of another, from whom he had been separated by the party divisions of the times. It is highly and equally honorable to the characters of both.

'Mr. Jefferson appears to have been imbued with an early love of letters and science, and to have cherished a strong disposition to pursue these objects. To the physical sciences, especially, and to ancient classic literature, he is understood to have had a warm attachment, and never entirely to have lost sight of them, in the midst of the busiest occupations. But the times were times for action, rather than for contemplation. The country was to be defended, and to be saved, before it could be enjoyed. Philosophic leisure and literary pursuits, and even the objects of professional attention, were all necessarily postponed to the urgent calls of the public service. The exigency of the country made the same demand on Mr. Jefferson, that it made on others who had the ability and the disposition to serve it; and he obeyed the call; thinking and feeling, in this respect, with the great Roman orator; *Quis enim est tam cupidus in perspicienda cognoscendaque rerum natura, ut, si ei tractanti contemplantique res cognitione dignissimas subito sit allatum periculum discrimenque patriæ, cui subvenire opitularique possit, non illa omnia relinquat atque abjiciat, etiam si dinumerare se stellas, aut metiri mundi magnitudinem posse arbitretur?*

'Entering, with all his heart, into the cause of liberty, his ability, patriotism, and power with the pen naturally drew upon him a large participation in the most important concerns. Wherever he was, there was found a soul devoted to the cause, power to defend and maintain it, and willingness to incur all its hazards. In 1774 he published a Summary View of the Rights of British America, a valuable production among those intended to show the dangers which threatened the liberties of the country, and to encourage the people in their defence. In June 1775 he

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was elected a member of the Continental Congress, as successor to Peyton Randolph, who had retired on account of ill health, and took his seat in that body on the 21st of the same month.

'It has sometimes been said, as if it were a derogation from the merits of this paper, that it contains nothing new; that it only states grounds of proceeding, and presses topics of argument, which had often been stated and pressed before. But it was not the object of the declaration to produce anything new. It was not to invent reasons for independence, but to state those which governed the Congress. For great and sufficient causes, it was proposed to declare independence; and the proper business of the paper to be drawn, was to set forth those causes, and justify the authors of the measure, in any event of fortune, to the country, and to posterity. The cause of American independence, moreover, was now to be presented to the world, in such manner, if it might so be, as to engage its sympathy, to command its respect, to attract its admiration; and in an assembly of most able and distinguished men, Thomas Jefferson had the high honor of being the selected advocate of this cause. To say that he performed his great work well, would be doing him injustice. To say that he did it excellently well, admirably well, would be inadequate and halting praise. Let us rather say, that he so discharged the duty assigned him, that all Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title-deed of their liberties devolved on his hands.*

'Mr. Jefferson, having been occupied in the years 1778 and 1779, in the *important service of revising the laws of Virginia,* was elected governor of that State, as successor to Patrick Henry, and held the situation when the State was invaded by the British arms. In 1781 he published his Notes on Virginia, a work which attracted attention in Europe as well as America, dispelled many misconceptions respecting this Continent, and gave its author a place among men distinguished for science. In November 1783, he again took his seat in the Continental Congress, but in the May following was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary, to act abroad, in the negotiation of commercial treaties, with Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams. He proceeded to France, in execution of this mission, embarking at Boston; and that was the only occasion on which he ever visited this place. In 1785 he was appointed minister to France, the duties of which situation he continued to perform, until October 1789, when he obtained leave to

* Mr. H. Lee differs from Mr. Webster upon this subject. In his Observations on the writings of Mr. Jefferson, he says that the Declaration 'exhibits none of the higher powers of composition, and though suited to the great occasion was not equal to it.' p. 116.

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retire, just on the eve of that tremendous Revolution which has so much agitated the world, in our times. Mr. Jefferson's discharge of his diplomatic duties was marked by great ability, diligence, and patriotism; and while he resided at Paris, in one of the most interesting periods, his character for intelligence, his love of knowledge, and of the society of learned men, distinguished him in the highest circles of the French capital. *No court in Europe had, at that time, in Paris, a representative commanding or enjoying higher regard, for political knowledge or for general attainment, than the minister of this then infant republic.* Immediately on his return to his native country, at the organization of the government under the present Constitution, his talents and experience recommended him to President Washington, for the first office in his gift. He was placed at the head of the Department of State. In this situation, also, he manifested conspicuous ability. His correspondence with the ministers of other powers residing here, and his instructions to our own diplomatic agents abroad, are among our ablest State Papers. A thorough knowledge of the laws and usages of nations, perfect acquaintance with the immediate subject before him, great felicity, and still greater facility, in writing, show themselves in whatever effort his official situation called on him to make. It is believed, by competent judges, that the diplomatic intercourse of the government of the United States, from the first meeting of the Continental Congress in 1774 to the present time, taken together, would not suffer, in respect to the talent with which it has been conducted, by comparison with anything which other and older states can produce; and to the attainment of this respectability and distinction, Mr. Jefferson has contributed his full part.

'On the retirement of General Washington from the presidency, and the election of Mr. Adams to that office, in 1797, he was chosen Vice-President. While presiding, in this capacity, over the deliberations of the senate, he compiled and published a Manual of Parliamentary Practice, a work of more labor and more merit, than is indicated by its size. It is now received, as the general standard, by which proceedings are regulated, not only in both Houses of Congress, but in most of the other legislative bodies in the country. In 1801, he was elected President, in opposition to Mr. Adams, and re-elected in 1805, by a vote approaching towards unanimity.

'From the time of his final retirement from public life, in 1808, Mr. Jefferson lived, as became a wise man. Surrounded by affectionate friends, his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge undiminished, with uncommon health, and unbroken spirits, he was able to enjoy largely the rational pleasures of life, and to partake in that public prosperity, which he had so much contributed to

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produce. His kindness and hospitality, the charm of his conversation, the ease of his manners, the extent of his acquirements, and especially the full store of revolutionary incidents, which he possessed, and which he knew when and how to dispense, rendered his abode in a high degree attractive to his admiring countrymen, while his high public and scientific character drew towards him every intelligent and educated traveller from abroad. Both Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson had the pleasure of knowing that the respect, which they so largely received, was not paid to their official stations. *They were not men made great by office; but great men, on whom the country for its own benefit had conferred office.* There was that in them, which office did not give, and which the relinquishment of office did not, and could not, take away. In their retirement, in the midst of their fellow-citizens, themselves private citizens, they enjoyed as high regard and esteem, as when filling the most important places of public trust.

'There remained to Mr. Jefferson yet one other work of patriotism and beneficence, the establishment of a university in his native state. To this object he devoted years of incessant and anxious attention, and by the enlightened liberality of the legislature of Virginia, and the co-operation of other able and zealous friends, he lived to see it accomplished. May all success attend this infant seminary; and may those who enjoy its advantages, as often as their eyes shall rest on the neighboring height, recollect what they owe to their disinterested and indefatigable benefactor; and may letters honor him who thus labored in the cause of letters!

'Thus useful, and thus respected, passed the old age of Thomas Jefferson. But time was on its ever-ceaseless wing, and was now bringing the last hours of this illustrious man. He saw its approach, with undisturbed serenity. He counted the moments, as they passed, and beheld that his last sands were falling. That day, too, was at hand, which he had helped to make immortal. One wish, one hope, — if it were not presumptuous, — beat in his fainting breast. Could it be so, — might it please God, — he would desire, once more to see the sun, — once more to look abroad on the scene around him, on the great day of liberty. Heaven, in its mercy, fulfilled that prayer. He saw that sun, — he enjoyed its sacred light, — he thanked God, for this mercy, and bowed his aged head to the grave. "*Felix, non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis.*"

'The last public labor of Mr. Jefferson naturally suggests the expression of the high praise which is due, both to him and to Mr. Adams, for their uniform and zealous attachment to learning, and to the cause of general knowledge. Of the advantages of

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learning, indeed, and of literary accomplishments, their own characters were striking recommendations, and illustrations. They were scholars, ripe and good scholars; widely acquainted with ancient, as well as modern literature, and not altogether uninstructed in the deeper sciences. Their acquirements, doubtless, were different, and so were the particular objects of their literary pursuits; as their tastes and characters, in these respects, differed like those of other men. Being, also, men of busy lives, with great objects, requiring action, constantly before them, their attainments in letters did not become showy, or obtrusive. Yet, I would hazard the opinion, that if we could now ascertain all the causes which gave them eminence and distinction, in the midst of the great men with whom they acted, we should find, not among the least, their early acquisitions in literature, the resources which it furnished, the promptitude and facility which it communicated, and the wide field it opened, for analogy and illustration; giving them, thus, on every subject, a larger view, and a broader range, as well for discussion, as for the government of their own conduct.

'As the promotion of knowledge had been the object of their regard through life, so these great men made it the subject of their testamentary bounty. Mr. Jefferson is understood to have bequeathed his library to the university, and that of Mr. Adams is bestowed on the inhabitants of Quincy.

'Mr. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson, fellow-citizens, were successively Presidents of the United States. The comparative merits of their respective administrations for a long time agitated and divided public opinion. They were rivals, each supported by numerous and powerful portions of the people, for the highest office. This contest, partly the cause, and partly the consequence, of the long existence of two great political parties in the country, is now part of the history of our government. We may naturally regret, that anything should have occurred to create difference and discord, between those who had acted harmoniously and efficiently in the great concerns of the revolution. But this is not the time, nor this the occasion, for entering into the grounds of that difference, or for attempting to discuss the merits of the questions which it involves. As practical questions, they were canvassed, when the measures which they regarded were acted on and adopted; and as belonging to history, the time has not come for their consideration.

'It is, perhaps, not wonderful, that when the Constitution of the United States went first into operation, different opinions should have been entertained, as to the extent of the powers conferred by it. Here was a natural source of diversity of sentiment. It is still less wonderful, that that event, almost contemporary with

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our government, under the present Constitution, which so entirely shocked all Europe, and disturbed our relations with her leading powers, should have been thought, by different men, to have different bearings on our own prosperity; and that the early measures, adopted by our government, in consequence of this new state of things, should have been seen in opposite lights. It is for the future historian, when what now remains of prejudice and misconception shall have passed away, to state these different opinions, and pronounce impartial judgment. In the meantime, all good men rejoice, and may well rejoice, that the sharpest differences sprung out of measures, which, whether right or wrong, have ceased, with the exigencies that gave them birth, and have left no permanent effect, either on the Constitution, or on the general prosperity of the country. This remark, I am aware, may be supposed to have its exception, in one measure, the alteration of the Constitution, as to the mode of choosing the President; but it is true, in its general application. Thus the course of policy pursued towards France, in 1798, on the one hand, and the measures of commercial restriction, commenced in 1807, on the other, both subjects of warm and severe opposition, have passed away, and left nothing behind them. They were temporary, and whether wise or unwise, their consequences were limited to their respective occasions. It is equally clear, at the same time, and it is equally gratifying, that those measures of both administrations, which were of durable importance, and which drew after them interesting and long remaining consequences, have received general approbation. Such was the organization, or rather the creation, of the navy, in the administration of Mr. Adams; such the acquisition of Louisiana, in that of Mr. Jefferson. The country, it may safely be added, is not likely to be willing either to approve, or to reprobate, indiscriminately, and in the aggregate, all the measures of either, or of any, administration. The dictate of reason and of justice is, that, holding each one his own sentiments on the points in difference, we imitate the great men themselves, in the forbearance and moderation which they have cherished, and in the mutual respect and kindness which they have been so much inclined to feel and to reciprocate.

'*No men, fellow-citizens, ever served their country with more entire exemption from every imputation of selfish and mercenary motives, than those to whose memory we are paying these proofs of respect. A suspicion of any disposition to enrich themselves, or to profit by their public employments, never rested on either. No sordid motive approached them. The inheritance which they have left to their children, is of their character and their fame.*

'Fellow-citizens, I will detain you no longer by this faint and feeble tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. Even in

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other hands, adequate justice could not be performed, within the limits of this occasion. Their highest, their best praise, is your deep conviction of their merits, your affectionate gratitude for their labors and services. It is not my voice, it is this cessation of ordinary pursuits, this arresting of all attention, these solemn ceremonies, and this crowded house, which speak their eulogy. Their fame, indeed, is safe. That is now treasured up, beyond the reach of accident. Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust;— time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone;— but their fame remains;— for with AMERICAN LIBERTY it rose, and with AMERICAN LIBERTY ONLY can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir, "THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE, BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE." I catch that solemn song; I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, "THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE."'

ART. XI. — *Calavar.*

Calavar: or the Knight of the Conquest; a Romance of Mexico. 2 Vols. 12mo. Philadelphia. 1834.

MANY of our writers have insisted, that the scenery and history of the regions of this hemisphere abound in materials for romance, not at all inferior to any that the old world has to show; but the author of this work has done still better; he has given us a practical illustration of the argument, which reflects credit on his own ability, and does no dishonor to the literature of his country. If there is any portion of modern history, fertile in romantic and exciting interest, it is that of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. Many and dark are the shadows that hang over the narration; it is blackened by revenge and avarice, and degraded by foul and revolting crime: yet, strange as it may appear, this remarkable enterprise, like those of the Crusaders of an earlier age, was almost wholly the offspring of religious zeal; of that religious zeal, however, which employs the ministry of fire and sword, to gather in the heathen beneath the banner of the cross. It was ennobled by the exhibition, in their most impos-

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ing forms, of that iron energy, that unconquerable will, that resolve which can neither bend nor break, that rule the imaginations of men with the power of an imperial sceptre. Its wonders go even beyond the allotted limits of romantic fiction; one needs only to read the simple narrative of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, to see them in all their wildness and peculiarity; to witness the extraordinary spectacle of a few stern adventurers, hardly superior to the mosstroopers of the Scottish border, rushing fearlessly into the heart of a vast and populous empire, nor much below the European nations of its day, in all that constituted civilization; and, under circumstances of peril and privation to which the records of other times scarcely afford a parallel, converting it into the province of a distant kingdom, and its princes into vassals. This is the very theme for the writer of romance; it provides him in abundance with all the contrasts of condition and character, all the miraculous changes, which his purposes require. We think the author has shown no less judgment in selecting, than taste in combining it with those portions of his narrative, for which he is indebted to his fancy; he has not attempted to invest it with a moral grandeur, to which it can advance no claim, among those who do not sympathize with the fortunes of a rude invader; the moral interest of his work is drawn from other sources; with what success, our readers may perhaps form some opinion, by the sketch, accompanied with extracts, which we proceed to give.

The action of the tale begins in the year 1520. On a bright morning in May, a little caravel, freighted with a motley array of adventurers, enters the harbor of St. Juan de Ulloa. One of the passengers is conspicuous above the rest, by his manly figure and noble bearing; this is Don Amador de Leste, a hidalgo of Spain, and a volunteer, but not sworn knight of the order of St. John of Jerusalem. The fortunes of this personage occupy a prominent place throughout the narrative; he visits the New World, in order to discover Don Gines Gabriel de Calavar, from whom the romance derives its name. The history of Calavar before this period is brief and melancholy; in youth, he was among the most affluent and honored of the nobles of Spain; but, stricken by some sudden and severe calamity, the nature of which is subsequently revealed, he forsakes his home and prospects, unites himself to the knights of Rhodes, and devotes himself to toil and sorrow, until he at

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length becomes a victim of insanity, the offspring of his secret grief. He survives the destruction of Rhodes, in which so many of the flower of knighthood perished; and immediately after, enters with zeal into a crusade against the Moors of Barbary, which is projected, but soon abandoned by the Spanish king, in consequence of the brilliant prospects held out by American discovery. Don Amador, his kinsman and esquire, goes forth to procure recruits to fight beneath his banner; but forgets the obligations of his commission, and suffers certain worldly allurements, in his own phrase, to step between himself and his duty. In the meantime, Calavar, on ascertaining the abandonment of his holy enterprise, sails for Mexico. Thither Don Amador, awaking from his lethargy, makes haste to follow him, with letters from the Grand-Master of his order, urging his return; and is supposed to have just reached the shores of the New World, at the opening of the tale.

In the harbor of St. Juan de Ulloa lies a Spanish squadron, under the command of the Admiral Cavallero, a relative of De Leste. At the invitation of the admiral, the knight repairs on board his vessel, and is for the first time made acquainted with the situation of affairs, in the country he is about to enter. Cortes, who had been commissioned to subdue it by Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, had been recalled, while in the full career of conquest, by the same chief, from a jealousy of his growing influence and fame; but, irritated by the indignity, and sustained by the united approbation of his followers, he refused obedience to the order of recall, and declared himself independent of Velasquez. The governor, incensed by this defiance, despatched against him a second army of a thousand men, under the command of Panfilo de Narvaez, with instructions to take him captive; and the fleet, at anchor in the harbor, is the same by which this force had been transported to the shores of Mexico. In the meantime, Cortes, with his little army of five hundred men, had penetrated to the capital, and made himself its master. Calavar was with him. On learning the expedition of Narvaez, he hastened back to meet him. Narvaez had reached the city of Zempoala, at a little distance from the coast, and Cortes, with his hardy veterans, was already in his neighborhood, waiting for an opportunity to spring upon his foe. Such is the situation of the hostile forces. The admiral attempts to dissuade his relative from joining the army of Cortes; he can reach it only by passing through the army

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of Narvaez, whose consent is not likely to be very readily obtained; but Don Amador, whose discretion is somewhat less conspicuous than his zeal, expresses his determination to abide the consequences, and only asks to be furnished with a guide. Reinforcements are about to march to Zempoala, and the admiral proposes to the knight to accompany them.

At this moment, several persons are brought before the admiral, in the presence of Don Amador. Among them is a Moor, of striking deportment and wild attire, accompanied by a delicate youth, whom he calls his son. The rest of the party are the master and crew of an armed vessel, by whom the Moor had been captured after a desperate engagement. In reply to the questions of the Admiral, the Moor describes himself as a Morisco of the Alpujarras, and a descendant of the Almogavars of Granada; he left his country after its subjugation by the Spaniards; but, weary at length of exile, and wishing to save his son from the contagion of heathenism, he embarked on board a Sallee trader to return; on the way the vessel was driven from its course by a violent storm, and was captured by the men of the Canaries, his own life and that of his son only being preserved. The master of the vessel which captured him, states with what difficulty this was accomplished, owing to the skill and desperate valor of the Moor, and concludes by claiming both the prisoners as his slaves; but the Moor insists, that being Christians, they are not liable to be sold into bondage; and the admiral resolves at last, to send the Moor to the army of Narvaez, to be employed as a cannonier, with permission to his son to accompany him. These personages will be seen to exercise an important influence upon the action of the narrative.

We pass hastily over the relation of the journey of Don Amador to Zempoala, in company with the reinforcements designed for the army of Narvaez; though there are several passages on which we would gladly dwell, and which indicate a superior descriptive power. On the way, he receives the Moor's warm expressions of gratitude, for protecting his son, Jacinto, from the effects of the anger of the captain of the band, Salvatierra. At Zempoala, he is at first courteously received by Narvaez. While in company with him, a fantastic personage, combining the different characters of astrologer and harlequin, and belonging to the band of Cortes, is taken prisoner, and brought before the general. This man is named Bo-

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tello. He excites the towering wrath of Narvaez, by indulging himself in some predictions of serious disaster to the invading army; in the course of his communications he chances to mention the penitent knight; when Don Amador, overjoyed at finding himself in the immediate neighborhood of Calavar, forthwith asks permission to pass the lines of Narvaez, in order to join him. The exasperated general not only refuses his consent, but throws him and the astrologer into prison. He is, however, released the same night by Duero, the Secretary of Velasquez, who accompanies Narvaez as the agent of the governor, but is at heart the friend of Cortes; and, accompanied by Botello, who appears to have escaped from durance in a similar manner, sets out in quest of the army of Cortes, which lay about a league distant, on the banks of the river of Canoes. After making various circuitous windings to escape detection, they reach the river, which is swelled by a sudden storm; on passing it, Don Amador is in danger of being swept away by the tide, but is directed to a secure landing-place, and aided by a cavalier from the opposite bank.

'Not till his charge was on dry land, did the stranger relax his hand; and then perhaps the sooner, that Don Amador seized it with a most cordial gripe, and while he held it, said, fervently,—

'"I swear to thee, cavalier! I believe thou hast saved me from a great danger, if thou hast not absolutely preserved my life; for which good deed, besides giving thee my most unfeigned present thanks, I avow myself, till the day of my death, enslaved under the necessity to requite thee with any honorable risk thou canst hereafter impose,"

'While Don Amador spoke, he perused the countenance and surveyed the figure of his deliverer. He was a man in the prime and midway of life, tall and long-limbed, but with a breadth of shoulders, and development of muscle that proved him, as did the grasp with which he assisted the war-horse from the flood, to possess great bodily strength. His face was handsome and manly, though with rather delicate features; and a very lofty and capacious forehead shone among thin black locks, and under a velvet cap worn in a negligent manner, with a medal of a saint draggling loosely from it. His beard was black and thin, like his hair, and Amador plainly perceived through it the scar of a sword cut between the chin and mouth. His garments were of a fine and dark cloth, without much ornament; but his *fanfarrona*, as it was called in the language of the cavaliers, was a gold chain of at least thrice the weight and bigness of the neophyte's, linked

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round his neck, and supporting a pendant of Christ and the Virgin; and in addition, Don Amador saw on a finger of the hand he grasped, a diamond ring of goodly size and lustre. Such was the valiant gentleman, who won the friendship of the neophyte not less by his ready good will than by his excellent appearance; although this last qualification was perhaps not displayed to advantage, inasmuch as his whole attire and equipments, as well as the skin and armor of his horse, were dripping with wet, as if both had been lately plunged into the river or exposed to all the rigor of the storm. He replied to Don Amador's courtesies with a frank and open countenance, and a laugh of good humor, as if entirely unconscious of any discomfort from his reeking condition, or of any merit in the service he had rendered.

'"I accept thy offers of friendship," he said, "and very heartily, señor. But I vow to thee, when I helped thee out of the stream, I thought I should have had to give thee battle the next moment, as a sworn friend of Don Panfilo, the Biscayan."

'"How little justice there was in that suspicion," said Amador, "you will know when I tell you, that, at this moment, next to the satisfaction of finding some opportunity to requite your true service, I know of no greater pleasure the saints could send me than a fair opportunity to cross swords with this ill-mannered general, in serious and mortal arbitrement. Know, señor, I am at this moment a captive escaped out of the hands of that most dishonorable and unworthy person, seeking my way, with my followers, under guidance of a certain conjuror called Botello, to the camp of the valiant señor Don Hernan Cortes; and I rejoice in this rencounter the more, because I am persuaded you are yourself a true friend of that much-respected commander."

'"Ay, by my conscience! you may say so," cried the blithe cavalier; "and I would to heaven Cortes had many more friends that love him so well as myself. But come, señor; you are hard by his head-quarters. — Yet, under favor, let us, before seeking them, say a word to Botello, who, with your people, I perceive, has crossed the river."

'A few steps of their horses brought the two cavaliers into contact with the travellers, with whom Don Amador beheld some half-a-dozen strangers, all of hidalgo appearance, on horseback, and dripping with wet like his new friend, but, unlike him, armed to the teeth with helm, mail, and buckler.

'"How now, Botello, *mi querido?*" he cried, as he rode in among the party; "what news from my brother Narvaez? and what conjuration wert thou enacting, while he was scampering away before the bad weather?"

'"Nothing but good, señor!" said Botello, baring his head, and bending it to the saddle.

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'The neophyte was surprised at this mark of homage in the enchanter, whom he had found, though neither rude nor presumptuous, not over-burthened with servility. Looking round to the other hidalgos, he discovered that they all kept their eyes upon his companion with looks of the deepest respect. At the same moment, and as the truth entered his mind, he caught the eye of his deliverer, and perceived at once, in this stately though unarmed cavalier, the person of the renowned Cortes himself. For a moment, it seemed as if the general were disposed to meet the disclosure with a grave and lofty deportment suitable to his rank; but as Don Amador raised his hand to his casque with a gesture of reverence, a smile crept over his visage, which was instantly succeeded by a good-humored and familiar laugh.

'"Thou seest, señor!" he cried, "we will be masking at times, even without much regard either for our enemies or the weather. But trust me, caballero, you are welcome; and doubtless not only to myself, but to these worthier gentlemen, my friends." And here the general pronounced the names of Sandoval, of De Morla, of De Leon, De Olid, and others, — all, as was afterwards proved, men of great note among the invaders of Mexico. The neophyte saluted them with courtesy, and then, turning to the general, said: —

'"I am myself called Amador de Leste, a poor hidalgo of Cuenza, a novice of the order of St. John of the Holy Hospital, and kinsman of the knight Gines Gabriel de Calavar, to seek whom am I come to this land of Mexico, and to the tents of your excellency."

'All bowed with great respect at this annunciation; and Cortes himself, half raising his drooping cap, said: —

'"I doubly welcome the cavalier De Leste; and whether he come to honor me with the aid of his good sword, or to rob me of the true friendship of the knight Calavar, still am I most glad to see him: and glad am I that heaven has sent us a kinsman to watch by the side of the good knight. Señor," continued the general, anticipating the questions of the neophyte, "if you will moderate your impatience a little, until I fulfil my duties with my mad friend here, the astrologer, I will be rejoiced in person to conduct you to your kinsman."

'The courteous manners of Hernan Cortes did more to mollify the ardor of the novice, than could any degree of stateliness. He smothered his impatience, though it was burning with a stronger and an increasing flame; while the general proceeded to confer with the magician.'

From the intelligence communicated by Botello, Cortes is induced to make preparations for an attack on the same night. The party enter the camp, where

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'Under the shadow of a tall tree, remote from the rest, and attended only by a single armed follower, — on a coal-black horse, heavily harnessed, which stood under his weight with a tranquillity as marble-like as his own, sat the knight of Calavar. He was in full armor, but the iron plates were rusted on his body, and in many places shattered. The plumes were broken and disordered on his helmet; the spear lay at the feet of his steed; his buckler was in the hands of his attendant; and instead of the red tabard which was worn in a season of war by the brothers of his order, the black mantle of peace, with its great white cross, hung or drooped heavily from his shoulders. His beaver was up, and his countenance, wan and even ghastly, was fully revealed. The ravages of an untimely age were imprinted upon his aspect; yet, notwithstanding the hollow cheeks and grizzled beard, the brow furrowed with a thousand wrinkles, the lips colorless and contracted into an expression of deep pain, he presented the appearance of a ruin, majestic in its decay. His hands were clasped, and lay on the pommel of the saddle, and, together with his whole attitude and air, indicated a state of the most profound and sorrowful abstraction. In truth, he seemed the prey of thoughts, many and deep; and it scarcely needed the simple and touching legend, *Miserere mei, Deus!* which usurped the place of a scutcheon or other device on his shield, to know that if fame sat on his saddle, sorrow rested under his bosom.

'No sooner had the neophyte beheld this gloomy apparition, than, with a loud cry, he threw himself from his horse; and, rushing forward, he seized the relaxed hand of the figure, and pressed it to his lips with reverence and affection. But the knight, not yet roused from his reverie, or struggling vainly with imperfect recollections, looked only into his face with a wistful stare.

'"Patron and cousin! my friend and my father!" cried the novice, passionately, "do you not know me? I am Amador!"

'"Amador!" muttered the knight, with a troubled look and a tone of perplexity. "Very well, — to-morrow — to-morrow?"

'"He will not understand you now," said the general. "He is often in these trances."

'"Mi padre! mi amigo!" cried the youth, vehemently, without regarding the interruption of the commander, "will you not know me? I am Amador! Look, — here is Baltasar, old Baltasar! your servant and favorite, that has been at your side ever from the days of the Alpujarras to the fall of Rhodes."

'"The Alpujarras!" echoed the knight, with a deep sigh. "Wo is me! — miserere mei, Deus!"

'"He will recollect us *now*," said Baltasar, who had also descended, and who testified his fidelity by a tear that glittered in

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his ancient eye. "I never knew that word fail to call him out of his mood, though I have often known it fling him into one. — Master! I am Baltasar; and here is your honor's kinsman, Don Amador!"

'"Ay! is it so indeed? I thought I was dreaming," said the knight: "Art thou here indeed, my son Amador? Give me thy brows, for I am rejoiced to find thee in the world again." And stooping and flinging his arms round his neck, he kissed the forehead of the neophyte, with a parental affection.

'"This, my masters," said Cortes, in an under voice, "is not a spectacle for us. Let us pass on, and arrange proceedings for the attack." And, with his suite, he instantly departed.'

Calavar expresses his determination to take no part in the assault, alleging that no follower of St. John can contend with a Christian, except in self-defence; and Amador, though burning to march by the side of Cortes, is reluctantly compelled to abide by the orders of the knight. They, however, follow their companions, but mistaking the path, enter Zempoala just as the assault commences in another part of the city; and reach the great square near the temple, in season to preserve the Moor and his son from the swords of the enraged assailants. After a desperate resistance, Narvaez is overcome, and his followers are glad to join the ranks of the conqueror, who resolves to employ the Moor in his own service, and permits him to confide his son to the protection of Calavar. In the very moment of victory, intelligence arrives, that Alvarado, who had been left in charge of the capital, is besieged in the palace by the Mexicans, where, unless assistance is speedily afforded him, he must perish by famine or the sword. The order to return is instantly issued, and the army is on its march to Tlascala, which occupies a month, owing to the difficulty of transporting the ordnance through such a rugged country. While in Tlascala, as Amador is standing at night on one of its pyramids of earth, he perceives Jacinto in tears,

'"But besides, señor," said the page, "when Don Francisco made me sad, I looked at the moon, and I thought how it was rising on my country!"

'"It is now the very noon of night, both in thy land and mine," said the neophyte, touched by the simple expression, and leading the boy where the planet could be seen without obstruction; — "it is now midnight over Fez, as well as Castile; and, perhaps, some of our friends, in both lands, are regarding this luminary, at this moment, and thinking of *us*."

'The page sighed deeply and painfully;

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'"I have no friends, — no, neither in Fez nor in Spain," he said; "and, save my father, my master, and my good lord, none here. There is none of my people left, but my father; and we are alone together!"

'"Say not, alone," said Amador, with still more kindness, — for as Jacinto made this confession of his destitute condition, the tears fell fast and bitterly from his eyes. "Say not, alone; for, I repeat to thee, I have come, I know not by what fascination, to love thee as well as if thou wert my own little brother; and there shall no wrong come to thee, or thy father, while I live to be thy friend."

'Jacinto kissed the hand of the cavalier, and said, —

'"I did not cry for sorrow, but only for thinking of my country."

'"Thou shouldst think no more of Fez; for its people are infidels, and thou a Christian."

'"I thought of Granada, — for that is the land of Christians; and I longed to be among the mountains where my mother was born."

'"Thou shalt live there yet, if God be merciful to us," said the cavalier: "for when there is peace in this barbarous clime, I will take thee thither for a playmate to Rosario. But now that we are here alone, let us sit by the tower, and while I grow melancholy, bethinking me of that same land of Granada, which I very much love, I will have thee sing me some other pretty ballad of the love of a Christian knight for a Moorish lady; — or I care not if thou repeat the romance of the Cid; I like it well — 'Me acuerdo de ti' — 'me acuerdo de ti' — " And the neophyte seemed, while he murmured over the burthen, as if about to imitate the pensiveness of De Morla.

'"If my lord choose," said the page, "I would rather tell him a story of Granada, which is about a Christian cavalier, very noble and brave, and a Christian Morisca, that loved him."

'"A Christian Morisca!" said Amador; "and she loved the cavalier? — I will hear that story. And it happened in Granada too?"

'"In one of the Moorish towns, but not in the royal city. — It was in the town Almeria."

'"In the town Almeria;" echoed Amador, eagerly. "Thou canst tell me nothing of Almeria, that will not give me both pain and pleasure, for therein — But pho! a word doth fill the brain with memories! — Is it an ancient story?"

'"Not very ancient, please my lord: it happened since the fall of Granada."

'"It is strange that I never heard it, then; for I dwelt full

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two months in this same town; and 'tis not yet forty years since the siege."

'"Perhaps it is not *true*," said the stripling, innocently; "and, at the best, 'tis not remarkable enough to have many repeaters. 'Tis a very foolish story."

'"Nevertheless, I am impatient to hear it."

'"There lived in that town," said Jacinto, "a Moorish orphan —"

'"A girl?" demanded the neophyte.

'"A Moorish maiden, — of so obscure a birth, that she knew not even the name that had been borne by her parents; but nevertheless, señor, her parents, as was afterwards found out, were of the noblest blood of Granada. She was protected and reared in the family of a benevolent lady, who, being descended of a Moorish parent, looked with pity on the poor orphan of the race of her mother. When this maiden was yet in her very early youth, there came a noble cavalier of Castile, —"

'"A Castilian!" demanded Don Amador, with extraordinary vivacity, — "Art thou a conjuror? — What was his name?"

'"I know not," said Jacinto.

'"Thou learnest thy stories, then, only by the half," said the neophyte, with a degree of displeasure that amazed the youth. "And, doubtless, thou wert forgetful also to acquire the name of the Moorish orphan?"

'"Señor," said the page, discomposed at the heated manner of his patron, "the Moorish maiden was called Leila."

'"Leila!" cried the neophyte, starting to his feet, and seizing Jacinto by the arm, — "Canst thou tell me aught of Leila?"

'"Señor!" murmured Jacinto, in affright.

"Leila, the Morisca, in the house of the señora Doña Maria de Montefuerte!" exclaimed Don Amador, wildly. "Dost thou know of her fate? Did she sleep under the surges of the bay? Was she ravished away by those exile dogs of the mountains? — Now, by heaven, if thou canst tell me anything of that Moorish maid, I will make thee richer than the richest Moor of Granada!"

The Moor, instigated by his hereditary enmity to the Spaniards, has secretly joined the Mexicans. The army continues its march to Cholula, the holy city, then filled with the monuments of barbaric splendor, but now forsaken and desolate. There, Cortes receives intelligence of the meditated treason of the Moor. As Calavar is wandering by night among the ruins, his insanity is revived by witnessing what he imagines to be the spectre of one, intimately connected with his tale of guilt and wo; he swoons, and on the return of sense, finds himself

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supported by Jacinto, to whom he thus reveals the secret of his crime.

"'"Long years have passed; many days of peril and disaster have come and gone; and yet I have not forgotten the Alpujarras!" cried Calavar, shivering as he uttered the word; "for there did joy smile, and hope sicken, and fury give me to clouds and darkness forever. Those hills were the haunts of thy forefathers, Jacinto; and there, after the royal city had fallen, and Granada was ruled by the monarchs of Spain, they fled for refuge, all those noble Moriscos, who were resolute to die in their own mistaken faith, as well, — in after years, — as many others, who had truly embraced the religion of Christ, but were suspected by the bigoted of our people, and persecuted with rigor. How many wars were declared against those unhappy fugitives, — now to break down the last strong hold of the infidel, and now to punish the suspected Christian, — thou must know, if thy sire be a true Moor of Granada. In mine early youth, and in one of the later crusades, that were proclaimed against those misguided mountaineers, went I, to win the name and the laurels of a cavalier. Would that I had never won them, or that they had come to me dead on the battle-field! Know, then, Jacinto, that my nineteenth summer had not yet fled from me, when I first drew my sword in conflict with men; but if I won my reputation, at that green age, it was because heaven was minded to show me, that shame and sorrow could come as early. In those days, the royal and noble blood of Granada had not been drawn from every vein; many of the princely descendants of the Abencerrages, the Aliatars, the Ganzuls, and the Zegris, still dwelt among the mountains; and, forgetting their hereditary feuds, united together in common resistance against the Spaniards. With such men for enemies, respected alike for their birth and their valor, the war was not always a history of rapine and barbarity; and sometimes there happened such passages of courtesy and magnanimity between the Christian and Moorish cavaliers, as recalled the memory of the days of chivalry and honor. Among others, who made experience of the heroic greatness of mind of the infidel princes, was I myself; for, in a battle, wherein the Moors prevailed against us, I was left wounded and unhorsed, on the field, to perish, or to remain a prisoner in their hands. In that melancholy condition, while I commended my soul to God, as not thinking I could escape from death, a Moorish warrior of majestic appearance and a soul still more lofty, approached, and had pity on my helplessness, instead of slaying me outright, as I truly expected. "Thou art noble," said he, "for I have seen thy deeds; and though, this day, thou hast shed the blood of a Zegri, thou shalt not perish like a

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dog. Mount my horse and fly, lest the approaching squadrons destroy thee; and in memory of this deed, be thou sometimes merciful to the people of Alharef." Then knew I, that this was Alharef-ben-Ismail, the most noble of the Zegris, — a youth famous, even among the Spaniards, for his courage and humanity; and in gratitude and love, for he was a Christian proselyte, I pledged him my faith, and swore with him the vows of a true friendship. "How I have kept mine oath, Alharef!" he cried, lifting his eyes to the spangled heaven, "thou knowest; — for sometimes *thou* art with my punisher!"

'The knight paused an instant, in sorrowful emotion, while Jacinto, borne by curiosity beyond the bounds of fear, bent his head to listen; then making the sign of the cross, and repeating his brief prayer, the cavalier resumed his narrative.

'"As my ingratitude was greater than that of other men, so is my sin; for another act of benevolence shall weigh against me forever! — Why did I not die with my people, when the smiles of perfidy conducted us to the hills, and the sword was drawn upon us sleeping? That night, there was but one escaped the cruel and bloody stratagem; and I, again, owed my life to the virtues of a Moor. Pity me, heaven! for thou didst send me an angel, and I repaid thy mercy with the thankfulness of a fiend! — Know, then, Jacinto, that, in the village wherein was devised and accomplished the murder of my unsuspecting companions, dwelt one that now liveth in heaven. Miserere mei! miserere mei! for she was noble and fair, and wept at the baseness of her kindred! — She covered the bleeding cavalier with her mantle, concealed him from the fury that was unrelenting; and when she had healed his wounds, guided him, in secret, from the den of devils, and dismissed him in safety near to the camp of his countrymen. Know thou now, boy, that this maiden was Zayda, the flower of all those hills, and the star that made them dearer to me than the heaven that was above them; and more thought I of those green peaks and shady valleys that encompassed my love, than the castle of my sire, or the church wherein rested the bones of my mother. Miserere mei! miserere mei! for the faith that was pledged was broken! my lady slept in the arms of Alharef, and my heart was turned to blackness! — Now thou shalt hear me, and pray for me," continued Don Gabriel, with a look of the wildest and intensest despair, "for my sin is greater than I can bear! Now shalt thou hear how I cursed those whom I had sworn to love; how I sharpened my sword, and with vengeance and fury, went against the village of my betrayers. Oh God! how thou didst harden our hearts, when we gave their houses to the flames, and their old men and children to swords and spears! when we looked not at misery, and listened not to supplication, but slew! slew!

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slew! as though we struck at beasts, and not at human creatures! 'Thou sworest an oath!' cried Alharef. I laughed; for I knew I should drink his blood! 'Be merciful to my people!' he cried, — and I struck him with my sabre. Oho!" continued the knight, springing to his feet, wringing the page's hands, and glaring at him with the countenance of a demon, "when he fled from me bleeding, my heart was full of joy, and I followed him with yells of transport! — *This* is the day, I tell thee! this is the day, and the hour! for night could not hide him! — And Zayda! ay, Zayda! Zayda! — when she shielded him with her bosom, when she threw herself before him, — Miserere mei, Deus! miserere mei, Deus!" —

'"And Zayda?" cried the page, meeting his gaze with looks scarcely less expressive of wildness.

'"Curse me, or pray for me," said the knight, — "for I slew her!"

'The boy recoiled; Don Gabriel fell on his knees, and, with a voice husky and feeble as a child's, cried,

'"I know, now, that thou cursest me, for thou lookest on me with horror! The innocent will not pray for the guilty! the pure and holy have no pity for devils. Curse me then, for her kindred vanished from the earth, and she with them! — curse me, for I left not a drop of her blood flowing in human veins, and none in her's! — curse me, for I am her murderer, and I have not forgot it! — curse me, for God has forsaken me, and nightly her pale face glitters on me with reproach! — curse me, for I am miserable!"'

They are interrupted by a party, who had been sent from the camp in pursuit of the Moor. At the same time, Don Amador is rescued by the Moor from a party of Indian warriors, which he encounters while wandering in quest of Calavar, and learns from his preserver that he has deserted the ranks of his ancient foes; but that he is separated from Jacinto, who in his flight, tarried to assist the knight, as he lay senseless among the ruins. He however extorts from Amador an oath to protect the boy from danger. The army continues the march, till, on descending the mountain ridge which separated them from the capital, its valley is spread out in all its beauty before the cavalier.

'There came from the van of the army, very far in the distance, a shout of joy, that was caught up by those who toiled in his neighborhood, and continued by the squadrons that brought up the rear, until finally lost among the echoes of remote cliffs. He pressed forward with the animation shared by his companions,

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and, still leading Jacinto, arrived, at last, at a place where the mountain dipped downwards with so sudden and so precipitous a declivity, as to interpose no obstacle to the vision. The mists were rolling away from his feet in huge wreaths, which gradually, as they became thinner, received and transmitted the rays of an evening sun, and were lighted up with a golden and crimson radiance, glorious to behold, and increasing every moment in splendor. As this superb curtain was parted from before him, as if by cords that went up to heaven, and surged voluminously aside, he looked over the heads of those that thronged the side of the mountain beneath, and saw, stretching away like a picture touched by the hands of angels, the fair valley imbosomed among those romantic hills, whose shadows were stealing visibly over its western slopes, but leaving all the eastern portion dyed with the tints of sunset. The green plains studded with yet greener woodlands; the little mountains raising their fairy-like crests; the lovely lakes, now gleaming like floods of molten silver, where they stretched into the sunshine, and now vanishing away, in a shadowy expanse, under the gloom of the growing twilight; the structures that rose, vaguely and obscurely, here from their verdant margins, and there from their very bosom, as if floating on their placid waters, seeming at one time to present the image of a city crowned with towers and pinnacles, and then again broken by some agitation of the element, or confused by some vapor swimming through the atmosphere, into the mere fragments and phantasms of edifices, — these, seen in that uncertain and fading light, and at that misty and enchanting distance, unfolded such a spectacle of beauty and peace, as plunged the neophyte into a reverie of rapture. The trembling of the page's hand, a deep sigh that breathed from his lips, recalled him to consciousness, without however dispelling his delight.'

As the long files wind through the streets of the stately city, no voice of hostility or welcome rises from its countless multitudes; a silence, like that of the elements before they gather in their wrath, reigns around, and oppresses their hearts with a foreboding of the fate impending over hundreds of their devoted band. The humbled emperor, Montezuma, awaits them at the palace gate, with the words of welcome, but is imprudently spurned by Cortes with repeated insult. In the midst of the confusion, Jacinto disappears from the side of Amador, and does not return. They enter the palace, but the next morning reveals to them the secret of their danger; hosts of the infuriated Mexicans, roused to a sense of the degradation of their monarch, are gathering in the streets, and advancing to attack the palace;

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and a series of sanguinary conflicts begins, which have hardly a parallel in the diabolical history of warfare. We have no space to enter into these details: they are set forth by the author, as far as his narrative requires, with great spirit and power; day after day fresh hosts pour down in vengeance on the exhausted Spaniards; Don Amador is more than once confounded by observing, in a religious procession of the Mexicans, the face and form of his lost Leila. In one of the conflicts, he is himself, when separated from his companions, struck down by the friendly hand of the Moor, and borne senseless away from the battle. There seems no longer any hope for Cortes, except in the influence of the captive Montezuma; who, on the pledge of the Spaniard that he will depart, assures the Mexicans that he is a prisoner by choice, and is at the same moment wounded by the arrows of his indignant people.

Amador, on recovering his senses, finds himself beneath the roof of the Moor, and watched by Jacinto. He had been beaten down by Abdalla, in order to remove him from the vengeance of the Mexicans. The Moor explains to him, that he is no Almogavar, but a Zegri of Granada; 'one whose fathers have given kings to the Alhambra, but who hath lived to see his child a menial in the house of his foe, and both child and father leagued with, and lost among the infidels of a strange land, in a world unknown.' He had to choose between indignity and revenge, and he chose the part, which would remove him farthest from the Spaniards. While Amador, wounded and exhausted, is confined beneath his dwelling, the Moor, by his influence with the Mexicans, rescues Calavar from a similar fate. On the following day, Jacinto learns that his father has fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, and that his only remaining hope is to go forthwith to the palace; he assumes the disguise of a Mexican prophetess, and, accompanied by Amador in that of a native chief, who sees with astonishment the crowds give way with reverence at the approach of his companion, reaches the palace yard, just in season for the cavalier to cut the cord with which the executioner has bound the neck of the Moor; who, thus released, flies and is lost among the combatants. They enter the palace, and rush to the apartment of Calavar; but he is gone, and

'The captive monarch lay on the bed of death. Around the low couch knelt his children, and behind were the princes of the empire, gazing with looks of awe on the king. In front were

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several Spanish cavaliers, unhelmed and silent; and Cortes himself, bare-headed and kneeling, gazed with a countenance of remorse on his victim; while the priest Olmedo stood hard by, vainly offering, through the medium of Doña Marina and the cavalier De Morla, the consolations of religion.

'The king struggled in a kind of low delirium, in the arms of a man of singular and most barbarous appearance. This was a Mexican of gigantic stature, robed in a hooded mantle of black; but the cowl had fallen from his head, and his hair, many feet in length, plaited and twisted with thick cords, fell like cables over his person and that of the dying king. This was the high-priest of Mexico, taken prisoner at the battle of the temple.

'The countenance of Montezuma was changed by suffering and the death-throe; and yet, from their hollow depths, his eyes shot forth beams of extraordinary lustre. As he struggled, he muttered; and his broken exclamations, being interpreted, were found to be the lamentations of a crushed spirit and a broken heart.

'"Bid the Teuctli depart," were some of the words which Don Amador caught, as rendered by the lips of Marina: "before he came, I was a king in Mexico. — But the son of the gods," he went on, with a hoarse and rattling laugh, "shall find that there are gods in Mexico, who shall devour the betrayer! They roar in the heavens, they thunder among the mountains,"—(the continued peals of artillery, shaking the fabric of the palace, mingled with his dreams, and gave a color to them) — "they speak under the earth, and it trembles at their shouting. Ometeuctli, that dwelleth in the city of heaven, Tlaloc, that swimmeth on the great dark waters, Tonatricli and Meztli, the kings of day and night, and Mictlanteuctli, the ruler of hell, — all of them speak to their people; they look upon the strangers that destroy in their lands, and they say to me, 'Thou art the king, and they shall perish!' — Wo! wo! wo!" he continued, with an abrupt transition to abasement and grief; "they look upon me and laugh, for I have no people! In the face of all, I was made a slave; and, when they had spit upon me, they struck me as they strike the slave; so struck my people. Come, then, thou that dwellest among the rivers of night; for, among the rivers, with those who die the death of shame, shall I inhabit. Did not Mexico strike me and shout for joy? Wo, wo! for my people have deserted me! and, in their eyes, the king is a slave!"'

'The person of De Leste, whom, in their fixed attention to Montezuma, none of them had yet perceived, was brought into the view of the monarch. His glittering eye fell upon the penacho, which the cavalier had not yet thought to remove from his

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helmet, and which yet drooped, with its badges of rank, over his forehead. A laugh, that had in it much of the simple exultation of childhood, burst from the king's lips; and, raising himself on the couch, he pointed at the ruddy symbols of distinction. The cavaliers, following the gesture with their eyes, beheld with great agitation, their liberated companion; and even Cortes, himself, started to his feet, with an invocation to his saint, when his eye fell upon the apparition.

'The words of Amador, — "Fear me not, for I live,"* — though not lost, were unanswered; for, notwithstanding that many of the cavaliers immediately seized upon his hands, to express their joy, they instantly cast their regards again upon Montezuma, as not having the power to withdraw them for a moment from him.

'"Say what they will," muttered the king, still eyeing the penacho with delight, "I, also, am of the House of Darts; and in Tlascala and Michoacan, and among the Otomies of the hills, have I won me the tassels of renown. Before I was a king, I was a soldier: so will I gather on me the armor of a general, and drive the Teuctli from my kingdom. Ho then! what ho! Cuitlahuatzin! and thou, son of my brother, Quauhtimotzin! that are greater in war than the sons of my body, get ye forth your armies, and sound the horns of battle! Call upon the gods, and smite! On Mexitli the terrible, on Painalton the swift! Call them, that they may see ye strike, and behold your valor! Call them, for Montezuma will fight at your side, and they shall know that he is valiant!"

'The struggles of the king, as he poured forth these wild exclamations, were like convulsions. But suddenly, and while the Spaniards thought he was about to expire in his fury, the contortions passed from his countenance, his lips fell, his eyes grew dim, and his voice was turned to a whisper of lamentation.

'"I sold my people for the smile of the Teuctli; I bartered my crown for the favor of the christian; I gave up my fame for the bonds of a stranger; and now what am I? I betrayed my children, — and what are they? Let it not be written in the books of history, — blot the name of Montezuma from the list of kings; let it not be taught to them that are to follow. — Tlaloc, I come! — Let it be forgotten." —

'Suddenly, as he concluded, and as if the fiend of the world of waters he had invoked, had clutched upon him, he was seized with a dreadful convulsion, and as his limbs writhed about in the agony, his eyes, dilating with each struggle, were fixed with a stony and basilisk glare upon those of Cortes; and thus, — his gaze fixed to the last on his destroyer, — he expired.

'When the neophyte beheld the last quiver cease in the body, and knew by the loud wail of the Mexicans, that Montezuma

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was no more, he looked round for Don Hernan; but the general had stolen from the apartment. — The visage of Cortes revealed not the workings of his mind; but his heart spoke to his conscience, and his soul recorded the confession; — "I have wronged thee, pagan king; — but thy vengeance cometh!"'

There is no longer any hope for the Spaniards, but in retreat; the Mexicans, gathering for a new attack, retire in sorrow as the funeral procession goes forth from the court-yard of the palace, bearing the remains of the departed monarch; and the hasty preparations for retiring from the city are immediately made. The hour of midnight is selected for this purpose; then, sheltered by the darkness, the army of Cortes moves slowly and silently forth towards the dike of Tacuba. This dike is intersected by three ditches, from all of which the bridges are removed; a temporary bridge, prepared by the providence of the commander, is thrown over the first chasm, and the army begins to traverse it. At this moment, the trumpet of the gods sends its wild and melancholy note far over field and flood; from the great temple of the city shoots suddenly upward a vast pyramid of fire; innumerable hosts of canoes, filled with armed men, are seen by its fatal light gathering and ready to rush upon the retreating foes; a wild cry is sent forth, that the bridge is sunk into the first chasm by the weight of the artillery, so deeply that no human strength can remove it; and here, on a section of the narrow dike, without power to advance, the Spaniards await the attack of their triumphant enemy. Amador, accompanied by Jacinto, performs well the duty of a soldier in this scene of horror; at the cry of a friend for aid, he withdraws for a moment from Jacinto's side, leaving him in charge of a faithful henchman; when he returns, Jacinto has disappeared, and the light of the distant flame reveals the cross of rubies, which he had given years before to Leila, sparkling in the grasp of his dead servant. The secret of the identity of the boy and Leila, bursts upon him at the moment, when she appears to be lost to him forever. We will not pursue the details of this scene of misery, which has been known to succeeding times by the just title of the Melancholy Night; five hundred Spaniards, and four thousand Tlascalans, their faithful allies, were buried beneath the lake; princes and nobles, the sons and daughters of Montezuma, with five tributary kings, their prisoners, met a similar fate. With the broken remnant of his forces, worn and weary, Cortes sets forth on his way to Tlascala.

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On one of the mountains through which they are to take their way, a wasted form is seen, reposing at the entrance of a cavern of the rock: the armor of a knight is lying near him, and a noble war-horse is grazing at a little distance. He is startled from his slumbers by the approach of Jacinto, who was preserved by the Moor in the night when he had seemed to perish, and who communicates to Calavar, for it is he who has found his way to this wild retreat, the uncertainty which he supposes to rest upon the fate of Amador. Meantime, the object of their solicitude, unknown to them, is pursuing his way with the retreating soldiery to Tlascala. The knight determines to go forth and seek his friend; the sudden blast of a trumpet, sounding for a charge, is heard; and Jacinto, who had accompanied the Moor with the hosts of Mexico, marching forth to crush the Spanish force, and had been ordered to wait in the mountain until the battle should be over, relates to him the situation of the army of Cortes. His numberless foes, confident of victory, await his approach in the valley of Otumba. Calavar reaches the field, armed and mounted on his war-horse, when the battle is begun; his sudden appearance induces the Spaniards to believe that St. James has descended to their rescue, and they at last overthrow the sacred Mexican banner, and thus secure the victory. Another armed warrior, meantime, has appeared on the side of the Mexicans, who encounters Calavar, dashes off his helmet by the shock, and receives in return, a mortal wound. Both are thrown to the earth.

'Just at that moment, the knight opened his eyes, and rolled them on his kinsman, — but his kinsman regarded him not. A low moaning voice of one never to be forgotten, fell on the ear of the novice, as he gazed on his friend; and starting up, he beheld, hard by, the page Jacinto, lying on the body of Abdalla, from whose head he had torn the helm, and now strove, with feeble fingers, to remove the broken and blood-stained corslet.

'"Jacinto! — Leila!" cried Amador, with a voice of rapture, flinging himself at her side, (for now, though the garments of escaupil still concealed the figure of the Moorish maid, the disguise could be continued no longer.) The joy of the cavalier vanished, for the maiden replied only with lamentations; while the Zegri fixed upon him an eye, in which the stony hardness of death was mingled with the fires of human passion.

'"Place my head upon thine arm, cavalier!" said Abdalla, faintly, "and let me look upon him who has slain me."

'"Oh, my father! my father!" cried the Moorish girl.

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'"God forbid that thou shouldst die, even for the sake of the maiden I love," exclaimed Amador, eagerly supporting his head. "Thou art a Wali, a Christian, and the father of her that dwells in my heart. Live, therefore; for though thou hast neither land nor people, neither home nor friends, neither brother nor champion, yet am I all to thee; for I crave the love of thy daughter."

'The maiden sobbed, and heard not the words of the cavalier; but the dying Moor eyed her with a look of joy, and then turning his gaze upon Amador, said,—

'"God be thy judge, as thou dealest truly with her, who, although the offspring of kings, is yet an orphan, landless, homeless, and friendless on the earth."—

'"I swear to thee," said the novice,—"and I protest——"

'"Protest me nothing: hearken to my words, for they are few; the angel of death calls me to come, and my moments fly from me like the blood-drops," said the Zegri. "Until the day, when I dreamed thou wert slumbering in the lake, I knew not of this that hath passed between ye. Had it been known to me, perhaps this death that comes to me, might not have come; for, what I did, I did for the honor and weal of my child, knowing that, in the hands of Spaniards, she was in the power of oppressors and villains. That I have struck for revenge, is true; I have shed the blood of Castilians and rejoiced, for therein I reckoned me the vengeance of Granada. Yet, had it been apparent to me, that the feeble maid, who, besides myself, knew no other protector of innocence in the world, could have claimed the love of an honorable cavalier, and enjoyed it without the shame of disguise and menial occupation, then had I submitted to my fate, and locked up in the darkness of my heart, the memory of the Alpujarras."

'"Who speaks of the Alpujarras!" cried the knight of Rhodes, staring wildly around; "who speaks of the Alpujarras?"

'"*I!*" said the Moor, with a firm voice, bending his eye on Don Gabriel, and striving, though in vain, for his nether limbs were paralyzed, to turn his body likewise; "*I*, Gabriel of Calavar, *I* speak of the Alpujarras; and good reason have I to speak, and thou to listen; for I was of the mourning, and thou of the destroyers."

'"Pity me heaven!" cried the knight, staring on the Moor, in the greatest disorder. "I have seen thee, and yet I know thee not."

'"Rememberest thou not the field of Zugar, and the oath sworn on the cross of a blood-stained sword, by the river-side?"

'"Ha!" cried Don Gabriel; "dost thou speak of mine oath?—mine oath to Alharef?"

'"And the town of Bucares, among the hills?" continued the

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Zegri, loudly, and with a frown made still more ghastly by approaching death; "dost thou remember the false and felon blow that smote the friend of Zugar, — and that, still falser and fouler, which shed the blood of Zayda, the beloved of the Alpujarras?"

'As the Wali spoke, the knight, as if uplifted by some supernatural power, rose to his feet, and approached the speaker, staring at him with eyes of horror. At the name of Zayda, he dropt on his knees, crying, —

'"Miserere mei, Deus! and thou that art Alharef, though struck down by the same sword, yet livest thou again to upbraid me!"

'"Struck down by thy steel, yet not then, but now!" exclaimed the Moor. "I live again, but not to upbraid thee, — I am Alharef-ben-Ismail, and I forgive thee."

'At this name, already made of such painful interest to the novice, his astonishment was so great, that, as he started, he had nearly suffered the dying prince (for such were the Walis of Moorish Spain,) to fall to the earth. He caught him again in his arms, and turned his amazed eye from him to Don Gabriel, who, trembling in every limb, still stared with a distracted countenance on that of his ancient preserver.

'"I am Alharef, and, though dying, yet do I live," went on the Zegri, interrupted as much by the wails of his daughter, as by his own increasing agonies. "The sword wounded but it slew not, — it slew not *all*, — Zayda fell, yet live I, to tell thee, thou art forgiven. Rash man! rash and most unhappy! thine anger was unjust; and therefore didst thou shed the blood of the good, the pure, the loving and the beautiful, and thereby cover thyself, and him that was thy true friend, with misery. When thou soughtest the love of Zayda, she was the betrothed of Alharef. Miserable art thou, Gabriel of Calavar! and therefore have I forgiven thee; miserable art thou, for I have watched thee by night, and looked upon thee by day, and seen that the asp was at work in thy bosom, and that the fire did not slumber. Great was thy sin, but greater is thy grief; and therefore doth Zayda, who is in heaven, forgive thee."

'"She pardons me not," murmured Don Gabriel, not a moment relaxing the stedfast eagerness of his stare. "At the pyramid of Cholula, on the anniversary of her death, she appeared to me in person, and, O God! with the beauty of her youth and innocence, yet robed in the blackness of anger!"

'"And have thine eyes been as dark as the looks of the lover?" cried Alharef. "Stand up, Zayda, the child of Zayda! or turn thy face upon Calavar, that his delusion may leave him."

'As he spoke, he lifted feebly the arm which embraced his child, removed the cap, and parted the thick clustering locks from her

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forehead. Still however, did she look rather the effeminate boy, upon whom Calavar had been accustomed to gaze, than a woman; — for there is no effort of imagination stronger than that required to transform, in the mind, the object which preserves an unchanging appearance to the eye. Nevertheless, though such a transformation could not be imagined by Don Gabriel, there came, as he wistfully surveyed the pallid features of the maiden, strange visions and memories, which, every moment, associated a stronger resemblance between the living and the dead. He trembled still more violently, heavy dew-drops started from his brow, and he gazed upon the weeping girl as upon a basilisk.

'"Wherefore,' continued the Zegri, speaking rapidly, but with broken accents, — "when I had resolved to fly to the pagans, as being men whom, I thought, God had commissioned me to defend from rapine and slavery, I resolved to take such advantage of their credulity, as might best enable me to befriend them, — I say, wherefore I resolved this, I need not speak. I protected my child, by recommending her to their superstition; and had I fallen dead in the streets, still did I know, that reverence and fear would wait upon the steps of one whom I delivered to them as a messenger from heaven. In this light, I revealed her to the princes at the temple, when ———'"

"It is enough!" muttered Don Gabriel, with the deep and agitated tones of sorrow; "I wake from a dream. — God forgive me! and thou art of the blood of Zayda? the child of her whom I slew? — Alharef forgives me; he says, that Zayda forgives me; but thou that art her child, dost *thou* forgive me?"'

'"Father! dear father, she doth!" cried Amador, gazing with awe on the altered countenance of Alharef, and listening with grief to the moans of Zayda. "O holy father!" he exclaimed, perceiving the priest Olmedo rising, at a little distance, from the side of a man, to whom he had been offering the last consolations of religion, — "Hither, father, for the love of heaven, and absolve the soul of a dying Christian!"'

'"Is there a priest at my side?" said the Zegri, reviving from what seemed the lethargy of approaching dissolution, and looking eagerly into the face of the good Olmedo. Then, turning to Amador, he said solemnly, though with broken words, "thou lovest the orphan Zayda?"

'"Heaven be my help, as I do," replied the cavalier.

'"And thou, Gabriel, that wert my friend, and standest in the light of this young man's parent, — dost thou consent that he shall espouse the daughter of Zayda, saved, while a piteous infant, by Christian men, from out the house of death?"

'The knight bowed his head on his breast, and strove to answer, but, in his agitation, could not speak a word.

'"Quick, father! for heaven's sake, quick!" cried Alharef,

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eagerly; "let me, ere I die, know that my child rests on the bosom of a husband. Quick! for the sand runs fast; and there is that in my bosom, which tells me of death. Love and honor thy bride; for thou hast the last and noblest relic of Granada. Take her! — thou wert her protector from harsh words and the violence of blows. Quick, father, quick! quick, for mine eyes are glazing!"

'The strangely timed and hurried ceremony was hastened by the exclamations of Alharef; and the words of nuptial benediction were, at last, hurriedly pronounced.'

With the death of Calavar, and the return of Amador to Spain, the novel closes.

From the cursory sketch which we have given, and the extracts which illustrate it, the reader will be able to form some idea of the general merit of this work, and of the skill and power of its author. It is something, to select the historical ground-work well; but imagination and talent must be exerted to invest the barren outline with a deeper interest than its own; such outlines are little more than the mouldering bones of the valley, before they are quickened into newness of life, and clothed upon with the animation and beauty of the living frame. There is a chemical process, by which the representation of a wintry scene is at once covered with the glow and verdure of summer; and the power of the historical novelist must be analogous to this; he must bring his scenery before the eye, with the distinctness of our own autumnal landscape; he must arrange his incidents, so as almost to delude us into the belief, that we ourselves are witnessing their development; he must present his characters, in the fulness of reality and truth, moving and having their being as we daily meet them in the walks of life. The readers of Scott will be at no loss to determine what is meant by this; his romantic works are full of illustrations of all these qualities; and in that particularly which relates to character, who could ask any other, than the comparison of the James I. of Nigel, with the James I. of the best of English historians will afford him? The one is the living individual; the other, a picture merely, richly wrought indeed and colored with consummate skill, but aiming to be nothing more.

In the construction of the plot, though the interest of the narrative is well sustained, this work is perhaps most open to objection. We are not disposed to quarrel with improbabilities,

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because we know full well that many of the events of ordinary life are quite as strange, as any that occur in the regions of romance; but they are not, therefore, to be employed with freedom in fictitious narrative. The clouds sometimes assume an aspect, which it would be quite indiscreet for the painter to attempt to imitate; and the novelist, in like manner, should be slow to introduce his incidents, or connect them, in such a manner as to alarm the doubts, or repel the sympathies of readers. We know not, whether the explanation of the voyage of the Moor to Mexico can be regarded as entirely satisfactory; and this personage acts throughout so much the part of a friend in need, as to awaken the suspicion of a poverty of invention on the part of the author. He rescues Amador from the Indians at Tlascala, and again from the Mexicans, during the conflicts at the capital; he redeems Calavar from a similar fate, and is at hand, during the melancholy night, to preserve Jacinto, when he is separated, apparently forever, from Don Amador. On the other hand, Don Amador is not backward to perform a similar work of mercy, and he requites this civility on more than one urgent occasion, particularly when the Moor is in the hands of the Spaniards, and the rope of their executioner is already round his neck. This is imposing upon the two rather an unusual burden of humanity; and we are tempted to wish, for the sake of probability, that a portion of the task had been transferred to other hands. The sudden reappearance of Calavar, too, after he seems to have perished in the capital, is rather at variance with the ordinary rules of romantic probability. Some other imperfections of a similar character, might be pointed out; but it is hardly worth while to examine them too closely. They are more than redeemed by the general excellence of the story, which is sustained with undiminished interest to the close, and is combined with the passages of real history with a judgment and skill, indicating no small degree of spirit and inventive power.

But it is the description of character, to which we are to look for the highest exhibition of the power of the writer of romance; and in this respect, as in the other, the faults of the author are overbalanced by his excellencies. Calavar, from whom the novel derives its name, is the victim of insanity, created by remorse; he exhibits occasionally many noble and imposing qualities, but on the whole is nothing more than the ruin of a once superior mind. He has less influence on the

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action of the story, than the name would lead the reader to anticipate; and he scarcely ever escapes from the shades of his mysterious sorrow, even for a moment. There is something almost repulsive in his deep and wasting melancholy. Don Amador, who is apparently designed to be the real hero of the tale, is entitled to the name in all respects but one; he is the very soul of chivalry and honor, and something above his age in his notions of morality; but these high qualities are partially obscured by rather an unusual measure of superstition, which is, perhaps, in sufficient keeping with the spirit and feelings of his time, but is so much more developed in him than in the other personages, as to give him sometimes the appearance of simplicity. This is the more unfortunate, because there is nothing which requires that he should thus be repre sented. Leila is a shadowy, but most engaging picture; preserving under all circumstances the tenderness and delicacy of her character, even while testing the strength of the affection of her former lover, in conversations full of interest and beauty. But the Moor is entitled to the highest place among the wholly fictitious characters; his course throughout is entirely natural, and in strict conformity with the circumstances of his situation; in his most abject condition, he is still the father of Leila, and the prince among the princes of Granada; his hereditary enmity to the Spaniards is beautifully contrasted with the better feelings, which serve to chasten it; and, dark as he is, and stern as is his bearing, he never loses the remembrance of what he was. The only character which strikes us as an entire failure, is that of Botello, who is evidently designed to inspire a mysterious awe, but on the contrary gives the impression of an audacious, and not very artful juggler; it might be supposed, that this was owing to the present disbelief of the notions of astrology, had not Scott more than once shown, that enough of superstition yet survives, to give them some ascendency over every mind; at least, when they are set before us by his peculiar and miraculous power. We can, however, make no such remark, of the personages drawn from real history; the portraits of Cortes and his stern followers, and of Montezuma, are faithful to the life; that of Cortes, in particular, is drawn and developed with entire regard to historical truth, and with abundant grace and skill; and we see nothing in it at all liable to objection, excepting the unseasonable jest and sarcasm, with which he is made to address his soldiery in

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the hour of battle. Some of the conversations, in which portions of the plot are revealed, are wanting in ease and animation; but those, in which Leila bears a part, in her assumed character of Jacinto, awaken all the author's powers, and show a high degree of talent in this most important department of his art. They present the delightful recollections of Granada in imposing contrast with the character and circumstances of the country, in which the scene of the romance is laid.

We shall advert to another particular, and only one, in connexion with the qualifications of the writer for the task on which he has adventured; we allude to the power of description, without which all the others are quite inadequate to the creation of a perfect romance; the power of seizing on the prominent features of a scene, and of thus giving a picture of the whole, with all the accuracy of outline, and a thousand times the grace of a Chinese copy. Those who recollect the words of King Duncan as he enters the castle of Macbeth, will require no explanation of our meaning; if any other example were wanting, a finer one could not readily be found, than is given in Rob Roy, when the party, commanded by the English officer leave the little inn of Aberfoil, and behold the mountain lake and hills beneath the kindling glories of the morning sun. There is no elaborate enumeration of particulars; by a few happy touches, the scene comes out, visible and distinct, before us. Calavar abounds in evidences of a similar power; perhaps the finest portions of the work are the descriptions of the romantic scenery of Mexico. We have given an example of these, in the description of the distant view of the capital, when it is approached by the invading army. We wish that our limits permitted us to extend these extracts. They are free from an imperfection, by which the effect of some other passages is essentially impaired; that of an artificial and elaborate style, of which however we have no reason to complain, when the interest of the story increases, and the heart of the writer is in his work.

Upon the whole, we consider this romance as a production of decided talent: valuable and interesting in itself, and affording much promise of better things hereafter. It is said that the author has heretofore confined himself principally to dramatic efforts. These demand in many respects the same qualities, as the department on which he has now for the first time entered with spirit and success; and we trust that he will go forward in the

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field, to which he is directed alike by talent and experience. Others have adventured in it triumphantly before him; but the harvest is yet large enough for every laborer. If there be anything, which can animate to higher effort, — any reward, to which honorable ambition can aspire; — it is that of doing, for our own hemisphere and our own country, what the mighty minstrel and novelist of Scotland has accomplished for his own; of engraving his name on its rocks and mountains, to last as long as they endure; of attracting thitherward the footsteps of the literary pilgrims of all other lands, to visit the places rendered holy by his genius.

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